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THE
ALBANY
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EDITED BY
CHARLES EDWIN BURTON
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ON BEHALF OF THE EDUCATION BILL

THE preliminary discussion on Mr. McKenna's Bill shows that the most serious criticism will come from two different quarters—from the Anglican clergy, seeking to defend their privileges in single-school areas, and from educationists who anticipate a decline in the efficiency of Voluntary Schools. I desire to deal with this second line of attack, for my only claim to assist the discussion comes from experience as a teacher and from service on education authorities.

The Balfour Acts of 1902-3 appealed with success to many groups of teachers and experts, who were discontented with the slow progress of education. There were first of all the officials of the Central Authority; in the years before 1902 one constantly heard H.M.'s Inspectors deploring the division between Voluntary and Board Schools: the former had to be treated with favour because they were poor; from the office point of view it is much simpler for Whitehall to have to deal with one authority in each area, rather than to appear as the persecutor of poverty-stricken managers, enduring an intolerable strain while relieving the public of a part of its duty. Then many local officials were pleased, for the School Board had played an independent part in local politics; and uniformity ble to become a fetish of local as much as of central vities. The destruction of the School Board system) less welcome to many friends of higher education) believed that a unified local authority would be more -lly to the secondary schools.

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Now, it would serve no purpose to consider how far the hopes of "educationists" have been realised during the intervening five years : the interval indeed is too short to judge of the effects of so profound a change in administration. We must, at any rate, admit that the activity and devotion of public officers, both of the central and local authorities, has been extraordinary, and also that local interest in all branches of education has been wonderfully stimulated by the enlarged responsibilities thrown upon the ratepayers by Mr. Balfour's Acts.

But although the time is too short to enable any one to balance up the gain and loss as regards efficiency, these five years have sufficed to prove that any improvement in the machinery has been won at the expense of civic peace.

"Uniformity" and "efficiency" are fine watchwords for the educational reformer, but you can only secure real uniformity when you have an underlying temper which makes for unity, and you can only secure a common standard of efficiency when you are united in your ideal of efficiency. The uniformity which now prevails is merely a cloak which covers fundamental differences, and no peace can be attained except by a compromise which frankly admits the underlying basis of these differences. The Balfour Acts were bound to fail because they sought to hide their differences under a pretence of uniformity, and the McKenna Bill is all the more to be commended because it faces the facts without evasion.

The sincere advocate of the voluntary system defines efficiency in terms other than those current among "educationists"; no doubt the salary and the certificate of a teacher are regarded by him as important; but his ideal, his standard of efficiency attaches supreme weight to the religious convictions of the teacher and to the atmosphere of clerical control which accompanies these convictions. He is willing that the State should secure a fair standard of secular efficiency from his "Church" children, but such matters are not to him the one thing needful: an "efficient" education to him means a schooling in which the Church plays the leading rôle. Now, so long as a considerable number of parents hold this conviction, and so long

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as Church organisations are willing to make the sacrifice involved in promoting by this means the ends of their Church, surely the "educationist" should be prepared to forego his advanced programme of secular efficiency.

It is fatally easy for those who believe in the benefits of schooling to ignore the proper limitations which must be placed on its extension, and in these days, when we are passing through a period of transition, it is above all necessary to place a check upon professional enthusiasm. In earlier days the function of the State was limited to the securing of a minimum standard of respectable secular schooling from all as a matter of *compulsion*. In later days we have observed how much the State can do to advance this standard, in favourable situations, beyond the minimum, and hence public opinion now claims that this maximum of efficiency shall be *offered* to all as a matter of *opportunity*. But opportunity and compulsion must be kept apart, and the error of the "educationists," to my mind, lies in their failure to distinguish between the duty of compelling a minimum and the duty of affording opportunity for securing the maximum of benefit from schooling. I support without reservation the Government Bill, because it seems to me to cover both these duties with singular success. It recognises, first of all, that the entire benefits of our costly and highly-organised public system must be placed within the reach of every home, and to achieve this end it is bound to interfere with the clerical monopoly in single-school areas; but it recognises, also, that there is a small, though sincere, minority of citizens who desire a school life for children in which special religious influence shall count more than other factors in efficiency. To such citizens it says, "We, the State, cannot regulate or countenance your religious, missionary efforts: they are outside our jurisdiction, and we cannot pay for them; but if you Church people, as a part of your missionary zeal and to achieve your religious ideals, are prepared to support your private schools side by side with the public system, we will help you all we can, so long as your scholars receive a decent minimum of secular schooling also. These day schools, like your Sunday schools, your foreign missions,

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your multiplied social gatherings, are part and parcel of your Church ideal. We cannot spend public money to help you to realise that ideal, but we sympathise with your zeal, and we gladly admit that, even if you attain a lower standard of secular efficiency, you may be educating a body of virtuous and worthy citizens."

Now, I fail to see what the "educationists," as represented by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Masterman on the first reading of the Bill, can say in reply to this provision. Logically, no doubt, it might be urged that the State is here abdicating its function as public educator, and is farming-out the duty of providing schools. If it hands over some of its children to certain churches, why should it not do the same for all? There is no logical answer to such a question. The only reply is to be practical. We know that the immense majority of the nation desire to have publicly administered schools offering a maximum of secular efficiency, and the first clause of the Bill is the response to that desire.

No doubt the plea here advanced for the retention of the Voluntary School will be hotly resented in many quarters—especially all who supported the principle of the Balfour Acts. They will insist that it is possible for a school to remain under clerical influence, to foster ecclesiastical aims, and yet, if adequately helped by public moneys, to maintain the same standard of secular efficiency as is set before schools which are freed from clerical control. Such a result is, however, only possible here and there. Every one familiar with the schools of any locality could quote instances where the skill and zeal of individual teachers have produced striking results even under unfavourable circumstances, but the general outcome of the clerical control of schools as observed since 1870 is surely sufficient evidence to the contrary. The Voluntary School teacher, as every one admits, is chosen and designed to serve a double purpose: he and his school exist partly for the ends of the Church—his qualifications, his tastes, his influence were, and are, such as help forward those ideals of efficiency which conform to Church requirements. True, he has to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but his

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first duty is to God, whose vicar appoints him to his task. So far as the attention, the time, the resources of teacher and scholars are spent upon the pursuit of the Church's aims, so far can less effort be spent upon the secular aims of the secular authority.

This difficulty of serving two masters has been strikingly illustrated within the last few days in the extraordinary epistle addressed to school trustees by the Bishop of Manchester. His lordship has made many endeavours to convince the country that the Established Church has spent her energies without stint in doing the State's work for education, and no one has questioned the sacrifice which many Churchmen have made for their schools. The Church has combined with the State to erect thousands of school buildings, and we had been led to suppose that all these efforts were directed to help public education without thought of sectarian advantage. But now the Bishop tells a new story ! It appears that these schools have been built for "mothers' meetings, G. F. S. meetings, lads' brigades, teas, socials, magic lanterns, missionary meetings, committee meetings—in fact for all the social and religious life of which the schools have been the home these many years past, and for which beyond all manner of doubt they were built, as well as for school purposes." His lordship might have gone further, and have declared that the teachers in these schools are also expected to help in the promotion of "mothers' meetings, socials, magic lanterns, and all the social and religious life of which the schools have been the home." The fatal error in Mr. Balfour's Act was in the attempt to conceal the truth of the situation which the Bishop of Manchester has now so frankly exposed. These schools were built, maintained and staffed under a deed of partnership: the State was to bear its burden in caring for the secular education; the Church was to bear its burden in maintaining the work, so far as it served the exclusive purposes of religious zeal. The Act of 1902 dissolved this partnership; it left to the Church the power of control over the teacher, with the sectarian use of the buildings, and threw almost the entire burden of maintenance on the tax-payer and rate-payer. Hence the public are likely to be very little

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moved by the self-denying efforts made in recent years to find money for Church schools. The money is found, and properly found, to maintain buildings which serve for the multifarious Church purposes described by the Bishop—much greater sums have to be found every year, without assistance from the State, for similar buildings maintained by all religious communities.

So far my argument has been addressed chiefly to advocates of educational progress, who define education in terms of secular efficiency, and to whom what is called "contracting-out" is anathema. I, on the contrary, rejoice that no such term as contracting-out appears in the Bill: for the depreciation implied by using it is alien to the tradition of national education which has grown up since 1870. If this Bill becomes law there will be nothing to contract out of, since the Voluntary Schools will have an equal right with the public schools to parliamentary grants, and to the esteem of all who care for education. Such a school stands for an ideal other than that represented by the public system, but if the ideal is dear to the hearts and conscience of a number of my fellow citizens, I am ready to give it fair encouragement.

But—I refuse to assist those who profess this ideal to extend their propaganda. And this is the reason why public opinion will support the Government in removing the non-provided schools from the rates, as well as in destroying the monopoly in the single-school areas. The distinction between rate-support and tax-support is a rough-and-ready way of throwing upon the Voluntary School the voluntary burden which it undertakes on behalf of its special type of efficiency. Granted that the children taught by the Sisters of a Catholic society *may* be better taught (as regards the Catholic ideal of efficiency), nevertheless these sisters must be maintained by their Society, and not by the ratepayer. They are not public servants: they serve their own master; they stand for Catholic propaganda, and their salary is an affair with which citizens who control public schools have no power to interfere.¹ And if they would but see it so

¹ It is very remarkable that an eminent prelate like Archbishop Bourne cannot see the justice of this distinction between public and private school

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these denominational teachers, Catholic or Anglican, can only maintain their position in public esteem by asserting their freedom from public-school interference, by acknowledging their devotion to the voluntary principle, and accepting therewith the sacrifice which missionary zeal has always entailed on those who serve a great cause.

Is it in vain to expect Bishops and Archbishops to take this high ground? With all due respect for their office, we may venture to point out that they, as well as the Liberal Government, stand at the bar of public opinion. Is it certain that during these five years they have advanced in the esteem of the English people? They have secured large sums from the ratepayers for their schools, but what if they have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage? If this Bill is rejected, it is likely enough that very little change will be attempted by Parliament for many years: the bogie of "secular education" will not frighten the nation, for it is sufficiently understood that the local authorities have had the power, any time since 1870, to adopt the secular solution, if the people wished it. But these Churches are threatened with consequences far more serious to their welfare. They are open to the charge of seeking to extend their power against the declared wishes of the English people; secularism is not popular, but the public mind is ready enough to detect the worldliness and the lust of power in priests and clergy: if at a crisis like this these Churches join hands with brewers and slum-landlords to keep their hold on public funds, they will stand confessed as the declared enemies of the common people of

In his recent address to Roman Catholics (*Manchester Guardian*, March 9th), he first of all welcomes the new Bill as offering Catholics a better position than "at any period since 1870." And why? because it gives to him and his clergy exclusive and private rights, to impose a Catholic atmosphere, to shut out non-Catholic children, and so forth. But, in the same speech, he insists that the State must not only allocate to him these privileges, but his schools "must be put in a position to do precisely as good work as the public elementary schools; they must be able to have the same equipment, the same furniture, and all the advantages given to the other schools." "Teachers in denominational schools must have assured to them the right to the same remuneration as other teachers." On the contrary, it is the State which will give assurance from the Archbishop that his privately managed schools will achieve a fair standard of efficiency. You cannot eat your cake and have it.

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England. That appalling letter by the Bishop of Manchester to which I have referred above has done more to spread the scoffing secular spirit than a hundred Education Bills.

Now, if one could be sure that the Anglican and Catholic leaders would accept the voluntary idea as a guiding principle for legislation, then the advocates of public education will need, on their side, to be not only tolerant, but sympathetic in response. Some Liberals are saying that they are ready to vote for contracting-out, because they are quite sure that the Church schools will not be able to endure the strain. Now, this is surely not quite honest : perhaps it is honest enough for party politics, but it will not do as the programme of a party which seeks a way of peace out of these controversies. It must be borne in mind that the Voluntary School in days to come will have not only to compete with public schools of similar grade, but will have to take its share in preparing its best scholars for places of higher education. It will not be compelled by the State to undertake such a task, for the State will surely recognise the varying ideals of efficiency which we have discussed above ; but every school for its own credit must do what it can to keep pace with the increasing demand for secular efficiency. Hence it seems incumbent upon those who support this Bill to show every desire to encourage Voluntary Schools to do good work and to preserve them from extinction so long as their voluntary supporters are equally in earnest. The Bill specifies a fixed sum of 47*s.* per child, but adds in brackets “(exclusive of any grant for instruction in any special subject)”. Mr. McKenna made no reference to this clause in brackets, but it probably means that any school which makes special provision to improve its curriculum will receive adequate aid for the purpose. And if this is the spirit in which Voluntary managers are approached, no doubt other means may be found to encourage such schools to good works.

It will not be easy for Progressives, who have been accustomed for years to regard the Church schools as reactionary, to admit the wisdom of offering such encouragement ; but if this Bill becomes law, it will readily be seen that the key to the whole situation is found in the require-

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ment that a public school is to be placed within reach of every child. Before 1902 the Voluntary School was part and parcel of the compulsory "supply"; if it was inferior to the Board School in secular efficiency, injustice was done to the community at large, and H.M.'s Inspectors were bound in the public interest to complain. But this mischievous situation is now to be altered: the school is now to be "voluntary" for both parties—the parent chooses to send his child to it (and if he chooses he can abstain from sending); the trustees choose, from religious motives, to support the school—if they choose they can cease to support it. Once secure access to a public school from every home, and you may give a large measure of freedom both to Inspectors and to trustees in regulating these supplementary institutions. It will indeed be every one's interest, alike at Whitehall and in the localities, to offer all reasonable assistance and encouragement to voluntary effort. No doubt there will be a friendly rivalry between Voluntary Schools and their "Council" neighbours, but the stimulus of such rivalry will work for good rather than evil: the uniformity achieved by the Act of 1902 is by no means an unmixed blessing.

On the other hand, if Progressives are to be induced to treat Voluntary Schools with generous sympathy, Catholics and Anglicans must on their side cease to taunt the public system with being designed to foster Nonconformity. Archbishop Bourne declares that "simple Bible teaching is injurious to the children," and he resents the plan by which the rates of Catholics are to be spent on public schools where Bible teaching is permitted. If so, his appeal should be made to the ratepayers and not to the Government: if he can induce the ratepayers in any locality to abolish the Bible, he is free to do so; but he knows that the overwhelming majority of the ratepayers will maintain a public system of rate-aided schools, just as we maintain public libraries and public parks.

It has been my main object in this paper to show that the principles underlying this Bill are admirably adapted to the situation as we find it in England to-day, where the large majority of the nation desire a public system, but a

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small minority are ready to make sacrifice, in order to secure a measure of freedom which will foster their own ideals of efficiency. I have expressly avoided any reference to the claims of parents, because it is impossible to discover, amid all the clamour about parental rights, any indication of a genuine desire to give the parents, as distinguished from ratepayers, a voice in the management of schools. I have elsewhere¹ expressed my belief that in days to come it may be found possible to concede the parents' claim in a genuine democratic spirit, but such a reform is beyond our reach in these days. The business of the moment is to secure a settlement which shall decide the conflicting claims of Church and State. The "parent" is merely used as a pawn in this game: those who found Parents' Leagues and push parental claims on the platform have never sought to yield to the parents of their own scholars a share in school management: such schools are most strictly held as a clerical preserve, and the parents' right is limited to the right of choosing to enter his child in a school governed by the clergy. If ever the day comes when the parents of scholars attending a school elect the managers, it will be found that parents are not only concerned about religious instruction, but about many other matters which vitally affect the welfare of their children and the efficiency of schooling.

J. J. FINDLAY

¹ *International Journal of Ethics*, October 1907.

Manchester,

March 12, 1908.

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THE Government Licensing Bill, which did not see the light until after the March number of this REVIEW had gone to the press, is the boldest piece of legislation which the present Ministry have introduced. Never since Mr. Bruce's long-sighted but short-lived measure of 1871 has there been any attempt to treat the great social problem with which it deals in a manner at once so comprehensive and so far-reaching. It has been received with rather unexpected unanimity of approval by the various sections into which the Temperance party is divided. On the other hand, it has aroused a perfect hurricane of indignation among those who by general consent are allowed the exclusive right to describe themselves as "the Trade." There are signs that it may create something like a panic among investors in brewery companies. What its reception will be among the great body of citizens who are neither abstainers nor shareholders in breweries, there is as yet little evidence. And while the opinion of those who will really determine its fate is yet in the making, it seems opportune to attempt a dispassionate examination of the main principles which the Bill embodies and the methods by which it gives effect to them.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced it in a speech which demonstrated to those who did not know the fact before, that he possesses powers of conceiving and instructing a complex scheme of legislation and of expounding it with lucidity of thought and fitness of phrase, rivalled among living statesmen, and equalled in our time the case of Mr. Gladstone alone. Yet, as one listened his terse and well-marshalled sentences, and watched the

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masterful way in which he gripped his subject and his hearers, one could not but reflect with what glow of moral emotion the elder statesman would have suffused the topic ; how the imagination of the crowded House of Commons would have kindled under his touch as he brought out the far-reaching social reformation which might follow from so bold a scheme. To different men different gifts. But if the Bill is to overcome the powerful and well-disciplined forces that are daily mustering in array against it, its advocates must not neglect appeals to the imagination and to the moral enthusiasm of the people. And such appeals they may justly make.

For it has a moral purpose. Animating its complicated and technical machinery is the conviction, supported by the experience of this and other countries in both hemispheres, that the evils of intemperance can be materially mitigated by better arrangements for regulating the sale of intoxicants. A reduction in the at present admittedly excessive facilities for obtaining them is to begin at once and to go on at a progressive rate. But in the main it looks to the future for the accomplishment of its objects. It is a liberating measure. It will immediately give very considerable powers of initiative and experiment to licensing administrators. And in the end it will greatly widen their powers by freeing them from the fetters in which a gigantic monopoly, in private hands, and operating for ends which are not social ends, now almost completely binds them.

The central provision of the Bill is that which imposes a Time Limit on the existence of all on-licences. At the end of that time limit the State is to have a free hand to regulate the sale of liquor without regard to any other interests than the welfare of its citizens. Now, if the private interests which at present stand in the way of the exercise of that freedom were freehold interests, neither justice nor the traditions of our legislation would allow any method of determining them except purchase by the State. But they are not freehold interests. No one has ever contended that they are, though reckless purchasers of public-houses and sanguine company-promoters may have acted as if they thought so. And being, therefore, less than freehold

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interests, they may justly, and without violence to our legislative traditions, be determined by some Time Limit. The length of the Time Limit is a matter for discussion, and seeing that the facts for determining it are complex, and in some cases obscure, it affords legitimate opportunities for differences of opinion. But the propriety and justice of the principle is unarguable. It is significant that the *Morning Post*—the ablest organ of the Opposition in the daily press—has conceded this point, and has urged that criticism and opposition should be directed “not against the principle” of the Time Limit “but against the precise number of years chosen.”

When we turn from the principle of the Time Limit to its length, it is important to be clear as to the nature of the interest which is to cease at its expiration. It is not the wholesale businesses of brewers and wine and spirit merchants. These will continue after it has expired. It is not the stocks of the publican. Whoever carries on the retail trade, whether it remains in private hands, or goes to the municipality, or is granted to a disinterested company, will want to buy beer from the brewer and spirits from the distiller. It is not the premises on which the retail sale is carried on. It is only the difference between the value of these premises licensed and unlicensed. The commercial value of that difference with regard to any public-house depends on a double expectation: first, the expectation that the State will not grant freely to other competitors the privilege it grants to the licence-holder, and, secondly, the expectation that the licence will continue for an indefinite period, provided the house is properly conducted. The former expectation may be destroyed in a moment, without a line of legislation, by the licensing authority granting, as it legally may do to any extent it chooses, new licences in the immediate neighbourhood. The latter expectation could in the case of public-houses and *post-1869* beer-houses have been destroyed at any time before Mr. Balfour's Act of 1904 by the refusal of the renewal of the licence at Brewster Sessions. It can now be destroyed, in the case both of public-houses and beer-houses, by Quarter Sessions extinguishing the licence. It is true

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that compensation must be paid. But the compensation which the present law gives is not based on the assumption that the licence is a freehold. Section 2 of the Act of 1904 expressly provides that it is to be "calculated as if the licence were subject to the same conditions of renewal as were applicable before the passing of this Act." In other words, even the reactionary Act of 1904, though it recognised a money value in the expectation of the renewal of a licence, took care to treat it as an *expectation* and not as a *right*. In seeking, therefore, to give a value in terms of a Time Limit to this expectation we must remember, even now, the conditions of renewal which obtained *before* 1904, including the right of the licensing authority in the case of a public-house to refuse the renewal of its licence if they considered that it was not required. There are also to be taken into consideration the chances of change in the business, the declining consumption of liquor, due to alterations in the habits of the people, and many other factors which enter into the composition of goodwill. Mr. Asquith's Bill translates this value into the terms of a Time Limit by extinguishing the licence in fourteen years from April 5, 1909. Now, actuarially, this is equivalent (taking money as worth 4 per cent. per annum) to a cash payment on April 5, 1909, of fractionally over $10\frac{1}{2}$ years' purchase of the annual value of the licence. If money be taken as worth 5 per cent., the payment is actuarially equivalent to fractionally under 10 years' purchase.¹ Having regard to all the risks of the business, this does not seem an unfair transaction. At any rate it cannot be described as robbery or confiscation. The entire loss may be met by carrying to a sinking fund and accumulating at 4 per cent. compound interest an annual sum equal to rather less than $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the capital proposed to be extinguished. The amount of this annual charge is probably not more than one-twentieth of the total turnover of on-licensed houses in England and Wales. And if, therefore, as is now threatened by the brewers, the price of beer is raised by one-third, the sinking-fund charge would be provided for six times over.

¹ The exact figures are 10·56312 per cent. on a 4 per cent., and 9·89864 per cent. on a 5 per cent. basis.

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But it is only brewery companies which have been recklessly financed or imprudently managed which need make anything like so large a provision. A brewery director would convict himself of gross and culpable neglect of the interests committed to his charge if he admitted that, in spite of the fact that *Sharpe v. Wakefield* made it common knowledge nearly twenty years ago that a licence was, in law, only annual, he had treated his company's licences as freeholds. But even if it be assumed that provision for the extinction of licences was commenced only ten years ago, when the great period of Brewery flotation terminated, on the rather sanguine assumption that they had a twenty-five years' life, this would mean that an annual charge of rather less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. spread over the years 1898 to 1923, when the Time Limit will expire, would suffice for the purpose. It is notorious that every well-managed brewery has been making a provision of at least as great an extent as this either by writing down values or by forming a reserve fund. Threlfall's of Liverpool, with an ordinary share capital of £450,000, have reserves of £480,000, and in spite of the charge on their profits which this provision has involved, their annual dividends and bonuses for the last ten years have averaged 18·7 per cent.

There are undoubtedly very many companies which have been grossly over-capitalised and which have bought up tied houses at ridiculously high prices. The *Times* observed two years ago that "Burton, like other brewing centres, has been cursed by the presence of once prosperous, but now hopelessly over-capitalised companies, barely earning their debenture interest and loaded up with huge share capitals unrepresented by tangible assets." And the same newspaper, in its Financial Supplement of March 6, 1908, remarked that "The Licensing Bill, whatever it may threaten, has not killed the brewery market, the market was dead before, and dead as the result of the speculation by brewers in tied houses which culminated ten years ago, and has been collapsing year by year ever since. The industry has only itself to thank for finding itself the possessor of an artificially created asset which is open to political attack." Those who direct the affairs of such

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companies may snatch at the Licensing Bill as an excuse for a collapse which is due to their own incompetency, but the State cannot be expected to deflect its policy from sound and equitable lines in order to shield them from the indignation of their shareholders. Nor have these shareholders themselves any great claim to consideration. It may, however, be politic for the Government to meet, or perhaps, though this is more doubtful, to anticipate, the practically certain demand of the House of Lords for an extension of the Time Limit. There is no principle involved in the question of a few years. And such is the magical effect of the accumulation of money at compound interest, that a very slight increase in the term will effect a very large reduction in the annual payment required.¹ But whatever concession may be made with regard to the length of the Time Limit, it is to be hoped that the Government will present a front of adamant to any suggestion that its character should be altered. The Trade would no doubt be very well satisfied with a fourteen or twenty years' time limit to the compensation provisions of the Act of 1904 if the licences were left in existence at the end of that period subject to *ante-1904* conditions of renewal, and free from the monopoly value provisions of that statute. The real

¹ The following table shows the annual payment which, if carried to a sinking fund and accumulated at 4 per cent. per annum, would amount to £100 at the end of various periods of years.

<i>Time Limit.</i>	<i>Annual payment to Sinking Fund.</i>
7 years	£12·661
10 "	8·329
14 "	5·467
15 "	4·994
20 "	3·358
21 "	3·128
25 "	2·401
28 "	2·001

If the decimal points be taken out of the figures in the second column of the table and three 0's be added, they will show the annual payments which must be carried to a sinking fund, in order to replace £100,000,000 at the end of each of the above periods of years.

Thus the annual payment required to replace £100,000,000 at the end of fourteen years would be £5,467,000. If twenty years be taken, the figure would be £3,358,000.

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attack on the Bill, however it may be masked by violent activity in other directions, will be directed to this point. To yield upon it would mean that the next generation would be left with a legacy of embarrassment and confusion, and the same state of things which made Lord Peel consider it necessary in 1899 to propose a Time Limit of seven years would be revived. No Time Limit can be otherwise than illusory which does not fulfil the conditions laid down by Lord Rosebery : "I do not care what your limit is, but I am certain of this—that the only way in which you will ever achieve a real temperance reform is by fixing a date, at the expiration of which all interest in the licence shall be held to be exhausted, and the nation will then resume its claim, its absolute dominion, over interests which have been created at the expense of the State, and no other than the State." In spite of the clamour with which the Bill is now assailed, it only needs a little care and patience in expounding its true meaning to make the public understand that what it will ultimately do will be to get the nation its own again. However great may be the monopoly value of licences, however right and just it may be to give liberal compensation for their extinction, the fact remains that every penny of that value has been a free gift by the State to the present owners, or to their predecessors in title. To continue that free gift for a single year longer than is necessary to do justice to equitable interests, or to bring about a settlement so widely accepted as to be safe from any risk of reversal by a future Parliament, would be a wanton squandering of the resources of the nation.

Next in order of magnitude to the Time Limit provisions of the Bill are those which deal with reduction of licences. The power of refusal is to be taken from Quarter Sessions, to whom it was given in 1904, and restored to the local Justices, subject to the financial control of a Licensing Commission, which is to take over and consolidate the Compensation Funds now administered by the Counties and County Boroughs. The effect of these provisions, which are somewhat complicated and seem to need amendment in details which need not here be discussed, will be to reduce the number of on-licences in England and Wales by about

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2,300 per annum, and ultimately to reduce them from 95,700 to about 65,000. So large a reduction is only rendered possible by an alteration of the basis of compensation from that laid down in the Act of 1904, as interpreted by Mr. Justice Kennedy's well-known judgement in the Cobham and Staines Brewery cases. The compensation is in future to be such a sum as will purchase an immediate annuity for the unexpired years of the reduction period equal in amount to the annual value of the licence. And that annual value is to be the difference between the Property Tax assessment of the premises with the licence, and the value which, in the opinion of the Inland Revenue Commissioners, they would bear if unlicensed. The basis of taxation and that of compensation are thus made identical. This provision will no doubt substantially increase the contributions of public-house property to both imperial and local revenues, if, as is well known to be the case, these contributions are now based on a lower valuation than the actual facts warrant.¹ It will give the owner of a public-house making out a property tax return a vested interest in truth. In addition to this compensation there is (as under the Act of 1904) to be an allowance equal to the loss through depreciation of the fixtures, and—here a new departure is made—an additional sum is to be paid as compensation for loss of profits. But these profits are to be the retail profits of the publican, and not the wholesale profits of the brewer or distiller who happens to own the house. Moreover, this portion of the compensation is to be paid to the licence-holder himself. The result of these provisions will be to reduce considerably the amount of the compensation paid to owners of tied houses, and to get rid of the monstrous anomaly created by Mr. Justice Kennedy's judgement, under which the owner of a tied house now always gets a great

¹ Very striking confirmation of this statement is afforded in a recent Home Office Return, showing the amounts awarded as compensation by Quarter Sessions for the County of London on the 27th and 28th of January 1908. It covers 71 licensed houses. Their aggregate gross income tax assessment (which, of course, includes the annual value of the licence) was £9,687. The amount awarded for the licences alone was £327,763, or more than thirty-three times the annual value, for taxation purposes, of the licences and the houses taken together.

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deal more than—sometimes even twice as much as—the owner of a free house exactly similar to it. On the other hand, it will materially increase the compensation money payable to the actual licence-holder, now only about eleven per cent. of the total sum paid.¹

In one respect the provisions of the Bill are needlessly irritating to persons interested in licensed premises. Power is given to the Commissioners to increase the compensation charge, which is, in future, to be levied everywhere for the purpose of compulsory reduction. The reduction proposals are based on the assumption that the levy will not be increased, and it would, therefore, seem both just and politic to impose a statutory prohibition on its increase beyond what is necessary to produce the million and a quarter it was estimated to yield in 1904. Some increase in the rate of charge may be inevitable as the number of licences diminishes. But the Trade, which is having a very considerable burden placed on it by the imposition of a Time Limit, is entitled to ask for certainty as to the total amount of the compensation levy. Moreover, this power of increase, though it may mean nothing in actual practice, is just one of those provisions which may be easily misrepresented by opponents of the Bill, and made to loom very large in the eyes of those who are threatened with it. It would be an excellent preventive against such misrepresentation, as well as a good answer to those who dwell on the burden of double insurance, to be able to point out that the premium on the insurance against reduction during the Time Limit is not an indefinite sum, but one easily ascertainable, viz., about £1,200,000 a year, or probably little more than one per cent. of the annual turnover on the on-licensed houses of England and Wales.

Even more important in their cumulative effect than the reduction proposals are the various administrative reforms which the Bill enacts. The proposals for compulsory

¹ In 1906, out of £622,641 paid for compensation, only £70,013, or under 11½ per cent., was received by actual licence-holders. In 1907, out of 1,578,542 so paid, the licence-holders only received £172,554, or under 1 per cent. These figures are the more significant when it is remembered at the licence-holders' figures include the sums paid for depreciation of their structures, and also the total sums paid to licence-holders who are also owners.

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reduction of the hours of sale on Sundays, outside London, to an hour in the middle of the day and two hours in the evening, will meet with the approval of the public, and will not be unwelcome to publicans and their employees. The power to keep children out of the public-houses altogether is a salutary and much-needed reform. The power given to Justices (subject to appeal) to impose conditions on the renewal of a licence is a restoration and enlargement of the power which the right of refusal, in practice, gave them before 1904. It is one which gives to local licensing authorities considerable opportunity of initiative and experiment which they will be able to exercise with growing confidence as public opinion ripens, and as the success of previous experiments makes further progress practicable. Some of the administrative provisions in the Bill seem to need safeguards. For instance, it is doubtful whether the power to prevent *existing* barmaids from continuing in their employment is one which ought to be given to a local authority at all. Its exercise, though not very likely, is possible in some neighbourhoods, and might involve great hardship on a class which is, on the whole, a hard-working and a deserving one.

The clause which gives a majority of the parochial electors in any ward of a town, or in any rural parish, the right to veto the increase of licences only confers on the people a power which, in many districts, is exercised by the owner of the soil. There are at present 3,903 rural parishes in England and Wales in which there is no on-licence. It has been absurdly stated that the Government policy is one of Local Veto by bare majority at the end of the Time Limit. That is a gross misstatement. It is one thing to give a bare majority the right to prevent the increase of drinking facilities. It is another to give the same majority the power to take away these facilities altogether. The principle of Local Control at the end of the Time Limit is asserted in the Bill in declaratory words, which are not, perhaps, very happily phrased. But the conditions under which it is to be exercised, the nature of the options to be conferred, and the majorities necessary to give effect to them, are left to be settled by a future Parlia-

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ment, legislating at closer quarters with the subject and profiting by the experience of other countries.

The most serious fault in the Bill is that on which Mr. Balfour fastened, with characteristic quickness of perception, on the afternoon of its introduction. The provisions as to clubs are weak and ineffective. They must be strengthened, not so much in order to deal with evils which undoubtedly exist, as to prevent others which are certain to grow up in the future. The club difficulty has been largely exaggerated for strategic purposes, particularly by brewers, who have every reason to welcome the growth of a tendency they affect to deplore, and some of whom prevented it being effectively dealt with by Mr. Ritchie's Bill of 1902. There are only about 7,147 registered clubs in existence at present, an increase of less than 800 in the five years which have elapsed since registration was instituted by that excellent little statute. But the increase, though small, is substantial, and will be largely augmented, as soon as the compulsory reduction proposals of the Bill begin to operate upon licensed houses, unless an effective check is set upon the multiplication of clubs. The power of objecting to registration now given, like the power of police inspection, is something, but it will generally be difficult, and often impossible, to show beforehand that a club is going to be used mainly as a "drinking club." Prophecy is not evidence. Moreover, what is needed is a power to prevent the undue multiplication of clubs which, though not perhaps correctly coming under the description "drinking clubs," are intended to be used as substitutes for closed public-houses. The real gravamen of the charge against the Government scheme, as it now stands, is that it is not water-tight. Unless it is strengthened in its provisions relating to clubs and also to some extent in its provisions relating to off-licences, it will be like an armoured ship with unarmoured ends. It may be impossible to deal very drastically with existing clubs—that is a matter of minor importance—but the registration of new clubs should be in the unfettered discretion of the licensing authority. And, in justice to the publican and to the taxpayer alike, all clubs, new and old, should make a substantial contribution to the revenue, by means either of

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a licence duty or of a tax on the liquor supplied in them. There is every ground for hoping that this point will be dealt with in the forthcoming Budget.

The provisions of the Bill with regard to off-licences are also not satisfactory. New off-licences are to pay the monopoly value, but there is no provision for the reduction of existing off-licences, except in so far as the alteration of the appellate tribunal may operate in that direction. What is really wanted is a time limit for off-licences, with a modified form of compensation on their non-renewal during the reduction period, payable out of a separate fund to which all existing off-licence holders should be compelled to contribute. Only in this way can a free hand for the State to deal with the retail sale of liquor in all its branches at the end of the Time Limit be secured.

These grave defects in the Bill are, however, easily capable of amendment and likely to receive it. On this assumption, the Bill may rightly be welcomed as a skilfully conceived and carefully worked out attempt to deal with a complicated and difficult subject on broad and statesman-like lines. It is, as has been seen, conceived in a spirit of greater liberality to the publican than was Mr. Balfour's measure of 1904, and, in its dealings with the brewer and the investor, it seeks to do justice to the State without inflicting any undue hardship on the individual.

In discussing its provisions Burton seems to be following, with almost slavish servility of imitation, the precedent of Ephesus. But it cannot at any rate be true, as predicted by the peer who takes his title from that town, that the Bill will turn Burton into a "small and insignificant place," while at the same time doing nothing to diminish drunkenness.

It offers to the present generation some opportunity of lessening the grave and far-reaching social evils which flow from the excessive consumption of alcohol, and it will secure to the next the power to deal with those evils by the light of reason and justice, unfettered by the claims and the fears of a great money interest.

A LICENSING ADMINISTRATOR

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INTERNATIONALISATION has become the European formula for dealing with political "areas of depression." It is the clumsy compromise that may accumulate difficulties, but at any rate postpones them; and it allows the holders of irreconcilable claims to the inheritance of some sick man to continue to cherish the hope of ultimate realisation. It is to be found in varying manifestations from the China Seas to the Western Mediterranean; even in such faint forms as the financial commission at Athens; in the participation of two foreign Powers, as in Morocco; and in an externally complete form in Macedonia, where every Great Power has now a somewhat flabby finger in a singularly unpleasant pie. It was interesting to find that Germany took this last for her model at Algeçiras, and pointing to the Macedonian gendarmerie and financial schemes, claimed to be the champion of Europe against the exclusive policy of France and Spain.

The policy of internationalisation in some form, with its mutual recognition of claims, has always been adopted as a last resort, as a way out of a very tight corner; and it has been generally hailed with such universal relief and drawing of interrupted breath, that it has received but scant consideration in its broader aspects and its ultimate tendencies. Its undoubted efficacy as a temporary political expedient has sufficed to justify it both to Parliaments and newspapers. And yet few political devices offer at the outset an easier mark for the ordinary critic; while the results obtained in Macedonia at the end of five years are

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certainly such as to make one admire the *sang-froid* of the diplomatists who urged the Macedonian scheme as a model for Morocco. But internationalisation, as has been said, is a last resort, and therefore if it be bad, it is yet the best to hand.

The fact that intervention is anywhere possible postulates a weak and semi-barbarous Government, and, as might be expected, the areas of intervention present certain well-recognised features; a tyrannical but feeble despot, an empty treasury, a foreign debt, enormous taxation diverted either to the service of the debt, or to the pockets of unpaid officials and common thieves, capricious cruelty combined with utter inability to enforce law, resulting in established brigandage and blackmail with intermittent reigns of terror. Clearly the authority intervening in such an area in the name of civilisation—or whatever other god it may invoke—will have much to do; it will succeed in so far as it is strong and unhampered. This is the obvious flaw in any system of mixed control. The controlling authority is already in the nature of the case heavily handicapped, as Lord Cromer found in Egypt, by having to carry with it at every step some measure of goodwill on the part of the old *régime* or of the suzerain power; for it would be folly to ride roughshod over custom and ceremony and traditional title. In the interest of efficiency it is in every way unfortunate to add to this inevitable handicap by a composite, even dual, control. Every Government worthy of the name finds a powerful authority entirely outside its control a sore affliction. The extent to which this is true is exemplified, not merely by the former Anglo-French position in Egypt, but by the fact that, although the French have now given us a free hand, Lord Cromer has found it necessary to put forward proposals for an alteration in the system of mixed tribunals; and the eagerness of Bulgaria to rid herself of the “capitulations” is another case in point. The Algeçiras settlement of the Moroccan Question is better than the more international arrangement proposed by Germany, but in itself a Franco-Spanish control cannot be said to be ideal, and the harvest of trouble is already being reaped.

On the other hand, to give a mandate to a single Great

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Power to be policeman in a disorganised country is for all practical purposes to add to it the territory in question, with what strategic, political, or commercial advantages it may possess. That is a diplomatic consideration of the first magnitude, though its precise worth is not always clearly understood. Time-limits are of little value. The work undertaken is hard, and demands the devotion of a civil service. It also involves the introduction of an armed force and the training of a local army. No Power that performs such work is likely to depart at a given signal and leave it to the mercy of others ; while if there be any rewards she feels that she is fairly entitled to them. Austria is not likely to abandon Bosnia and Herzegovina, on which she has lavished the labour of thirty years, with results of which she may be justly proud ; nor is it likely that Great Britain will leave her camp on either side the narrow waterway that leads to India. *J'y suis, j'y reste*, is a saying that has to be borne in mind at European congresses when map-making is in process.

So much is true in general, but the turn given to the diplomatic situation by Baron Aehrenthal has once again raised as a definite issue the case of Turkey, and more particularly of European Turkey. Many rich jewels have fallen from the diadems of Sultans in the last hundred years, of which Crete is the latest loss ; but the empire, though sadly shrunken, is still vast and varied, with frontiers that cause ever-recurring troubles and never-ceasing discussions. From the Austrian frontier at the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar it stretches across Europe and Asia to the head of the Persian Gulf, and from the shores of the Black Sea to the Gulf of Aden. The mere contemplation of such an area conjures up a nightmare of smoke-room speculation, of supposed intrigues, and journalistic scares. How often have we heard : " When Francis-Joseph dies——" " When the Bagdad Railway is built——" " The Austrians mean to have Salonica ! " " The Russians at Constantinople ! " " The Russians at the Gulf ! " " A German invasion of Egypt ! " It seems little short of sacrilege to invade this sacred field of intrigue, over which men button-hole one another from Paris to Petersburg, and from London to Calcutta, and to

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try to set down in cold print some short statement of what it is all about, and what the issues are.

And, first, it may be well to consider the state of the empire itself. We need not always discuss high politics with the air of a carver attacking the joint, forgetful that it once was "the friendly cow, all red and white." Even the Turk is human, and it is hardly a quixotic view that, in any discussion of his territory, the claims of the Sultan's millions of subjects should come first.

Left to itself, the whole empire appears irrevocably doomed to decay. The European portion of it will either secure freedom by force of arms, or it will pass into the keeping of one Power or more. None, however, of the Sultan's Asiatic subjects are likely to establish a new kingdom, and their ultimate fate may be either that some European successor of the Sultan will continue in a more benevolent form the despotism which is as yet the only government for which they ask, or, after the Egyptian model, the nominal rule of the Sultans may be indefinitely prolonged by the introduction of the European policeman.

Unexpected crises, such as that produced by the recent occupation of Egyptian territory in the Sinai Peninsula, are a constant possibility in Turkey; but it is almost certain that the next eventful phase of the Eastern Question will be born in Turkey in Europe. The impossibility of perpetuating the present system of Turkish rule in Macedonia is sufficiently clear to all concerned. The might and civilisation of all Europe undertook in 1903 to make a radical alteration, and have so far signally failed. If it is possible for statesmanship to secure a real concert of the Great Powers, bent solely on reform and emptied of the paralysing *arrière-pensées* which so far have mocked the hopes of miserable and victimised peasants, a new era may yet be inaugurated, and the next phase may still be bloodless. Or will the apathy of some of the disinterested, and the insincerity of the interested, Powers persist till in Macedonia the limits of human endurance are once again passed, possibly for the last time?

The question can be profitably studied in the order of realities, or in the likeness of a concentric circle. Macedonia

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is the centre of unrest—a reality bitter enough ; then comes the inner ring of Balkan states with their passionate racial interests and sympathies in Macedonia ; and, lastly, the outer ring of Great Powers, who also have their ambitions, in whose game the other factors are pawns.

The strong and well-organised revolutionary organisation of Macedonia has held its hand since 1903. It determined to give Europe time to show its power and its earnestness in the matter of reform. It is now convinced of the futility of the reforms, since the state of the vilayets is worse than before the insurrection of 1903. The peasant organisation had well-nigh despaired of Europe's help, and resolved on its own desperate measures, when Great Britain stepped forward at the beginning of this year and proposed to the Concert a more active programme. If Austria's magnificent capacity for inertia succeed in defeating the serious diplomatic effort which Sir Edward Grey and Mons. Isvolsky are at present making, the despair and the resolution of the peasant organisation will be redoubled. It may find one ally. Of the frontier states, the action of Bulgaria is most vital, owing to its military strength and to the preponderance of the Bulgar element in Macedonia and Adrianople. It was with the utmost difficulty that the Bulgarian Government resisted the pressure of the army and the people, and avoided a declaration of war with Turkey during the Macedonian insurrection of 1903. The representations of Austria and Russia, who had just made themselves jointly responsible for a new scheme of reform, and were otherwise also in a better position than they are now to make their influence felt, contributed to this result ; but a reason no less weighty with the ever-cautious Bulgarian was the fact that his military preparations were not complete. Since then these preparations have been hurried on apace, and last year the whole of a large order of Creuzot quick-firing guns was completed. If a general insurrection were to take place in Macedonia, with the inevitable accompanying incidents on the Bulgarian frontier, it seems difficult to believe that either Europe or Prince Ferdinand or any the most pacific government would be able to restrain Bulgaria. The massacres of 1903 threw

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upon a poor country the maintenance of thousands of refugees, and the people realise that inaction a second time would mean the virtual extinction of the Macedonian Bulgar.

What would be the issue of such a contest? Mindful of the heroic qualities of the Turkish soldier, of the stubborn resistance at Plevna and the Shipka Pass, of the recent too little-known feats of unadvertised endurance in the Yemen, and of the brief campaign against Greece in 1897, one might be tempted to prophesy a speedy humiliation for Bulgaria. But such a judgement would be hasty, and the prophet might be doomed to rank with the great army of those who foretold the humbling of Japan. In 1878 the invading Russian army numbered 200,000. Its base was far away, and it had to fight its way across two tremendous obstacles, the Danube River and the Balkan Mountains. The Bulgarian army is admitted by all experts to be a most efficient fighting instrument. It is trained and disciplined with ceaseless diligence in the shadow of war, and every Bulgarian soldier believes in his heart that one day he will fight the Turk. He has already given proof of his qualities, both as a marcher and a fighter, and he would oppose the Turk with a greater *élan* than he opposed the Serb. On a war footing the army numbers over 300,000, and there would be an eager response to the call to arms. The offensive would certainly rest with Bulgaria—for the slowness of the Turk in starting may safely be reckoned with—and Bulgaria has to face neither the Danube nor Shipka. No country has ever been in a strategic position at all comparable to that of Bulgaria for striking a sudden vital blow at Turkey, and it must be remembered that in a war with Turkey time is the essence of the matter. The Turks are capable of maintaining a magnificent resistance, but they have never been ready with a plan of campaign; and of late years all government has become so highly centralised that when communications with Constantinople are cut complete paralysis ensues. By this expedient the small insurgent force of 1903 made themselves masters of a large part of Macedonia for several weeks. Moreover, though the Turkish soldier is magnificent

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material, he cannot shoot, inasmuch as he gets no practice—except occasionally at a human target. Lastly, the Arab revolt has cost many men and much money, and has been a far more serious strain than is supposed ; so that there are many factors that those who prophesy renewed success in Europe for the Sultan's arms would do well to ponder. In any case, it is clear from the grave language recently used by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons, that this life-or-death struggle is the alternative the Powers have to face if the new effort to put reality into the Macedonian Reforms is frustrated.

Russia was, of course, traditionally credited with a desire for Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and also for an extension of territory in Armenia, in order to smooth its passage to the Persian Gulf. The transition which is now taking place in Russia, and must run its own course, with incalculable results, renders it folly to attempt anything in the nature of precise prediction as to coming events in the Near East. But some speculation on the possibilities raised may not be unprofitable ; and one thing it is safe to say—that no Russia, democratic, socialistic, or autocratic, is likely to abandon its interest in the Balkan Peninsula. The eyes of the real Russia look West and not East, and the attractions of the Middle East are as nothing to those of the Mediterranean. The extraordinary and spontaneous unanimity with which the whole Russian press, from Right to Left, has protested against Baron Aehrenthal's procedure in the railway question, as damaging to the interests both of Russia and of the Balkan Slavs, and has condemned the futilities of the Mürzsteg Programme, is a significant proof of the solidity of Russian opinion. The Austro-Russian agreement was in truth the violation and the reversal of all the traditions of Russian foreign policy, to meet the exigencies of an unfortunate programme of adventure in the Far East. That is all done with, and the sooner Austria seizes this fact the better will it be for the calm of Europe. Baron Aehrenthal must march with the times. That Austria was intent on linking up the Bosnian Railway with Mitrovitsa, and that, inasmuch as the line has now reached the Turkish frontier, the time for doing so was at hand, by

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been perfectly well known to all the Powers. Austria never made any concealment of the fact, and no Power offered any objection—nor, indeed, had any right to do so. But the permission of the Sultan had first to be obtained, and to choose for secret negotiations with Yildiz Kiosk the moment when all effort was ostensibly being applied to the securing of the inclusion of Judicial Reform in the Mürzsteg Programme was the surest way to strain to the breaking-point an understanding out of which all enthusiasm on the Russian side had long since vanished. Russia is in line now with England and France. She wishes to make a bold but pacific effort at real reform in Macedonia, knowing that otherwise her credit with the Southern Slavs, already so heavily damaged by her slow march to Viennese music, will be flown for ever. Sir Edward Grey has chosen his moment well, and it is to be hoped that he will press his proposals for the appointment of a Governor uncontrolled by Yildiz Kiosk, and for a real European control, and maintain them in their integrity. For this is the last, the final hope. The Concert can never again be united on a programme of inaction. The only way by which it can be restored is by Austrian recognition of the new European mood. Perhaps the most sinister omen is the reticent attitude of Italy, hitherto an advocate of progress in the Macedonian Question. Has it been made a condition that the *Triplice* shall be no friend to the *rayah*, and what promises or guarantees can have been given at Desio or on the Semmering to produce this unexpected silence, lest Austria be inconvenienced?

The objective of Austria is reputed to be Salonica, with the absorption of a large part of Albania, and Macedonia on the right bank of the Vardar. That this programme is very seriously entertained there is no great evidence. The difficulties of the military enterprise, the uncompromising hostility of Italy, the internal condition of the empire, and the fierce hostility of Hungary and the Slav provinces to what they regard as a Pan-Germanic design, are substantial obstacles to what is in any case no settled policy. But *Aves* clings to the hope that a better day may come, and weeks. *Aves* sake of this off-chance she is content to play at

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reform in Macedonia with the avowed object of maintaining the *status quo*. Her desire for the Albanian coast is, however, very definite, and undoubtedly she is at some trouble to maintain secret agents amongst the Albanians; with what profit to herself is less obvious, for no Power is so universally distrusted and disliked by all the races of the Balkans. Here again she comes into direct conflict with Italy, who also has an "interest" in the Albanian coast. Avlona is only four hours from the Italian shore, and its occupation would make the Adriatic virtually an Italian lake. There can be no true friendship between Austria and Italy while the Albanian Question is open, and feeling on the subject was much excited last year by a bitter press campaign conducted in the two countries. The only real settlement is to be found in a mutual renunciation of claim, and it would be interesting to know whether the present lull, which dates from the meetings of Signor Tittoni and Baron Aehrenthal last summer, is due to such an arrangement. If so, it would be honourable to both parties, and its publication would be highly advantageous. It must be added that Italy has shown herself quite ready to assist in a settlement, and that she cannot be accused of having shown any *arrière-pensée* as regards reform in Macedonia.

The dark designs of diplomacy imputed to Germany are the source of endless excursions and alarums. They are usually conveyed with an appropriate air of mystery in two phrases, "*Drang nach Osten*" and "the Bagdad Railway." Some reticence is certainly pardonable, for when calmly stated the vision which is said to dazzle the eyes of some German Imperialists is sufficiently startling, and might conceivably provoke a smile. It may be well to state in bald syllables what is understood to be the scheme which makes some Englishmen unable to sleep o' nights.

The Kaiser is to rule from Berlin to the Persian Gulf. The Austrians are first of all to fight their way to Salonica. The Austrian Empire is then, conveniently enough, to break up, and Germany is to step in as undisputed heir and ruler to the Adriatic and the Ægean, maintaining communication with Salonica by the Herzegovina and Mitro-itsa Railway, or, if a more direct route is preferred, by

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absorbing Servia. Meanwhile, her financial meshes will have closed around the Sultan of the day, and she will establish a protectorate over Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and Arabia, and, having arrived at the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, take a short breathing space while arranging for the invasion of Egypt and India. But the occupation of European Turkey, which might possibly miscarry, is no necessary part of this simple and adaptable design; for Roumania is to be her vassal, and the journey of her troops to railhead at Koweit over the B.B.B. Railway, as it is now fondly called (Berlin, Bucharest, Bagdad), will be pleasantly broken by a trip on the Black Sea between Kustenji and Constantinople.

Not to mention that the attempt to carry out this policy would inevitably involve war, with Italy, Russia, France and England, in combination or in succession, those who concern themselves with it forget the tremendous barrier between Berlin and Constantinople in "the breasts of freemen." Millions of Hungarians, Slavs, Roumanians, Bulgars and Albanians would fight to the death in such a cause, and Nature would lend them the generous aid of huge mountains and great rivers. Moreover, such calculations surely pay scant regard to the portent of our day—the new forces released in Russia. That Prussians may toy with these fancies is likely enough, but the hard facts of German policy are more easily comprehensible. The Germans are a great and growing people, impressing themselves upon the world of thought and the world of action. They have come into their own at a time when the earth has become sadly small, and when most of it is already "pegged out" amongst other well-recognised owners. Markets are a necessity for the satisfaction of that commercial enterprise of which they feel themselves capable, and unless colonial markets can be found, other countries, notably the United States, will take off their surplus energy and their surplus population. Incidentally it is interesting to note that those who are most indignant at German immigration into their own countries are the very people who would perpetuate and intensify this cosmopolitan penetration by bitterly opposing any colonial extension of German territory which would provide the

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Teuton with a natural outlet, and divert from America and the British Empire the present stream of German immigration. But colonial markets are difficult to find. The Monroe doctrine bars the German from the American Continent, and in the southern latitudes of the Eastern Hemisphere other Powers have long been active. Hence the irresistible fascination of the decaying Oriental empires, the areas of depression, the houses where the lease may fall in. But in these areas, as everywhere, Germany's practical policy here and now is entirely dominated by considerations of trade. No doubt there may be the hope that the flag will follow trade, but the vital point is that in Mesopotamia and the Balkans there is an undeveloped region of great wealth and a market of immense possibilities. Accordingly the Germans are throwing themselves with great vigour upon the Near East, and already German is the commercial language of Belgrade, Sofia, Bucharest, and to a great extent even of Salonica and Constantinople; and with their banks and commercial agencies the Germans are acquiring for themselves the whole trade of the Balkan States. This is the wisest policy, but the field is one of legitimate rivalry, and it would be well if British merchants would take the advice of their consuls and establish a Balkan bank to act as broker for a trade which should no longer be neglected.

For commercial reasons Germany is strongly opposed, therefore, to any immediate change at Constantinople, or in Asia. The opposition extends to Turkey in Europe, but here, perhaps, it is based more definitely on vain *arrière-pensées*. Germany may well build up a large interest in Asia Minor and take the lead in its development, but it does not seem probable that she will ever be allowed to establish herself in possession of Constantinople, or to close the Turkish markets to the rest of the world.

To sum up this discursive survey and return to the starting-point of internationalism, certain conclusions present themselves. It is clear that international action in the Near East has so far failed to remedy an intolerable state of affairs because of insincerity added to inherent weakness. This short-sighted insincerity is likely to be punished in the near future by forces beyond the control of peddling

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reformers, and the question of Turkey's future would then become momentous. To avoid a catastrophic crisis, Europe, already set in a path from which it cannot well retreat, will have to find very speedily a remedy for the proven weakness of the present international machinery. This can only be done by the frank abandonment of certain sinister aims that stand no real chance of fulfilment. Effective international action in such an ethnic medley as Macedonia will only be secured by the assumption of complete control, and the appointment of an impartial Governor-General with ample authority as the servant of the Powers, though nominally, perhaps, of the Sultan. If some such step is not taken, and if selfish imaginary interests again prevail, behind lies the shadow of the only really irresistible Balkan Power—a united Russia. To strengthen the bonds of international agreements across the Balkans in the early and pacific days of the new Russia, and to establish a firm barrier of freemen, is the imperative call of statesmanship. The time is ripe for a settlement, and Sir Edward Grey has invited it in the most public and definite manner. The Powers are in the limelight. If this effort fails the world will know where the responsibility lies.

W. A. MOORE

MALAPROPISM

MALAPROPISM," Cassell's Dictionary informs us, is primarily "the misapplication of fine words." This, however, seems hardly to cover the whole range of wordy misadventure which might reasonably be classified under such a heading. The Malaprop, as we know him, is not necessarily addicted to mannerisms nor the would-be coiner of bombastic language. Nor is he always—like an Oxford Don of immortal fame—a person gifted with a trick for transposing the letters in certain words so that these are transformed into other words which convey a different meaning. The misapplication and distortion of ideas surely represents Malapropism in its most amusing and, it must be admitted, occasionally its most inconvenient form. Gaucheries of speech, the result either of absent-mindedness, of an inherent lack of tact, or more often of a nervous self-consciousness on the part of the unwilling offender, must be admitted under this heading.

For the genuine Malaprop is limited neither by phase nor phrase; his type is various, his ways are devious, he is of no defined mental calibre. The Malaprop of to-day is distinguished only by one universal trait—he is his own apology; at once aggressor and victim, he creates an atmosphere in which he is himself confounded.

Punch's "Things one would rather have left unsaid," and his sequel, "Things one would rather have expressed differently," have become classical instances of Malapropism in its varied forms. From the primitive Malaprop who misapplies a word, to the more elaborate Malaprop who misapplies a sentiment, the deviation is slight. The pious old lady

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who, returning from a visit to the Zoo, announced that she "always did enjoy a visit to the Theological Gardens," or the servant who, describing her master's last illness, explained that the "doctors held a consolation and found that it was something eternal," are both instances of Malapropism in its simple and primitive form. The transition from one word to another is natural, the confusion of ideas is excusable—in the latter instance a distinct sequence between the dual misstatements lends to it a curious sense of something at once obvious and edifying. Such errors are on a level with the assertion of the lady who observed that when she was in Italy she "saw so many people in the garbage of monks with tonsils on their heads"; or of that more domestic Malaprop who, having occasion to complain of her spouse being a martinet in the home-circle, announced that her husband was a "perfect marmoset in his own house;" while for sheer simplicity of phrase and conception few have surpassed *Punch's* delightful old dame, who, with a shrewd twinkle in her eye, inquires whether "'soda-water' should be written as two separate words, or if there should be a syphon between them?"

But there is a third type of Malaprop more complex because more bewilderingly plausible—the Malaprop whose observations present a false air of reasonableness.

To this type belonged a family in Norwich named Herring, who, in a bygone generation, were noted for the peculiarly inapt nature of their remarks and the general confusion of their ideas. A Mr. Herring of the time of William IV was called upon to present a Tory petition to the Sailor King. The genial monarch, deeming that his humble subject was ill at ease, sought about for an agreeable topic of conversation to relieve the tension, and remarked graciously, "Ah, Mr. Herring, Norwich is a fine city—a very fine city!" "*It hev' been!*" was Mr. Herring's ineloquent rejoinder.

It was this same Mr. Herring who, walking over the cobbles in Norwich, complained bitterly that "the stones of Norwich are so hard!" and who, on another occasion, announced his intention of "building a south wall all round his garden." But his *chef d'œuvre* in Malapropism was

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perhaps achieved when he used to air one of his chronic grievances. "It is so stupid," he would complain, "the way they put up sign-posts about the country. One has either to dismount or else to ride round them in order to read what is written on the boards. Now, if they were only fixed on a pivot with a string attached so that one could pull them round and read them, it would be so much more convenient!" Could any suggestion be more plausible?

Of much the same type was the man who, discoursing sentimentally to a former school-fellow on the long duration of their affection for each other, remarked: "We started by being friends and ended by being contemporaries!" while the Malaprop who errs from sheer stupidity is known to every generation. The celebrated remark of the beautiful Lady Coventry to George II respecting her great wish to witness a coronation has become a matter of history, and equally so the rejoinder of the fair Madame Talleyrand on being informed that the river upon which she was gazing was the Soane. "Strange!" she exclaimed. "In Paris we call it the Seine." In curious contrast to the gaucheness or ignorance which prompted such remarks are the errors of what may be termed the educational Malaprop. No matter to what age or country he may belong, he is more convincing than all his fellows in that his conclusions not only sound rational, but they ring with a false note of erudition which can be actually impressive. Take the following instances recently selected and published from certain examination papers:

A diplomat is some one who puts true things in a better light, which changes them, and alters their sense.

Fiction is the imaginary power; it may be founded on fact, but not necessarily the strict truth.

A lake is a piece of water that the land has grown round.

The base of a triangle is the side we don't talk about.

Rapids are pieces of water which run with great force down the middle of rivers.

A volcano is a burning mountain that has a creator and throws out melted rocks.

If the earth did not revolt we should always have equal nights and days.

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The lungs are organs of execration.

The blood in the body is taken by means of tubs to the heart, and there detained.

How does *o* differ from the nine other digits?—It differs in having no tail.

The subjective mood is used in a doubtful sense.

How did William I put down the rebellions of the Saxons?—He put them down in Domesday Book.

Quotation : “Stored in some trouser house of mighty kings.”

“Excommunication means that no one is to speak to some one.”

Occasionally the sequence of ideas which prompted the Malapropism is less easy to trace. A boy was recently told to define an amphibious animal : he wrote, “An amphibilious animal is one which cannot live on land and dies in the water”; did some vague thought of the truism that “life being worth living depends on the liver” suggest to his mind that an amphibilious animal was surely one which would find life insupportable under any conditions? And that other youth, who being given the text, “‘Take no thought for raiment’—explain the context in connexion with our Lord’s teaching,” and who wrote, “This means don’t think too much about dress, for LO ! there shall come unto you one in sheep’s clothing”; did he feel that where such an unbecoming costume was quite *de mode*, all superfluous vanity amounted to “bad form”?

Yet a written Malapropism, if perplexing, is always preferable to one that is *vrva voce*. It is in the pulpit or the lecture-room that Malapropism is apt to assume its most disconcerting aspect. Many and varied are the good stories, real or apocryphal, which are told under the first heading, and fortunate indeed is the clerical Malaprop who, having committed an error of speech, remains blissfully ignorant of the fact, or else is not gifted with an inconvenient sense of humour. A vicar who, recently, gave out the announcement that “During Lent the Preachers will be hung in the church porch,” remained happily unconscious of any *double entendre* in his statement; though the famous Sydney Smith, with his irrepressible sense of the ludicrous, was, it is hinted,

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occasionally a deliberate offender. And the mirth which may thus be provoked in a sacred edifice or at a gathering of serious purpose is, admittedly, one of the most painful results of a verbal mishap. For the more keen our recognition of the offence against good taste involved by indulging our merriment, the stronger will be the hysterical impulse to give way to it. There is no spur to humour like the moral consciousness of its impropriety.

Perhaps there have been few situations more pathetic than that of the man who, while staying with the parents of his wife, was asked during the temporary indisposition of his mother-in-law whether he would read family prayers in the morning. Nervous, but extremely anxious to oblige, the victim asked what he should read. "Oh, just some collects," suggested his host, "a few out of the Prayer-book—any will do—then the Lord's Prayer, and conclude." The task seemed simple ; full of the best intentions, he followed his instructions to the letter. He opened the Prayer-book at random, and read first the prayer for fine weather, then the prayer for rain. And, despite the obvious advantage that one of his petitions was certain of fulfilment, they were brought to an untimely ending, for, seeing the effect produced on the assembled household, his father-in-law rose, and announced solemnly, "There will be no more prayers this morning !"

Next to the clerical Malaprop or his lay helper, who are denied the indulgence of amusement at their own expense, there are few more to be pitied than an offender whose offence is his misfortune—the short-sighted Malaprop. Throughout his life, the latter is haunted by the terror of malapropisms of omission and commission. To grope through existence in a mist which is never dispelled ; to be tricked by fancied likenesses where none exist ; to hail foes as friends, and shun friends as strangers ; to enter a room or to desire to leave it, and not know where to find his hostess ; to be asked at meals of which dish he will partake, and be unable to distinguish the contents of any ; to reply to questions addressed to another person, because he cannot see upon whom is resting the glance of the interlocutor—these are but a few of the opportunities for

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misadventure which fall to the lot of this ill-starred offender, whose condition is more to be compassionated because less readily condoned than that of the Malaprop who is deaf. Many are the time-honoured tales, bearing the pitiful stamp of truth, which turn upon his misfortunes ; yet even a conclusion arrived at under such disadvantages may be unintentionally apt. A short-sighted lady recently saw a carriage drive up to her front door. Anxious to remind her servant that she did not intend to see any visitors, she called out, "James, be certain you say I am not at home." And James was overheard indulging in unseemly merriment, for the vehicle happened to be a hearse which had paused before passing on to a funeral a few houses off.

Yet it is in the lower ranks of life that the Malaprop is rampant. What mistress of a house has not suffered from the maiden who arrives to enter our service by means of a cab for which she expects us to disimburse an unreasonable sum because she has hired it beyond the "radiancy," who describes herself as "putrified" with astonishment at the amount of work awaiting her in our establishment, who pronounces the dust there to be "simply chronic," and who remorselessly sends our most treasured possessions to join the "refuge" in the dust-bin? Yet she is fast being replaced by a worse phase of domestic Malaprop—the Malaprop who insists upon exercising the reasoning faculty which education has unfortunately bestirred. And the conclusions of this Malaprop are peculiarly inconvenient in their invincible logic. A lady who was suffering from the arrival of a fresh servant, of whose capacities she was still ignorant, was expecting some friends to call, and inquired anxiously from the new paragon whether she understood how to announce guests. "Of course!" was the reply, flavoured with contempt. The hostess waited, the door-bell rang, the paragon flung wide the drawing-room door to usher in the visitors—"Here they are!" she announced. Could anything be more sensible? The hostess knew whom she was expecting, the guests knew upon whom they were calling ; what need to go through the unnecessary farce of pretending that either required a formal introduction to the other?

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Yet although this type of logical Malaprop is essentially modern in essence, the domestic who endeavours to exercise his wit to his own advantage has existed since the days of Gehazi. The Iron Duke is said to have had a specially decisive way of dealing with those whose failure to profit by their own cunning might lead them to be classed as Malaprops. At Walmer Castle he once gave an order for his gardener to plant three hundred trees. The man being lazy, and thinking to escape the work entailed, pointed out to the Duke that planting so many trees was useless, since half of them would die. "Then, if half will die," said the Duke to the Malaprop, "plant six hundred."

Instances abound, however, of the strange admixture of stupidity and cunning to be found among yokel Malaprops, and likewise of the shrewd power of observation which may be concealed beneath an apparent stupidity of speech. Perhaps nowhere is this more strikingly illustrated than amongst the sturdy dwellers in the colliery districts of Yorkshire. Quick of wit, curt of phrase, stolid in manner, the Yorkshireman is a ready reader of his fellow men, and gives expression to his conclusions without reticence. Filled with an ineradicable contempt for all who are not indigenous to the same soil as himself, he exhibits a devotion which is almost servile to the magnate of his own village, while he is keenly suspicious of all so-called "foreigners," in whom he is quick to scent any taint of snobbishness. A curate's wife, not Yorkshire-born, who annoyed the villagers in a remote parish by her assumption of a gentility to which they did not consider her entitled, one day entered a cottage where she found the very usual sight of a collier busily engaged in ironing his shirt for Sunday. He acknowledged her arrival characteristically by a curt nod, and continued his work without taking further notice of her presence. She therefore seated herself uninvited, and tried to promote conversation by announcing the interesting news that her husband had been offered a living, and that he and she were about to move to another sphere of usefulness. She awaited some expression of regret.

"Be ye?" observed her host, in answer to her news, as he ironed steadily.

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"We are sorry, of course, to leave you," she added tentatively.

"Be ye?" again rejoined her host, laconically.

"But you see," she suggested, slightly nettled, "it will be in some things an agreeable change for us. For in *that* parish there are nothing but ladies and gentlemen."

Her host looked up, fixing her momentarily with his steely glance. "I reckon ye'll change all that!" he observed thoughtfully, as he resumed his ironing.

Equally prone to unconscious cynicism is the Yorkshire Malaprop under stress of acute sorrow. Not long since there died one of two brothers who throughout life had been devoted to each other and inseparable comrades. The local squire, meeting the survivor immediately afterwards, remarked sympathetically—

"So poor John is gone at last!"

"Aye!" responded the bereaved one, briefly.

"Did you see him before he died?"

"Aye."

"Did he speak to you?"

The bereaved one looked stolidly in front of him without moving a muscle, as he strove to recall the details of that harrowing death-bed parting. Then he described it. "Ah said to him, 'John, thou art barn' to dee.' And he said 'Aye.' And that was joust what passed atween him and me."

Still more remarkable is one specimen of this type, perhaps little known to the present generation. I refer to a strange nondescript once familiar to dwellers in the North as a "Yorkshire Natural." Acknowledged to be half-witted, and with a cast of countenance which confirmed this appellation, the "natural" was in many particulars more shrewd even than his sagacious neighbours, save that, owing to some peculiar kink of brain, he was still more destitute of the sense of fitness. For him neither class nor occasion has existence. Gifted in an exaggerated measure with all the rugged individuality peculiar to his native county, his insight into men and things was as profound as it was erratic, while to his opinions he gave expression with a frankness which outdistanced even the

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naïveté of his fellows. But, at once a fool and a wit, he was recognised as one with whom ordinary considerations could not weigh; he was a privileged being, he was Nature's Malaprop.

Before the levelling influence of school-board education, which eliminates individuality alike in the wise and the foolish, his type is now almost as extinct as the *ichthyosaurus*; the dull-brained yokel, too, is slowly disappearing, and even his cockney counterpart has undergone a remarkable transformation. The man in the street now rarely distorts words, though he remains the distorter of ideas. He is, moreover, gifted with a caustic humour which makes it unwise to decide rashly if he holds himself to be giving utterance to a jest or to a truism. Take the following instance. A cabman driving a lady home one evening, was told by her that the number in a Square to which she directed him was the first house on the left-hand side. Notwithstanding these clear instructions, he made a point of entering the Square on the right, and thus having to drive all round the houses in it to reach the number indicated. On alighting, the lady inquired pointedly if he knew his right hand from his left. The cabman reflected. "Well," he announced at length, "I knowsh my right handsh from my left, but I don't know the right handsh of the Square!" The distinction would not bear analysis, and the lady retired discomfited. Was that cabman a wit or a Malaprop?

Yet in the town as in the country, it is in dealing with foreigners that the true Briton shows his inherent Malapropism. The other day a Frenchman entered an omnibus and, pausing in the doorway, inquired from the conductor—"Are you full?" Unfortunately, to the conductor the remark bore but one significance—"Ah, you fool!" He followed the unhappy Frenchman into the vehicle and began loudly abusing him; "I'll teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head, I will! Call me a fool, do yer?" and other remarks which appeared to him appropriate to the occasion, and to which the bewildered Frenchman kept murmuring his civil "Mais comment—comment?" Yet explanation to either of the two Malaprops would have been futile. Finally, genuinely alarmed, the Frenchman

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left the omnibus, reflecting audibly on "Ces cochons d'Anglais !" while the voluble Briton was thus left master of the situation, triumphant at having routed an insolent foreigner !

India, however, with its obsequious natives, affords the most curious instances of Malapropism arising from the misuse or misapprehension of a foreign tongue. The petitions of the natives to any man in authority have often been quoted on account of their truly astonishing phraseology. But here is a simple request from a domestic servant for a short holiday :

"MOST HONOURED SIR,

"May I beg leave to ask your honour for three days' recreation in order to apply some contagious and bad-smelling medecin to my influential and prosperous itches ?"

Who, indeed, would refuse a petition couched in such terms ?

Moreover, not only the Indian servant, but his master, has occasionally to become a self-constituted Malaprop in order to escape from the effects of domestic tyranny. It is not customary there for one employer to write his opinion of a late domestic in confidence to a would-be future employer. He has to deliver the "character" into the hands of the domestic himself, who promptly goes off to the bazaar and has it translated for his own enlightenment. Should the verdict of his late master prove unfavourable, he will not fail to find some means to show his wrath at such indiscreet frankness. Thus the dirty bits of paper representing the "characters" of many years which are hawked about by the applicants for domestic service, and are looked upon by them as treasures, often show amusing subterfuges resorted to by past employers in order to combine honesty of intention with a desire to escape its unpleasant consequences. One native cook was seen exhibiting with supreme satisfaction the following verdict on his services, the subtlety of which his late master had rightly adjudged to be beyond the capacity of the bazaar interpreter :

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"This servant has been with me for six months. It seems much longer. He leaves me on account of ill-health. My ill-health."

Another native, yet more mystified why he failed to obtain a situation, carried with him a glowing description of his services, his virtues, his exceptional value as a domestic, which had been duly read out to him by the interpreter, while he swelled with pride at its testimony to his merits. But in the corner, writ small, were a few words which the interpreter had concluded to be the date of the precious missive: "See John xviii. 40." The would-be employer, seeking an explanation of this, derived illumination from the text—"Now, Barabbas was a robber."

Yet every modern Malaprop, whether self-constituted or the reverse, whether wit or fool, must give way before the Malaprop of a bygone age, who, like the Yorkshire Natural, combined in himself the attributes of both. The jester of former days was one to whom Malapropism was at once a profession and an honour, his most crooked speeches were his greatest triumph, his rudest strictures brought him greatest glory. Licensed to a liberty of speech denied to all others, he was by turns pert, witty, the utterer of home-truths, the privileged censor and cynic of the domestic circle. And few instances are on record where he ever paid the penalty of his rashness, or where his jests were taken as other than the harmless merry-making of an irresponsible being.

In the charming little Journal of Countess Françoise Kranksinska, great-grandmother of Victor Emmanuel, a curious illustration of this is given. A young and handsome suitor came for her hand, the Castillanic Kochanowski. Of noble birth, great attraction and princely fortune, he was, alas! too ardent a lover for the age in which he lived. Impatient to plead his cause, he did not, according to the rigid etiquette of those days, approach the parents of his lady by means of some "notable emissary" who should have represented his qualifications in the approved manner, with much ceremony and palaver, he dared to make his declaration personally to the father of the beautiful Countess, and received

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the brief answer—"Sir, you will know our final decision soon." That night, when the family and their immense retinue were seated at dinner, when the Castilianic, elegant in the bravery of faultless attire, was gay with false hopes, all present were electrified by seeing an ominous dish placed upon the table—a goose served in black gravy. This was the sign of a polite but irrevocable refusal of marriage. The handsome young Castilianic turned pale and his gaiety fled ; all present tried to ignore the obnoxious dish, and, one by one, refused to partake of it. But when it came to the jester, the privileged Malaprop, he helped himself to it with zest, then looked at his plate and remarked loudly, "Well, this is rather a hard morsel, but still it will be digested !" Yet none chid him for the bad taste of this remark, which added to the public humiliation of the unfortunate suitor and to the embarrassment of all present. He alone was eternally licensed to speak his mind ; he was the King of Malaprops who could do no wrong.

And while about the memory of that bygone merry-maker there clings the halo of romance and of history, shall we of to-day treat his modern representative with less leniency ? True, our Malaprop can be inconvenient, he can be tactless, embarrassing, nay, a very terror with his artless blunders, yet, withal, to him we owe a debt of gratitude, for does he not add to the sunshine of life, and send a ripple of laughter through this grey old world ?

A. M. W. STIRLING

BRITISH ARISTOCRACY AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS

IT has often been said that our victory at Waterloo was a great misfortune to England ; and in general terms the truth of this remark can hardly be gainsaid. Our successes as against the armies of the Revolution certainly kept the current of new human forces and ideas associated with that movement at a distance, and warded it off from our shores. The feudal system, broken down and disorganised all over the Continent by Napoleon, preserved its old tradition in these islands. And one consequence has been that, in the matters of our Land-system and our Aristocracy, we are now a hundred years behind the rest of Western Europe.¹

Our land-system, with its large estates breeding a servile and poor-spirited population of tenantry and farm labourers, has had the effect of clogging and depressing British agriculture—to such a degree, indeed, that the latter has become a thing despised and neglected by ourselves and derided by our neighbours. And our Aristocracy has developed to so monstrous and importunate a form that, like some huge parasite, it threatens disease and ruin to the organism upon which it has fastened. It is with the latter trouble that I am at this moment concerned.

It is indeed curious that Britain, which has for so long a time boasted herself in the forefront of human progress, should now be saddled with this institution—a reactionary institution of such magnitude and dead weight as no other nation in the world can show. And more curious still is

¹ Not to mention our Penal and Civil Codes, so antiquated and cumbrous compared with the Code Napoléon.

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it that, all the time, with great diligence and apparent zeal, she is enlarging and building up the absurd incubus which weighs her to the ground.

Poor Britain ! with all her other burdens—her burdens of crying poverty, of huge population, of limited land, of distressing fogs both in the mental and physical atmosphere—to be actually fastening and riveting this extra one upon her own back ! What must one think of such a nation ? Has she lost her wits, and does she at all divine what she is doing ? Is she still lost in a sleep of centuries, and living in dreams of three or four hundred years ago ?

There has in the past been a certain glamour and romance about the Feudal Aristocracy. Perhaps distance lends enchantment. We like to lose ourselves in a kind of Tennysonian dream of knights and ladies ; we know that once there were bold bad barons, who certainly were a terrible pest to their contemporaries, but whom we rather admire in the far perspective ; we do not forget the great historical families, whose largesses and whose crimes were on a splendid scale, whose petty jealousies and quarrels with each other were the ruin of peasants and the devastation of countrysides, but whose *noblesse oblige* had elements of heroism and sacrifice in it, even on account of the very fact of its meaning the maintenance of their own Order as against the world. We may concede that these people did some work that had to be done, we may allow that there was a certain poetry and creative power in it ; but what has all that to do with the modern Aristocracy ?

Of the 550 hereditary peers who to-day constitute the bulk of the House of Lords, it is very doubtful if a single one had a relative present at Runnymede and the signing of the Charter. It is said that only *five* can even trace their families back to that century.¹ In the reign of Elizabeth the lay Lords numbered no more than sixty. Even the Stuarts, who lavished honours on the most dubious favourites,

¹ "Ancient lineage !" said Mr. Millbank. "I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The real old families of this country are to be found among the peasantry . . . a peer with an ancient lineage is to me quite a novelty. No, no ; the thirty years of the Wars of the Roses freed us from those gentlemen."—Disraeli's *Coningsby*.

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only increased the list of peers by about 100. It was—and the moral is easily drawn—in the reign of George III that the great growth of the modern peerage took place. George himself, anxious to strengthen his weak hand in the Government, insisted on nominating a large contingent—his congeners and equals in point of brains and education—a crass and fat, snuff-taking and port-wine-bibbing crew. William Pitt—and this was part of his settled policy—drowned out the old Whig families in the House of Lords “by pouring into it members of the middle and commercial class, who formed the basis of his political power—small landowners, bankers, merchants, nabobs, army-contractors, lawyers, soldiers and seamen. It became the stronghold not of blood, but of property, the representative of the great estates and great fortunes which the vast increase of English wealth was building up.”¹ The whole process was a sort of strange counter-blast to the French Revolution. But with Pitt’s successors it continued to such an extent that actually the total number of peerages created during George the Third’s reign was 388!²

And from that time forward the same. Britain, to accentuate her victory over Napoleon, and to assure the world of her anti-revolutionary principles, steadily added and added to her tale of titled heads: till now—instead of the feudal chiefs and royal boon-companions and buccaneers and sea-dogs of old days—we have a wonderful breccia of brewers and bankers, colliery-owners and Stock Exchange magnates, newspaper proprietors, wine-dealers, general manufacturers and industrial directors, among whom the old landlords lie embedded like fossils.³ It must be confessed that whatever romance a title may have once carried with it has now quite gone. It is hardly possible, one would think, for the most Philistine Briton or world-foraging Yankee to

¹ J. R. Green, *Short History of the English People*, ch. x.

² May’s *Constitutional History*, vol. i. The number of baronets created during the same reign was 494! and of knights such a crowd that the order has never recovered from the somewhat aldermanic and provincial flavour it then acquired. Few “society” people would probably now-a-days accept the title, unless, of course, in the form of a K.C.B., or (less desirably) of a K.C.M.G.

³ Since 1800 the new peers created amount to 376!

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perceive any glamour in the present aristocracy. Indeed, one may say that—although, of course, it includes some very worthy persons—a certain vulgarity attaches to the institution as a whole, and that it is doubtful whether any really self-respecting man would consent to join it.

But the curious fact is, as I have said, that it continues to grow and be added to. At present the United Kingdom is blessed with 750 peers in all (not all of them in the House of Lords), besides an innumerable host of lesser dignities. The late Conservative Government, during its ten years of office, scored fifty-seven additions to the House—not a bad count ; but Bannerman the Bold has beaten all records by creating twenty in the course of his first eighteen months ! If the accretions to the ranks of Rank are to continue at similar rates, imagination gasps at the probable situation, say in fifty years.

With regard to this extraordinary freak of “C. B.’s,” it is difficult to find a rational explanation, which—in view of the late debate about the sale of honours to wealthy party supporters—is not also a rather unpleasant one. In the story of “Bel and the Dragon,” when Daniel determined to destroy the great Idol which the people worshipped, he fed into its capacious maw fresh lumps of “pitch and fat and hair” (of which ingredients no doubt the monster was already composed). He seemed to be nourishing and fattening it ; but in reality he destroyed it, by causing it to “burst in sunder.” But whether our Liberal leader really wishes or thinks to break up the House of Lords in the same way is difficult to say. It is certainly an odd way of doing battle.

That it can be for a moment supposed that that House can be converted into a Liberal and progressive institution by ample creation of Liberal peers is out of the question. In the first place there is the huge existing Conservative majority there, to be overcome before anything like a balance can be established. In the second place there is the undeniable and portentous fact that for turning a man into a Tory a day in that House is better than a thousand (outside). For reasons and in ways not very difficult to see there is a steady social and conventional pressure going on in those

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surroundings which gradually transforms well-meaning and progressive folk into rigid obstructives. Of the ninety-two peers (and their successors) created by Liberal Prime Ministers in the last fifty years, only forty-six, that is one-half, are now Liberals. Of the twenty peers lately created by Campbell-Bannerman, how many will even call themselves Liberal at the end of another decade? Thirdly, it must be remembered that of those who do thus call themselves Liberals, and under that head are created peers, their real liberality and culture and public spirit (for the most part, and with a few very genuine exceptions) are only skin-deep. They have worked mainly for their own private ends and advancement; they have been successful men in business or in law; they have engineered society influences; they have made themselves grateful to highly-placed personages; they have dumped down enormous funds on occasions for election and other purposes; they have even obtained what they wanted by forbearing to press for the payment of debts. In a variety of ways they have been useful to their own side; and sometimes they have been so little useful that for *that* reason it has been thought better to remove them to "another place." But whatever the cause of their advancement, the end to which it leads will in most cases be the same. It is hard to believe—as Mr. Joseph Clayton says in his excellent little book, *The Truth about the Lords*—that the cause of "temperance legislation will be assisted in the Upper House by Lords Burton and Blyth; or that the progress of labour legislation, in favour of a shorter working day and the abolition of child-labour, will be hastened by Lords Nunburnholme, Pirrie, Glantawe and Winterstoke." Having climbed the Liberal ladder, the great probability remains that they will scorn the base degrees by which they did ascend, and retire finally to swell the obstructive influences in the Second Chamber.

The whole magnification and bolstering-up of both the House of Lords and the "Aristocracy" generally in this country is certainly an extraordinary phenomenon, and one which would hardly be possible in any other country of the world in this year A.D. Pausing for a moment to take a bird's-eye view of it, and guarding ourselves against undue

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self-depreciations or too-sweeping comparisons of the Briton with other nations, let us just make a plain matter-of-fact estimate of the situation.

One might suppose that here in the general Aristocracy, among the pick and pink of the nation, endowed with wealth, education, and far-reaching influence, would be found the leaders and pioneers of every great movement; that art and science, sociology and politics would be illuminated and inspired, organised and marshalled by this class; that abroad it would stand as representative of what was best and most vigorous in our people; and that at home and in the countrysides it would set the tone and animate the centres of the most healthy and useful life. What do we actually find? A waste of dullness, commonplaceness and reaction. This Aristocracy does nothing—nothing that can be accounted of public utility;¹ for even the work of the ordinary country gentleman on County Councils and as a member of the Great Unpaid can hardly be placed to its credit. It produces (in the present day) no artists, no men of letters of any distinction, no inventors, no great men of science, no reformers,² hardly even a great general or political leader. And this is certainly astounding when one considers the exceptional opportunities its members have for success and advancement in any of these directions, and the ease with which they can command a hearing and a following.

It is true, of course, that occasionally a man of decided note and ability—a Kelvin or a Tennyson, a Beaconsfield or a Kitchener—on account of real or generally admitted service to the nation, and *not* on account of his swollen money-bags or his scheming self-advertisement, is collated into the Aristocracy. But such individuals are not numerous, and they are not the *product* of the aristocracy. They are importations into it which, alas! do not modify its general character, but too often, like good building materials thrown

¹ It is now-a-days enormously connected among the Directors of Joint Stock Companies and Banks and other money-lending concerns, but whether its labours in these connexions are of public utility is a question.

² We must make honourable exception in favour of two ladies, the Viscountess Harberton and the Countess of Warwick.

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into a swamp, simply sink into it and disappear. The amount of useful genius or talent which the institution, from its hereditary deeps, supplies to the world is an almost negligible quantity.

Again—not to make too great a demand in the way of world-wide genius or service, but to keep to humbler spheres—we may point out that the class in question does not rise to the occasion of its most obvious duties. It does not remodel villages on its estates, or create experimental colonies on its broad acres; it does not meet the very genuine demand now existing for small holdings; it does not even lend farm lands to Boards of Guardians for the use of the unemployed. If these things have to be tackled, they are left to the generosity and philanthropic zeal of wealthy Americans, who come across the water to polish up the old country. It does not exhibit any pride in making its factories or its quarries or its collieries (where its revenues spring from such sources) models of excellent and cleanly management, with the best conditions possible for the workers concerned in them. It organises none of the social reforms in town or country which are so cryingly needed, and which it ought to be so well qualified to initiate. It sometimes *appears* (though, of course, this is not really the fact) as though it could think of nothing more beneficial for its rural demesnes and their populations than to shoot over them, or more appropriate for its town duties than to employ plenty of dressmakers for Society functions.

One must not certainly deny that these good people move up in squadrons, and are greatly in evidence, as Patrons and Patronesses of Bazaars, or of Hospitals, or of philanthropic institutions of various kinds. Anything that is colourless and non-committal, which is publicly helpful, without being a severe tax on pecuniary funds or physical energies, and in which a name or a title carries weight, is peculiarly favoured. As Mr. Clayton says (p. 102), "For the laying of foundation-stones, opening of important buildings, presiding over religious and philanthropic meetings, the directing of limited liability companies, the 'governing' of self-governing colonies, and the entertaining of political followers, they are in great demand." And with all these

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duties, and the demands of "Society" generally, it really would not be fair to call them idle. We may even say that they are enormously busy.

It would be foolish also to deny—what is sufficiently obvious—that among the titled people, especially the older families, there are found some folk of a humane and cultured class of mind, with charming and genuine good manners, simple habits, and a real sense of responsibility and even affection towards those dependent on them; and for the existence of such people, in whatever sphere, we may be grateful, especially in these days when they are in danger of being drowned out by tawdry new-comers.

But all this—in the way of benefits or advantages accruing from the Aristocratic system—is very negative. On the other hand, the positive evils of the system do not admit of being overlooked. To the mass of meaningless fashion and expensive idleness created by our social arrangements generally, it accords an *imprimatur* of distinction and desirability. The flagrant sale of high honours—worse, apparently, in the last dozen years than ever before—corrupts the nation with the resultant lesson that to make a fortune anyhow and to spend it for personal aggrandisement is the best way to gain distinction and public respect. Trafficking in titles has become quite a profession, and a rich man has now little difficulty, through the mediation of diplomatic but impecunious ladies of rank, in getting himself made a knight or a baronet. A quite uncalled-for and disproportionate power is put into the hands of persons who are really not worthy of it, whose aims are vulgar, whose education is poor, on whose tables hardly a book of real merit is to be found (often, certainly, not as good literature as is seen in a better-class workman's home); and among whom the questions most important to be discussed are whether golf or motoring, baccarat or bridge, shall be the order of the day. Gangs of similar folk use their "influence" to get important positions in Army or Navy or official circles filled up by relatives or favourites; and the resultant scandals of incompetence or maladministration, which later years inevitably unfold, are hushed up by the same influences. The nation is heavily injured, but the damage does not recoil

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on the heads of those most responsible. "Society" twaddle fills the newspapers and impresses the uninitiated and unlearned; the aimless life and ideals silting downwards infect the masses of the people with a most futile and feeble conception of life; and in little matters of dress and etiquette ultimately make the middle classes even worse than those whom they imitate, and from whom they suppose the fashions to originate.

To return to the House of Lords. I have no intention here of dwelling on its record of inefficiency and obstruction. Of its political history during the last century; of its meagre and scanty attendances, even over the most important questions; of its marvellous inefficiency and want of comprehension in dealing with the same; of its indifference when any human or humane interest has been concerned; of its dead obstructiveness when such things seemed to endanger in any degree its "rights of property"; of its clinging to the death-penalty (in 1810) for the stealing of values over 5s., and to the same (in 1820) for values over £10, and to the same again (in 1839) for sheep-stealing; of its maintenance by large majorities of vivisection (1879), and of trap pigeon-shooting (1883); of its turning deaf ears to the pleading cry of children in the coal-mines (1842), or of little chimney-sweep urchins in the chimneys (1849), or of evicted and famine-stricken peasants in Ireland (1880-82); of its steady refusal, until fairly forced, to grant the rightful and natural demands of citizens for suffrage and self-government and religious equality and the education of their boys and girls; or to grant the demands of women for rights over their own property and persons, and of men for the protection of their own labour-power;—are not all these things written in the great books of the Chronicles of the last hundred years, as well as in the pages of the Almanacks and the manifestos of Mr. Stead? There is only one opinion about them; and what has been said a thousand times it is needless to repeat.

Nor can we fairly expect anything else. If we indulge in the absurdity and scandal of making men high legislators because they have heaped together huge fortunes by selling "purge" and "kill-devil" to a drink-sodden public, or have

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made themselves wealthy and notorious by circulating lying and sensation-mongering *canards* among ignorant populations, we must expect the absurdities and scandals and misfortunes which are the logical result. And if it only stopped there ! But to go further, and to make the bodily *heirs* of these people our future High Legislators, even to the crack of doom—well, that is surely midsummer madness, and a gilding of the refined gold of folly ! As a precise and practical writer has remarked—"Our toleration of this costly absurdity is the wonder of the world. Its like is not to be found in any other civilised nation."

The real question which remains is, what is to be the cure ? Dismissing the supposition that a syndicate of American millionaires will buy up the House of Lords complete for the purposes of a world-exhibition, and on the other hand the supposition that a violent wave of socialist revolution will drown it suddenly out of existence—as being, both of them, though feasible, beyond the range of immediate politics ; we may at least, and as a practical issue, discuss what considerable and radical changes would really bring this institution, and that of the Aristocracy generally, into the line of human usefulness.

I think we may assume that, short of a violent catastrophe, the Second Chamber will be retained. Its total abolition would not be in accordance with the temper and tradition of the British ; and, personally, I think that—as long as our present general Constitution remains—a Second Chamber is desirable ; because our House of Commons—though with an intelligent voting public it might *become* intelligent, and even get to know a little political economy—must always, from the method of its election, be largely composed of professional politicians, and must represent mainly popular ideals, views and currents of opinion. There is no harm in this, but it requires to be corrected by a more searching, accurate and experienced spirit (if only, for example, in order that Bills passed by the popular Assembly may be intelligible, and may not become law while still containing hopelessly contradictory clauses). Also a Chamber with some intelligent and public-spirited initiative about it would be very helpful.

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A Second Chamber, then, seems to me on the whole advisable, and will, I have no doubt, for a long time to come be demanded by the British people. It will not necessarily be the House of Lords; but here again the British love of tradition and continuity will come in, and will probably insist on its being *called* the House of Lords—even long after it has come to consist mainly of manual workers and advanced women.

The practical question therefore is—how to begin immediately to remodel the Upper House with a view to rendering it (in time) a useful Second Chamber.

The first and immediate need obviously is to drop the hereditary qualification. No son of an existing peer should sit in a future House simply on account of being an eldest son. He may succeed to his father's title (of that more anon), but not therefore to his father's seat. The present House will not be wiped out, but in the twinkling of an eye it will be changed, as far as its legislative functions are concerned, to a body of life-peers. The descendants of the existing peers will (possibly) carry on their ornamental functions in Society, but they will cease to be our hereditary Legislators. This is so very indispensable a reform, and the scandal and absurdity of the present arrangement is so monstrous, that without making this first step practically nothing can be done; and the public must simply choose between this and eternal disgrace. Moreover, it is a reform which could be carried out almost imperceptibly, and with a minimum of friction.

The present House would remain, for the moment, undissolved; but its numbers would slowly dwindle with the decease of its members. All future peers created in order to supply the consequent vacancies would be life-peers. Whatever other titles they might carry, or if they carried no titles at all, in either case their right to sit in the House would not descend to their offspring. Thus in the course of not so very many years we should have a Second Chamber wholly consisting of life-members appointed on their own merits, and neither claiming nor exercising hereditary power.¹

¹ Lord Hobhouse, in 1894, proposed such a Second Chamber, limited to 200 or 250 life-members, and having also a limited right of veto (*Contemporary*

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What would be the general principles of appointment to such a Chamber? It might be urged that (after it was once fairly established) it should be made self-elective—say like the Chinese Academy, which for more than a thousand years has exercised so tremendous a sway over the destiny of China. As every one knows, the Chinese Academy consists of some 240 members, the best scholars and *savants* in the empire, to each of whom by immemorial provision is allowed a house and a small salary. The duty of the body is to debate and turn their critical acumen and enlightenment on any or every public question that may arise. It has no direct legislative or executive power; but the results of its debates and its recommendations are widely circulated through the empire, and have an immense influence on the popular mind, while at the same time the body exercises a very outspoken censorship over the acts of officials and even of the Emperor himself. This body is self-elective. When a vacancy occurs the remaining members elect the new one. It is thus independent of patronage; and no doubt (as the remarkable history of the Chinese Academy shows), when once a good tradition is started, this method of election may be very effective.

With regard to the House of Lords, however, there might (at present) be objections to this method!—and we may take it as probable that new (life) peers will continue to be created, and writs of summons issued, on the recommendation of the Premier at the time in office. Assuming this, I think it must follow, as the second absolutely necessary reform, that in all cases a reason (of distinguished service) must be given for each creation. Sir Wilfrid Lawson on one occasion, in 1887 I believe, proposed this. And it is

Review, Dec. 1894). Sir Herbert Maxwell proposed that the Crown should cease to grant hereditary titles, and should be content with creating life-peerages; also that the number of members of the Upper House should be reduced to 268 (*Nineteenth Century*, July 1906). Mr. Frederick Harrison has sketched a similar Senate, drawn widely from the various professions, learned societies, and so forth (*Positivist Review*, Oct. 1906). Constitutionally, the peers are summoned by the Will of the Crown, and apart from that have no hereditary right to sit, and on the other hand it is amply admitted now that the Crown has power to grant peerages and summon peers for life only; so we see that the change proposed would involve no great technical or constitutional difficulty.

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clear that to leave the distribution of high honours and the position of National Legislator to the irresponsible appointment of any Government, is simply to court bribery, corruption, and malversation. A distinct and sufficient reason must be given for each creation, just as is done in the case of the award of a medal or decoration, a V.C. or a D.S.O. ; and though this in itself might not always secure the best men, it would certainly go a long way to keep out the commonplace and really harmful types, whose real recommendation to-day consists in services which would not bear public scrutiny. Of course this reform will be strenuously resisted by certain classes, just for the very reason that irresponsible patronage is so dear and so very convenient to those who can exercise it ; but the change is absolutely necessary and indispensable.

It would probably have to be accompanied by some indication as to the kind of distinguished service which should be regarded as a qualification. Personally, I think that in this Second Chamber, or House of Life-peers, as far as possible, *every* class or section of the nation should be represented, and represented of course by well-known and well-tried members of such class, or by those who have done good service to their class or to the nation. Lord Rosebery, in 1884, in moving for a Select Committee on the reform of the House of Lords, "specified nine classes which were entirely without representation in that House. The first were the Nonconformists, the last the Workmen. The other seven were as follows—medicine, science, literature, commerce, tenant-farmers, arts, and colonists. He suggested that life-peers should be created, and that the ancient system of assistants, by which judges were called into council, might be revived." ¹ Here, at any rate, as far as it went, was a practical suggestion towards making the House an efficient and useful body. But the details of such membership, *ex officio* and other, would of course need careful consideration, and into that question we need not go now. What is clear, at present, is that the future House of Peers (and here the word "peers" comes in very appropriately) will consist of able men of *all* classes and so-called ranks in society. And this is in the line of a

¹ W. T. Stead, *Peers or People : an Appeal to History*, 1907, p. 194.

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very obvious and natural evolution. In early times the Lords Spiritual, who often outnumbered the Lords Temporal in the House, were not a little jealous of the latter. Towards the close of the eighteenth century the old landed families, who alone beside the Church were there represented, were furiously disgusted at the accession to their ranks of large bodies of commercial and professional gentry. Again, in 1856, there was a storm in the House over the granting of a life-peerage to Lord Wensleydale; the highest legal and historical authorities, however, maintained that it was the ancient right and privilege of the Crown to create life-peers; and in 1887 the Appellate Jurisdiction Act was passed, in accordance with which certain Law-lords now take their seats for life *ex officio*. Finally, in the last twenty years, classes of men have been admitted to the House whom even George III would not have dared to propose. Sir Erskine May, in his *Constitutional History of England*, speaking of the great growth in numbers of the Upper House in modern times, says: "With this large increase of numbers the peerage has undergone further changes no less remarkable, in its character and composition. It is no longer a council of the magnates of the Land—the territorial Aristocracy, the descendants or representatives of the barons of the olden time; but in each successive age it has assumed a more popular and representative character." Thus, although the present House would no doubt be much shocked at the idea, it does not seem at all improbable that a time may come when a Joseph Arch, for instance, as an eminent farm-labourer and representative of farm-labourers, will be called to sit on its councils.

Another reform which will probably be advisable will be the limitation of the new House of Life-peers to a definite number of members—although, of course, such limiting number might be alterable from time to time. One great advantage of such a limitation is, that on any occasion the number of vacancies existing is known, and the question of their replenishment comes naturally before the public, so that, whoever the appointing authority may be, he or they cannot easily act in a secret or underhand way in the matter; as is indeed too possible with the present method.

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The reforms thus proposed are practically three:—

1. Life-peerages (the actual title a matter of little importance).

2. Adequate reasons of useful service to be given for each creation—on democratic grounds more or less scheduled and recognised.

3. Limitation of number of members. Under such conditions as these reforms would induce, the Second Chamber would probably turn out satisfactorily, and there does not seem any reason why its powers should be seriously curtailed. To propose to keep the House of Lords as it is, is practically to *ask* for the curtailment of its powers and the suspension of the right of veto—for it is evident that things cannot go on very long as they are; but to remove the right of veto would in effect be to reduce the House to a mere revising body—whose work could, of course, be better done by a committee of experts. If a Second Chamber is to be retained at all, far more sensible would it be to make it a really useful and intelligent institution, with power of initiative, and power of veto—the latter at any rate to some degree, though of course guarded. Short of our securing such useful and intelligent body, Abolition would be the only alternative.

There remain a few words to say about the Aristocracy generally, and the possibilities of bringing it into line as a serviceable or even tolerable institution. It is fairly clear that the same arguments which have been brought forward in favour of a life-seat only in the House of Peers, and in favour of a declaration of the reasons for conferring that distinction, apply equally—though not perhaps equally pressingly—to the conferring of titles generally. Of course it would be possible to raise a man to a baronage or an earldom, and in doing so to give him a life-seat only in the Second Chamber, while at the same time continuing his *title* to his heirs; but the question arises, Why—because a man has done useful service to the nation (assuming of course that he has), and the nation to show its gratitude confers some title upon him—why should the irresponsible heirs of this man, and of other such men, be allowed *in perpetuo*

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to sport similar titles, and so to form (as we see) a class of society idlers (or busybodies) who, to say the least, exercise an enfeebling and unworthy influence on the rest of the people? It may be replied to that, that as long as you take from such folk direct legislative power, the thing does not matter. If any such classes like to whirl round in their little coteries, and have their scandals, and their tea-cup storms over points of precedence, and their privileges of heading lists of subscriptions, why should the nation interfere to deprive them of these simple pleasures? And there is so far truth in this, that we must admit that as long as the present commercial system continues, and there remains, as to-day, a sum of some 600 millions sterling of *unearned* income, or more, to be divided every year among the capitalist and landlord classes, this feeble and unworthy life *will* probably continue among such classes, whether titled or not. That is so far true; but it forms no reason why the nation, by a system of rank without service should give its *imprimatur* of distinction to such a life.

Again, there may be some people who believe in Blood so far as to think that the descendants of a really great man inherit his virtues to a remote posterity. And it certainly seems possible that some day—when there is a State department of Eugenics—whole families may be granted a pedigree and diploma on account of their excellent breed; but then I need hardly say that such patent of nobility would be immediately cancelled for any person who married outside the regulation of the State—as I fear many of our aristocracy at present do! And as to the Blood descending *with the Name*, a very brief calculation will dispel that illusion; for it is easily found (doubling at each generation) that *ten* generations back one had over a thousand ancestors living (say in 1600 A.D.), while ten generations again before that (say in 1300) one had over a *million*. Any one, therefore, who can trace his descent from some ancestor living in 1300—and there are few indeed who can do that—will have the satisfaction of knowing that one-millionth¹ part of the blood in his veins will be due to that ancestor!

¹ It is true that, according to the Mendelian theory of heredity, there may occasionally emerge a very near replica of some fairly remote ancestor;

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I have referred—in speaking of the House of Lords—to the Chinese Academy, which seems an extraordinarily practical and sensible institution. We might do worse than take a hint from China as to the handling of titles generally. Greatly and devoutly as John Chinaman believes in heredity, descent, and ancestor-worship, he is not such a fool as to close his eyes to the fact that blood very soon runs out and becomes intermixed. Chester Holcombe, for some years Acting Minister of the United States at Peking, says of the Chinese in his excellent book, *The Real Chinaman*: “There is no titled nobility, with its long list of elder and younger sons, sons-in-law, and cousins near and remote, to be supported from the public funds, and to fill all the more important positions of honour and profit. The few titles that are from time to time bestowed carry nothing with them but the nominal honour; they are bestowed as rewards for distinguished services, and have never been recognised as forming the basis of any claim whatever upon either offices or treasury. In a way they are hereditary, but soon run out, *since the rank decreases one grade with each generation*. Even the imperial clan forms no exception to this rule. The author has many a time had in his employ a man who, as a relative of the Emperor, was entitled to wear the imperial yellow girdle; but he was a hod-carrier, and earned six cents a day.”

With this suggestion—for the benefit of some future Government—I will close. Let our Aristocracy, as far as it is hereditary, be “let down gently” by the rank descending one grade with each generation. This already happens with the younger children of our higher ranks, who receive courtesy titles for life. Let a system of such courtesy titles be extended for two or three generations, and let all children in that respect count as younger children; and in a few years we should have got rid of a foolish and somewhat vulgar anachronism.

EDWARD CARPENTER

but, as I say, it will in all probability be of an ancestor *not* in the line of the Name.

THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT AND THE BIRTH-RATE

AMONG the diverse arguments urged against the feminist movement many are merely foolish prejudices, and others are due to misunderstanding, but there is a certain group of objections which deserves a respectful consideration. Grant Allen¹ asserted long ago that for the majority of women love and motherhood must always be the normal destiny, and that any agitation aiming at emancipating them from these fundamental experiences must, from the very nature of the case, be doomed to sterility and ultimate extinction.

This view, appealing at the time it was first put forward largely to the sentimentality of the public, has through the growth of an understanding of biology come to influence the scientific and specially the medical mind. In the middle of the nineteenth century all new movements were judged by their effect on the individual—generally the male adult. Society was pictured as a mere mass of disconnected atoms, and it was held to be self-evident that what was good for the separate atoms must, *ipso facto*, be good for the whole. When women began the agitation for their admission to the full rights of civilised life, naturally enough they conceived the situation in the categories of the ordinary individualistic Liberalism of the day. They clamoured to be considered “persons” and not mere things; they demanded that for the full development of her personality each woman should have the right to be educated, to enter a profession and to enjoy political privileges precisely on the same terms as her brothers and cousins. At that time all the public and professional work of a civilised

¹ “Plain Words on the Woman Question,” *Fortnightly*, October 1889.

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state was in the hands of men, the women were kept each in the one little isolated home. What wonder, then, that when women began to claim their rights as fully-developed human beings, it seemed to them that, on emerging from the over-shadowing tutelage of father or of husband, they must adopt the life and the manners of the independent man? Inevitably women modelled themselves, when they began to dare to be self-reliant individuals, on the lines men had laid down. They based their claim for freedom on the ground that each person is an end in himself or herself, and has an absolute right to decide on what lines his or her life is to be lived. "That is impossible," it was declared, "for wives and mothers. The wife must be subservient to her husband, the mother must sacrifice herself to her children." What wonder, then, that the revolting women answered, "We will do without love or motherhood ; we will be free independent units. We will rise above these emotions that have so long kept women in subjection. Refrain from throwing our sex in our teeth. Give us education, and the possibility of an honourable career as workers, and marriage and love shall be nothing to us."

The individualist has no valid argument to bring against this position, and accordingly we find that a considerable number of the philosophic radicals have always been ardent supporters of the Women's Rights movement. But the average man and woman have always dimly felt that there was a flaw in the argument, a difficulty that was not fully met. And many thoroughly masculine men have always been conscious of an instinctive distrust and dislike of the whole feminist agitation and its leaders. At the present moment this distrust is receiving some amount of justification. We are learning to be biologically-minded, and to regard the individual, not merely as an end in himself, but also as a vehicle of the race life. We test reform movements, not by their relation to individual development, but by their influence on racial progress. Now to many people it appears that from this standpoint the feminist movement is wrong, and that a return to more normal ideals of womanhood is essential unless widespread degeneration of the race is to set in.

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It is true that in the early days of the movement women did oppose themselves to marriage, still more to motherhood, and would not admit that in education any consideration should be paid to women's special physiological needs. They championed, on the whole, the cause of the unmarried woman, demanded for her the right to education and to an honourable profession, and believed that the lot of the married woman must remain unaltered. In Gissing's novel, *The Odd Women*, we find a description of this attitude. Rhoda, the heroine of that novel, advises all her young *protégées* not to marry. I myself have heard young women artists, when it was suggested to them that it was their duty as citizens to become the mothers of children, declare, "Oh, there are plenty of women for that work ; we have a nobler career to follow."

This view might very well be acquiesced in by a pre-biological age, when the superfluity of women and the dangerous growth of the population occupied men's minds. True, many men were even then so irrational on this matter that, although they admitted that there were too many women for all to expect to marry, and although the woman who was obviously waiting for a husband was the ordinary butt of all coarse males, still the sight of the self-supporting woman, bravely maintaining herself and independent of them, acted like an affront to their masculine pride. It seemed to them that such a woman must be unsexed and abnormal. But in those days, before the influence of biology over men's minds had reached its present degree, rational people admitted that if an able woman felt no inclination for marriage, the world should be thankful ; one competitor was removed from the over-burdened marriage market, and when the fear of over-population was in the minds of all, an inclination on the part of intelligent women to limit their families would have been welcomed.

But to-day the state of things is very different. Alarm has been aroused by the decline of the birth-rate, and still more by the fact that the bulk of our population is tending to be produced by classes whose resources are not sufficient for the healthy rearing of children. And many scientific men are gravely concerned over the relation

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of the feminist movement to this tendency. They are strongly of opinion that it is disastrous that so many of our finer women are diverted from their normal function of motherhood and turned instead into competition with men in such professions as medicine, sanitary work and teaching, and they are inclined, in the marriages where the number of children is artificially limited, to blame mainly the wife and that pathological revolt against maternity, which is believed (perhaps not unnaturally in view of earlier utterances on the subject) to be the outcome of the feminist movement.

Thinkers of this class, who are frequently men of that strong masculinity which dislikes—often without full consciousness—the independent woman, are now endeavouring to bring about a change of attitude by a demand for an alteration in the methods and ideals of women's education. They point to the fact that the present schools and colleges for girls contain, throughout their curriculum, no hint of women's special sex-functions, no training for their special duties as bearers and trainers of the race that is to come. They declare that in many high schools and colleges the instruction and discipline is exclusively in the hands of women who are at all events the outcome—whether or not they consciously hold the views—of the earlier feminist movement. Such women, it may be at once admitted, are often only half-developed ; the whole force of their nature has gone into study and preparation for their profession. To many women of this type, whose sex has never been awakened, love and maternity are hidden mysteries, half-feared, half-despised, and without doubt their attitude leaves its impress on the minds of the girls whom they teach. It cannot be denied that in the lives of the most fully educated women and girls of to-day there are circumstances which might give rise to a bias against sex and its functions.

This bias certain men are proposing to fight by widespread changes in education. Some have suggested that at the time of adolescence all girls should receive special training in the care of infants, together perhaps with some instruction in the hygiene of sex, and training in cooking and

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domestic economy. Dr. Stanley Hall, in his recent book on adolescence, makes even more drastic suggestions. From adolescence, he thinks, normal girls should be separated from boys,¹ and their entire education should be organised with a view to preparing them for maternity. The ideal school would be a large establishment situated, in order to ensure thorough physical development, in the country. Special care should be paid to the physiological needs of the maturing girl. Dr. Hall would insist on a complete rest of four consecutive days in every month. Every effort should be made to train intuition, tact and emotion, rather than pure intellect,² a special and peculiar place being reserved for religion and religious experience. But studies whose bearing is purely rational should be avoided; mathematics, *e.g.*, should be taught only in its rudiments,³ chemistry and physics should have a subordinate place. But botany, zoology and anthropology, including child study, should be taught in detail, with special reference to the development of sex and the traits of children. In history the personal element should be prominent, and "specialisation in the study of dynasties, wars, authorities and controversies relegated to a very subordinate place." "Domesticity will be taught by example in some ideal home building by a kind of laboratory method. A nursery with all carefully-selected appliances and adjuncts, a dining-room, a kitchen, bedroom, closets, cellars, outhouses, building material, the grounds, lawn, shrubbery, hot-house, library, and all the other adjuncts of the hearth will be both exemplified and taught. A general course in pedagogy, especially its history and ideals, another in child-study, and finally a course in maternity the last year, taught broadly, and not without practical details of nursing, should be comprehensive and culminating. In its largest sense education might be the heart of all the higher training of young women.

"Applied knowledge will thus be brought to a focus in the department of teaching as one of the specialities of motherhood and not as a vocation apart. The training should aim to develop power of maternity in soul as well as in body." ⁴

¹ Stanley Hall, *Adolescence*, vol. ii. p. 635.

² *Ibid.*, p. 640.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 642.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 643.

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Now, this ideal is, in its way, noble ; it is highly desirable that in education sex should be no longer ignored and set aside, but that its glory and responsibility should be openly admitted, indeed insisted on. Sex for the youths of the future—for boys as well as maidens—must be no longer a guilty secret, but the very crown and glory of life. But this insistence on a special training for maternity involves difficulties which probably only women can thoroughly realise.

It must be understood that much—though not the whole—of the feminist revolt has resulted from the unhappy position of women no longer young, who could not marry because they never met a suitable man. No doubt there are women, as there are men, to whom marriage is distasteful, but there are few in whom this distaste is natural, though there are now not a few in whom it has been produced by unnatural methods of education and unfortunate modes of life. Had all women been happily married to fitting mates in the early twenties, there would have been no woman's movement. Perhaps the best view of its genesis is given in *Shirley*. Poor Caroline Helstone, when neglected by her lover, falls to longing for a fuller, freer life and the right to practise a profession. Had Robert not returned to her, she would probably have struggled to obtain these rights, and when assured that if she won them no one would marry her, would have bravely replied, "I must live my own life. For that, if necessary, I will give up marriage and love." But the demand for a fuller life might never have arisen in her, had her sex-nature been satisfied at an early age. Now, these highly trained and consecrated maternal functionaries who would be produced by Dr. Hall's education would not be certain to secure suitable husbands. All their innate sex-instincts would be intensified by the elaborate stress laid on maternity. They would dream themselves to sleep at nights in an ecstasy of longing for the babies they were destined to hold in their arms some day. And many of them would never caress those babies, because, as some of our medical writers appear to forget, a lover is a necessary preliminary to a child. Now for thoughtful, penniless women of the middle-classes, marriage is every day more difficult. I know many

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altogether charming and delightful girls—admirably qualified to make wives and mothers—who have never had any chance of securing these positions, which they are supposed to despise. For a middle-class girl with no money may find a husband among two sets of men: (*a*) the educated young professional men—doctors, engineers, lecturers, etc.; or (*b*) among the business men. But the first set are struggling hard to live on a small income, while often they have elaborate needs of the semi-intellectual order—foreign travel, books, and so forth. Their usual income—say an average of £250—is barely more than a living wage for a bachelor. Such men either defer marriage until they have been successful in their profession, and then frequently marry in a class considerably above their own, or they marry money. Rarely indeed is one of them ready to choose as his wife a penniless girl of his own class and age. The young business man, on the other hand, is better off, but he too will not marry the serious-minded maiden—as soon would he choose to hear a Savoy theatre play rather than a musical comedy or a conventional domestic drama. His wife will generally be a pleasant, wholesome woman, and in a rough way, a good wife and mother. But she will not be a thoughtful or highly-educated woman. The girl elaborately trained for maternity would not, in the eyes of the business men, compete in attractiveness with the girl educated to please, while unless she was also an heiress, the young professional man could not afford her.

But there is a deeper reason still why it is probable that these educated maternal functionaries would fail to find husbands. It may surprise Dr. Hall and his friends to know that even to-day there are many women—especially those who have come under the influence of biological science—who think profoundly and seriously of their future responsibilities, and who desire keenly the joys and duties of maternity. Naturally women cannot talk of this; their innate and inbred sex-reticence forbids them to admit it even to their women-friends. But sometimes this reticence gives way, and the writer is prepared to declare that among the younger sets of professional women the sense of intolerable strain and injustice in the childlessness to

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which so many have to submit by no will of their own is approaching the point of emergence into public discussion. But it is rare for a woman of this type to find a mate, for this reason: to many, if not to most men, the sexual relation is a frivolous, indeed almost an impure animal function, and if a woman who is keenly conscious of her need for motherhood wins a lover for a time, she rarely keeps him. Her seriousness, her deep sense of the sacredness of sex frightens the man; not improbably in these days of barren marriages he contemplates a childless union, because had he to support a family of children his life would necessarily be docked of many luxuries. And such a woman is too proud and too high-minded to appeal to the man's pity, or to strive to keep him against his will, should he show signs of wishing to be free. Indeed, we need not altogether blame the man; he naturally desires to be loved for himself, and when he comes to feel that to his projected mate he is no more than the means which are to secure her the children she so much desires, he is revolted. In the woman's attitude there is a cold-bloodedness, a too clear consciousness of the meaning of her instincts, which inevitably disenchants her lover. That tragedy occurs to-day; though no one has yet made it clear to the world. Among the deliberately trained mothers, advocated by Dr. Hall, it would happen many times. Indeed, many of them would be mothers only in desire; the actual fruition of their carefully planned education would be denied them.

These thinkers, too wise in their own conceit, have forgotten in their horror at the decline of the birth-rate several important facts. In the first place, if women are to make really noble marriages, to choose the men best suited to them, they must be free not to marry if necessary. All great ends must be freely pursued. But in the past, few women dared to remain unmarried, and few therefore could freely select their mates. And even to-day there is less freedom than appears on the surface. A woman who has received no training for independent work *must* marry when she approaches thirty, if a possible opportunity presents itself. If many of the early feminists

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turned against marriage altogether, many, on the other hand, justified their demand for entrance to the professions by the view that only a woman who could support herself could be secure against being forced to marry a man whom she did not love. But women whose education was based so exclusively on the emotions and on vague generalities, who cultivated their intuitions at the expense of their reasoning, would be of little economic value in the world of to-day. And their special training in maternity would have no economic value at all.

Again, if women are to be taught the profound importance of motherhood—which, notwithstanding the prudish silence of their education, most of them realise at present far better and more vividly than their male critics—even more important is it that men should be taught the sacred import of fatherhood—"the great chastity of paternity to match the great chastity of maternity." Most women feel vaguely, in the dim sub-conscious depths of their minds, that they have a sacred function to perform; but to many men sex is merely a desire for ephemeral pleasure, and only too often they gratify that desire by bought love before marriage. The responsibility and ennoblement of sex needs to be set before men as before women; indeed, in the present disproportion¹ between the sexes, if celibacy in women is to be thought undesirable, it is far more undesirable in the case of men. But quite often the men who speak in grave tones of the pathological tendencies of the feminist movement and its relation to the declining birth-rate are themselves bachelors. The writer on two separate occasions, in a room full of professional women starving for love and maternity, of which they had most of them never had a reasonable chance, heard an unmarried man-doctor, with a satisfactory income, gravely discourse on the sacred duties of women in relation to future generations. Had these men

¹ Some enlightening figures on the disproportion of the sexes in certain classes and localities may be found in Miss Collet's article, "Prospects of Marriage for Women" (in *Educated Working Women*, King and Sons, 1902). She states, to take one example, that the unmarried women between thirty-five and forty-five in proportion to every 100 unmarried men of the same ages were, according to the 1881 census, in Kensington, 378, in Hampstead, 366 (p. 39). It is highly improbable the disproportion has decreased since that time.

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understood the feelings of fierce resentment that burned within the breasts of the women who listened to them, they would have learnt more about the true significance of the women's movement than they are ever likely to understand. One of these women said to another, "We would be only too glad to perform those duties if men would give us an opportunity," and the other replied, "We should. But that's more than I have admitted to a living soul before." The other replied, "To hear them talk, one would imagine that parthenogenesis was a possible way of reproduction even among the human race." The simple truth is that as sex is a far more serious and fundamental thing to a normal woman than to a man, and since under our present social system she has no other way—as the man has—of satisfying her sex-instincts save by marriage, it is safe to assert that most unmarried women, at least among the younger generation of the feminist movement, are unmarried because they have had no satisfactory opportunity to be otherwise, because they have not met sufficient men of their own intellectual and spiritual calibre to find a fitting mate. A woman educated in a high school, then sent to a woman's college, and finally teaching again in a high school, leads a life practically as much cloistered as does a nun, and that not by choice but by necessity. Sometimes under those circumstances her sex never awakens, and she comes to resemble the older feminists. But often under the influence of reading and thought, her fundamental instincts arise within her; she longs fiercely for a lover, or more commonly for a child, and then she has to listen in quietness to lectures by men—with whom from time immemorial the initiative in sex has rested—on the modern woman's shocking neglect of her most sacred duties. The irony of the situation would be amusing, were it not too painful.

But of course to a woman of this type marriage in ordinary circumstances can only be attained under serious disadvantages. Keen though her maternal instincts are, she still delights in her self-respecting position of economic independence. She sees the galling bonds of the ordinary wife, to whom her husband doles out a weekly or monthly

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allowance. She may love the man, she may wish for a child, but at the same time she leaves with regret her own independent income. Sometimes she continues her work after marriage, if circumstances will allow, but often enough she is compelled to give it up. There was a case in one of the provincial universities where a woman lecturer who married one of the officials of the college was forced to resign, simply because she was married. In any case when her children come the modern woman must generally give up her career for a time. But however gladly she welcomes the children, she still continues to dislike her status of dependant.

On his side, the man is beginning to object to supporting the woman. The finest young professional men rarely make enough to marry very young, and not uncommonly select heiresses. But they would probably admit in a frank moment that, for real companionship, they would prefer one of the girls who had worked side by side with them in laboratory or hospital. Many marriages between fellow-workers do occur ; but many are hindered by the woman's dislike to economic dependence on the one hand, and on the other by the man's inability to keep a wife without unduly curtailing the development of his own life. Yet both really desire and need marriage—and meanwhile the State needs children of the type these two could produce. When will any one be wise enough and simple enough to see and advocate the obvious solution? Surely a woman in bearing and rearing children is doing even finer work than when she teaches older children for a few hours a day in school. Yet the State will pay her for the one, but not for the other. Doubtless State endowment of motherhood is yet many, many years distant. It can only become possible after wide-sweeping social changes. But when it does come, it will solve many problems, and its consideration, and the demand that so many thoughtful and educated women shall not be forced to lead lives of celibacy, nor men driven to marry heiresses, is—however little the fact be understood—one of the strong driving forces at the back of the newer feminist movement.

“ B.”

SIR HENRY WOTTON

ABOUT some figures in history documents multiply continually, and we know no more of them, and never shall. Others are set before us by a few sentences, as they lived, and fresh knowledge only fills in the outlines without shifting them. Of these latter is the personage of Sir Henry Wotton, the cousin and contemporary of Bacon, the poet and diplomatist who indiscreetly defined his own profession in the famous phrase, "An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." A considerable number of his letters and despatches already published showed him as a man of extraordinarily varied experience and a brilliant letter-writer. Mr. Pearsall Smith has now added a much larger number, and in his admirable *Biography and Appendices* has exhausted all the sources of information on Wotton's career.¹ The result is not only important as a mass of fresh information on the whole period, but also a work of great interest and charm from beginning to end. And in an age of vicious and slovenly editing it is pleasant to come across a book of memoirs in which the notes and explanations are a model of scholarship and good taste.

As has been suggested, our new knowledge leaves the main features of Wotton's character unchanged: but much light is thrown upon his career. He was born in 1568, at Bocton Malherbe, in that middle country of Kent which is to this day one of the least disturbed regions in England. His family was old in the public service, and had held the

¹ *Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton.* By L. Pearsall Smith. 2 vols. Oxford, 1907.

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manor of Bocton for 150 years. By a first marriage his father had three sons, all men of some note in Elizabeth's reign; of his second union Henry was the only child. He was educated first at home by his mother, then at Winchester. Walton describes, in a famous passage of the *Life*, how Wotton revisited Winchester in his last years, and told the companion of his journey how, "being in that School, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me: sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares; and those to be enjoyed when time (which I therefore thought slow-paced) had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes."

At the age of sixteen he went up to Oxford, where, besides his other studies, he applied himself specially to the Jus Civile, and acquired such a mastery of the Italian tongue as showed, in Walton's words, "a propensity and conaturalness" to it, and enabled him afterwards, as we shall see, to masquerade as a Florentine envoy. In 1589, after the manner of the youth of his day, he started on his travels in search of learning and experience. In his slow progress through Germany he picked up a great deal of both, as well as an acquaintance with Casaubon, who was visiting Frankfort. He made a long stay in Vienna, where he seems to have combined, with rare success, the studies of the humanist and those of the probationer in diplomacy. In 1591 he crossed the Alps—since many parts of Italy were not safe for a Protestant—in the character of an orthodox German. Accordingly, after some stay in Padua, he says, "I entered Rome with a mighty blue feather in a black hat; which, though in itself it were a slight matter, yet surely did it work in the imaginations of men three great effects. First, I was by it taken for no English, upon which depended the ground of all; secondly, I was reputed as light in my mind as in my apparel (they are not dangerous men that are so); and thirdly, no man could think that I desired to be unknown, who, by wearing of that feather, took a course to make myself famous through Rome in few

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days." He spent a week in Naples, and at his return was scared out of Rome by a rumour that his nationality had come under suspicion. It was at this time that he imbibed that hatred of the Papacy and the Jesuits which was so strong throughout his official life. As his biographer points out, it was mainly political, and never really of the nature of odium theologicum. For Puritanism he never had any turn; and he said to some one, in his later years, "Take heed of thinking, the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God."

After some stay in Florence, he passed the winter of 1593-4 in Casaubon's house at Geneva, studying and conversing with him. His intimacy with the famous scholar, which survived even when he was plunged in business, illustrates clearly the importance of the studious and recluse side of his nature. But on his return to England he was at once noticed about the Court as a youth full of promise and charm; and naturally enough, at this juncture, he entered the following of Essex, gleaned news for his patron from all quarters, and accompanied him on his expeditions, like so many young adventurers seeking fortune in the train of the favourite. When the crash came in 1600, he seems to have thought himself too much involved in his chief's fall to remain safely on the spot. "Therefore did he," in the quaint language of Walton, "so soon as the Earl was apprehended, quickly and privately glide through Kent without so much as looking towards his native and beloved Bocton, and was by the help of favourable winds and liberal payment, within sixteen hours after his departure from London, set upon the French shore."

It was in the following year that he carried out the strange escapade which in the event retrieved his fortunes. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, wishing to warn James VI of Catholic plots against his life, determined to send Wotton, who had entered his service, as special envoy on this delicate mission. Accordingly there turned up in Dunfermline, by ship out of Denmark, to the great mystification of the Scottish Court, "a sober and thought-wise" gentleman named Ottavio Baldi, apparently Genoese, who delivered his message in an audience, and in private revealed to

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James that he was an Englishman named Wotton. The King was so well pleased with him that, on his accession to the throne of England shortly afterwards, he appointed him Ambassador to the Republic of Venice. Thenceforward he used to sign his letters to the King with the name of Ottavio Baldi, and the jest was remembered between them when graver affairs were forgotten.

From 1604 to 1623 he is mainly identified with Venice. He became thoroughly at home in the city, and on excellent terms (generally) with the Doge and Collegio; and it is from Venice that many of his most amusing letters are dated. At first he was the only representative of the English Court in the Peninsula; and at all times a great part of the intrigues and negotiations between the two countries passed through his hands. To discover Papal plots, to outwit Henry IV's ambassadors, to intercept Jesuit correspondences—such work was thoroughly congenial to a spirit delighting in mysteries and play-acting—in his favourite phrase, the *viso sciolto e pensieri stretti*—and with a boisterous contempt for the machinations of Rome. "I must confess myself," he writes to Salisbury, "to have a special appetite to the packets that pass to and from those holy Fathers." He was in no way squeamish about the methods of his "honest industry"—("I call that honest which tendeth to the discovery of such as are not so, by what means soever, while I am upon the present occupation").

His greatest efforts were directed to his favourite scheme for introducing Protestantism into Italy. At the time of the Papal Interdict in Venice he was full of hope that he might nurse the mild Transpadanism of Venetian opinion into full-blown heresy. For this purpose he covertly imported preachers from Geneva and bales of printed controversy, and got in touch with Fra Paolo: when accused of these doings before the Venetian Government, he indignantly denied all knowledge of them; and, indeed, in spite of his exuberant spirits, he scarcely ever committed his vacillating master more deeply than his instructions warranted. In later days he was less sanguine about wholesale conversion, and contented himself with efforts at reviving the alliance,

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proposed in the early days of the Council of Trent, between Venice and the Protestant states of Germany and Switzerland ; or with alluring to England conscientious priests who lapsed from Rome, like M. Antonius de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, whose actual conversion, however, does not stand to Wotton's credit. On one occasion he triumphantly captured and proudly despatched homewards a live Jesuit of position, whose religious doubts, however, proved to be a fraud, while about his character there was no doubt whatever.

One of the most interesting novelties which Mr. Pearsall Smith has discovered is a paper of Wottoniana, which he calls "Table-Talk," and dates before the end of his first embassy (1610). Whoever compiled these notes, they undoubtedly contain much of the wit and wisdom of Wotton's ordinary conversation, as well as many good anecdotes. The following is one of several instances given of the orthodox view of Ravallac's murder of Henry IV. "Monsieur Moulin in Orleans, being demanded what he thought of the King's death, answered, *O Monsieur, c'est à nous de mettre les doigts sur la bouche et contempler les grandeurs de Dieu avec vénération et silence.*" The first occasion on which Wotton was certainly in Orleans was on his homeward journey (1611) at the end of his first embassy : he dates a letter from Sancerre, and his whole company fell ill at Paris. Some remarks also about the fertility of Piedmont would most naturally be recorded after his passing visit to the Court of Turin, in the interest of the marriage he was so anxious to promote between Prince Henry of England and a daughter of Savoy. The Table-Talk, then, would seem to be of a slightly later date than that suggested—perhaps it occupied the convalescence of one of the little party at Paris. This would explain why Venetian affairs do not bulk very largely in it. In any case, its value as a collection of maxims and stories is incontestable.

Wotton was entrusted in the intervals of his Venetian employment with various missions—to Turin again, to the Hague, and in 1620 to Germany, in the cause of peace in general and the Elector Palatine in particular. In the last his feelings were specially concerned, by reason of his

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romantic devotion to the Elector's wife, the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth of England, which endured and even increased when she was an exile at the Hague, stripped of all but the empty title of Queen of Bohemia. It is to her that he addressed the poem beginning, "You meaner beauties of the night," one of his most famous and splendid lyrics.

In 1623 he finally left Venice and returned to Court. Through his life, Fortune had often come very near, and always just missed him. Salisbury had proposed him as his own successor in the post of Secretary. More than once afterwards he had been thought of for the same office, or for one of the bigger embassies. But he never mastered the art of pushing himself, and in his long absences was naturally forgotten by the wire-pullers of Court-favour. The irregularity of the Exchequer-payments had left him undeservedly involved in debt; and he was thankful in 1624 for the chance of going respectably on the shelf; for such, in the common view of the time, was the poorly-paid Provostship of Eton, though even for that he had a hard contest. The final appointment seems to have been made simply as the result of a patronage-bargain, by which he gave up the reversion of a sinecure in Chancery: we can only admire the lucky star of Eton which gave her Wotton as a ruler, instead of Heaven knows what decayed hanger-on of the Court.

In the stream of promotion he had fallen out of the main current and drifted up a backwater. Yet, perhaps more truly than his successful contemporaries, he achieved success. For, like one who from childhood is at home in two languages, he lived two lives, and his whole heart was in both: when the life of the great world was ended, he turned with unimpaired cheerfulness to the life of retirement. It is in this character that we think of him, that he will be remembered,—as the learned and courteous Provost in his pleasant old age, after he had seen cities and men; as the friend of Izaak Walton, and the first patron who realised Milton's greatness. To this side of his life, if not altogether to this time, those poems belong which more than anything else keep him freshly remembered to-day. By them he is

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linked with the great age which he outlasted, looking back not without an old man's melancholy, "revolving often in my retired thoughts how I have long since over-lived my loving parents, all mine uncles, brothers and sisters, besides many of my especial friends and companions of my youth, who have melted away before me, and that I am now myself arrived near those years which lie in the suburbs of oblivion . . ."

"Here are no false entrapping baits
To hasten too too hasty fates ; . . .
Nor envy, unless among
The birds, for prize of their sweet song."

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IT is impossible to read Lord Cromer's book¹ without recognising his great abilities as a pleader in the Imperialist cause. It is true that his book may prove rather disappointing to those who would have been happy to find in a record of splendid achievements the means of conciliating their conscience to the initial injustice of the British occupation of Egypt. Lord Cromer, it is strange to say, only devotes about two hundred out of a total of over a thousand pages to an account of the results and methods of his own work, as the virtual ruler of Egypt during a period of twenty-five years, so that the reader obtains but a vague idea of the elements which constitute Lord Cromer's title to his fame as the most brilliant representative of practical Imperialism. Lord Cromer's book, however, does, from the Imperialist standpoint, something better than that. The modern Imperialist, like the ancient Roman, has a profound belief in his mission, and what Lord Cromer gives in the greater part of his two volumes—in the historical narrative of the events which led up to the

¹ *Modern Egypt*, by Earl of Cromer, 1908. 2 vols.

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British occupation in 1882, and in his disquisitions on the composition and religious and mental qualifications of Egyptian society—forms a complete justification for that belief. As one of the reviewers in the daily press put it, “never has it been more clearly shown than by Lord Cromer’s plain statement of facts how it was, indeed, under the compulsion of an irresistible fatality that Kinglake’s prophecy was fulfilled and the Englishman’s foot at last firmly planted in the valley of the Nile.” It is this “irresistible fatality” which is bound to captivate the Imperialist public. For good or for evil—so it seems to speak to us from the pages of Lord Cromer’s book—you are bound to be an Imperialist race and take up the burden of civilisation wherever the black man has proved himself unequal to the task of carrying it. It is useless to struggle against it—it is your destiny.

One need only read the numerous notices of the book which have appeared in the press to see that it is the case for this “irresistible fatality,” as made out by Lord Cromer, which has, as we say, charmed the public. Lord Cromer shows, by a detailed narrative of the events between 1876 and 1882, that Egypt was sinking more and more into anarchy—first financial, then administrative, and last political—that this anarchy made the intervention of Europe a necessity, and that, lastly, by an irresistible chain of events, this intervention led, much against her will and her intentions, to England’s coming forward and occupying the country. The facts, as given by Lord Cromer, seem to be so strongly and closely linked together that the whole chain of his argument appears irrefragable, and only an experienced eye, intimately acquainted with the subject, is able to detect the numerous flaws which admit of its being pulled to pieces.

Not that Lord Cromer is inaccurate in his facts. He is the last man to state facts which are not true. But he excels in the art of stating right facts in wrong places as well as in omitting to state facts which are as true as those which he quotes, but are apt to give a different complexion to his conclusions. Thus, in tracing the anarchy in the Egyptian finances and administration throughout the period

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from 1876 till 1882, he states the facts precisely as they were, but by manipulating them in a certain order of sequence and by failing to supplement them by other, just as vital, facts, he succeeds in preventing the reader from noting that this anarchy was produced by the very intervention of Europe to which it is supposed to have inevitably led. What was in reality the cause is represented as having been the result, and the innocent reader lays down the book impressed by the power of the "irresistible fatality" with which events had led to the occupation of Egypt by England.

Take the origin of origins, the heavy indebtedness of Ismail Pasha at the time of Mr. Cave's mission. We might well dispute the fact as alleged by Lord Cromer, that practically the whole of the money borrowed by Ismail Pasha was squandered, but we grant it. Did that extravagance denote the ruin of Egypt? Lord Cromer quotes with approval the words of Mr. Cave to the effect that Egypt "suffers from the ignorance, dishonesty and extravagance of the East, . . . and at the same time from the vast expense caused by hasty and inconsiderate endeavours to adopt the civilisation of the West." Lord Cromer, however, omits to quote the further sentences from the same report in which Mr. Cave, citing the examples of the United States and Canada, confesses that these "hasty and inconsiderate endeavours" were a "fault which Egypt shares with other new countries," and expresses his belief that "probably nothing in Egypt has ever approached the profligate expenditure which characterised the commencement of the railway system in England."¹ Mr. Cave, however, went further, and having analysed the financial position of Egypt, arrived at the conclusion that "the resources of Egypt are sufficient, if properly managed, to meet her liabilities." "Egypt," he added, "is well able to bear the charge of the whole of her present indebtedness at a reasonable rate of interest; but she cannot go on renewing floating debts at 25 per cent. and raising fresh loans at 12 or 13 per cent. interest to meet these additions to her debt." Thus the financial position at the time when Europe first interfered in the

¹ C. 1425 (1875), pp. i and 2.

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internal affairs of Egypt was not at all hopeless, and the main thing wanted was a reduction of the interest which was charged by the European usurers on the money they had lent. But observe what followed. No sooner did Ismail Pasha act on the hint given by Mr. Cave and reduce the interest on the debt, than "Europe," in the persons of Messrs. Goschen and Joubert, intervened, with the result that the former usurious rate of interest was restored, and the national revenue of Egypt, amounting at that time to about 10 millions, was saddled with a debt charge of something like 7 millions. This meant rendering the confusion worse confounded, and the consequences were such as could have been expected. The administration of the country went to ruin in the endeavours to satisfy the creditors, the fellaheen were fleeced to the very marrow of their bones, the officials no longer received their salaries, and the whole country was brought to the verge of anarchy. Did the latter, then, lead to foreign interference, or was the foreign interference the cause of the anarchy? Let the reader peruse the corresponding pages in Lord Cromer's narrative and observe how by a complete detachment of the facts from their background they are made to tell a harrowing story of arbitrariness, oppression, and suffering without reference to the main factor in the situation, which was the Goschen-Joubert arrangement.

Let us make a further step. Lord Cromer relates (p. 35) how ultimately the Commissioners of the Debt came to the conclusion that the Goschen-Joubert arrangement could no longer go on, and that it would be better, out of consideration both for the peasantry and the bondholders, to suspend payment and make a new financial arrangement. I do not think that this is a fair account of the opinion which the Commissioners held of the situation at that time. It is quite true that Mr. Romaine, one of the Controllors-General, drew up in 1878 a Memorandum stating that the position of the peasantry was quite unbearable, and that it was necessary to make such arrangements as would relieve them of their burden. To this, however, none other than Sir Evelyn Baring himself issued an indignant rejoinder, controverting Mr. Romaine's statements, asserting that the

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Egyptian peasant was much less burdened by taxation than his brother in India, in Turkey, and even in France, and winding up with a declaration that he, for one, as representing the interests of the bondholders, will never consent to recognise "the justice of demanding any sacrifices from the creditors."¹ However, we will not quarrel with Lord Cromer over this incident. Rather let us see how the Commissioners went about in their philanthropic work. First they forced upon the Khedive an International Commission of Inquiry, which was, be it noted, not merely to inquire into the available sources of revenue, as would, in a sense, have been more or less legitimate, and as was, in point of fact, at once agreed to by Ismail, but also, and that chiefly, to overhaul the entire management of the State finances of Egypt, including the expenditure, in order to see whether the latter could not be cut down so as to safeguard the interests of the bondholders. Next, after the Commission had sat for some time, a number of proposals were submitted to the Khedive which were in the nature of preliminary reforms. Did they include the first and most obvious reform, the reduction of the debt charges? Let the reader turn to pp. 55-61, vol. i., of Lord Cromer's book, and see for himself. The two chief proposals were, first, the expropriation of the Khedive and his family in order to create a security for a fresh loan, and second, what Lord Cromer euphemistically terms "the enforcement of the principle of ministerial responsibility," which in reality meant nothing else than the abrogation of the powers and the authority of the Khedive, and their transference—to a Parliament? No, to a Ministry in which two Europeans, as representing the bondholders, had seats, and which, therefore, was responsible to these bondholders.

Such was the remedy which the Commissioners proposed for the "state of anarchy" then prevailing in Egypt. It was accepted by the Khedive "after a short period of hesitation." Did the anarchy cease? No, it was intensified tenfold. Having now got the power into their own hands, the representatives of "Europe" began a system of spoliation such as had not been seen before. The taxes

¹ *Parl. Papers* 2233 (1879), Nos. 134, 137.

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were collected with redoubled severity, and with the help of the famous *courbash*, while Government *employés* were left without pay, and 2,500 officers of the army were placed on the retired list. It was said at the time, on the authority of M. Blowitz, of the *Times*, that Sir Rivers Wilson, one of the European Ministers in the Khedive's Cabinet, had entered into an arrangement with the French bondholders, whereby they pledged themselves not to sell their stock until such time as he would, by the prompt payment of the coupons, raise their price on the Stock Exchange.¹ The story was naturally denied, but there was one man who believed in it, and that was Lord (then Mr.) Vivian, the British Consul-General in Egypt, who was strongly opposed to Sir Rivers Wilson's policy, and was in consequence ultimately recalled. A worse fate, however, befell the Khedive. Noticing the growing revolt of the people against the "enlightened" *régime* of the European masters, he conceived the idea of calling it to his aid by summoning a sort of Parliament, and gave the two European Ministers their *congé*. This he had a perfect right to do, but Europe was anxious for the interests of the bondholders, and deposed him.

Thus we see once more that it was not anarchy which produced foreign interference, but, on the contrary, it was foreign interference which produced and intensified the anarchy. Was it otherwise in the third and final stage, between 1879 and 1882? "Europe," through the instrumentality of the Dual Control, has now become the mistress of Egypt. It has now, also, come to the conclusion that it would be utopian to hope to exact from the people of Egypt the full pound of flesh as originally agreed upon in 1876. In consequence the Law of Liquidation was passed, and the rate of interest on the debt reduced. Yet the people of Egypt fared no better—in fact, worse—than before, since by that time it had become perfectly exhausted. It was still bled by the tax-gatherers, the Government *employés* were still starving, officers of the army were still being dismissed by the score, while all the time hosts of

¹ See the remarkable speech in the House by Sir George Campbell, Hansard, v. 244 (1879), p. 831.

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officials were imported from Europe and provided with fat sinecures, and the European population was enjoying complete immunity from taxation and as complete freedom in jobbery, contraband trade, etc. The Blue-books of that period are remarkably discreet on all these points, but, after the occupation of Egypt, the truth came out by way of apology for the action of England. Thus one of these apologists, Mr. Villiers Stuart, wrote: "I visited England repeatedly before the Dual Control and during the Dual Control, and can state that the grievances which have been reformed by us all continued to exist under the Dual Control. Unjust taxation, the levying of which bristled with wrongs and oppression, the horrors of the prisons, the corrupt administration of justice, the abuses connected with the *corvée*, the application of forced labour to the sugar factories and to the private purposes of the wealthy and the influential—these evils, and many more which I could quote, continued to thrive and flourish until we undertook the work of reform."¹ Some allowance must, no doubt, be made for the apologetic purposes with which these remarks were penned. On the whole, however, they were perfectly true, and are corroborated by numerous accounts in the press. Here, then, was anarchy again intensified by foreign interference, and because the Egyptian nation rose in revolt—Lord Cromer himself does not now deny that the so-called Arabi revolt was but the crest of a national movement—and demanded a Parliament which should at least control that part of the Budget which was not pledged to the payment of the debt, "enlightened" Europe picked a quarrel with it, and England occupied the country.

Such is the relation between the state of anarchy in Egypt and the interference of Europe in Egyptian internal affairs as viewed in a true historical perspective. The reader of Lord Cromer's book will find this relation exhibited there in an exactly reversed position; but if he once knows the secret of his art, he will find no difficulty in putting the right facts into their right place and turn the argument again on to its legs. One can only regret that exigencies of space do not allow one to illustrate this

¹ C. 7112 (1895), p. 3.

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method of readjusting, the facts on which Lord Cromer bases his arguments in detail.

For the same reason it is impossible to deal here adequately with the other series of facts which Lord Cromer adduces in his book in order to show the reluctance with which England was compelled to interfere in Egyptian affairs and ultimately to occupy the country. It is quite true that England to the very last moment never thought of taking possession of the country. It is also true that as regards mere intervention on behalf of the bondholders, France was much more energetic and pushing. Nevertheless, it is very misleading to represent England, as Lord Cromer does, as an innocent lamb, full of the best intentions, and only egged on in her aggressive course by France. Cave's mission itself, with which the Egyptian drama opens, was an act of intrusion on the part of the British Government, which, having received a request from Ismail Pasha for the loan of a couple of clerks versed in book-keeping, sent him one of its own members to investigate the financial position of Egypt and report on it. The reason for this uncalled-for act of interference was that in the meanwhile the British Government had bought the Suez Canal shares, and thought it advisable to make sure of the assets. In fact, the despatch of Mr. Cave was decided two days after completing that fateful purchase.¹ Then came the scheme of the Egyptian National Bank. "France and Italy," says Lord Cromer, "each agreed to select a Commissioner, but Lord Derby, who then presided at the Foreign Office, was unwilling to interfere in the internal affairs of Egypt, and declined to nominate a British Commissioner." That is hardly a correct account of the incident. The British Government did decline to nominate a Commissioner for the Bank; but why? "Had there been a proposal," confessed Disraeli, in the House of Commons, "that a Commissioner should be appointed to receive certain branches of revenue and apply them to the redemption of debt, that would have been a proposal which might have received our consideration."² That means to say

¹ Hansard, v. 231 (1876), pp. 631-632.

² *Ibid.*, v. 232 (1876), p. 1418.

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that if by the appointment of a Commissioner better opportunities for interfering in the internal affairs of the country had been offered than was the case, that appointment would have been made.

Perhaps these two instances—one omitted and the other misrepresented by Lord Cromer in his version—will suffice to show that the British Government was far from being strange to the idea of interfering with Egypt even at a time when Lord Cromer emphatically assures us it was so. Instances could be quoted in any number which would prove that its interference at subsequent dates was much more active than the facts contained in Lord Cromer's account of its conduct would lead one to suppose, and at times, there can be no doubt, its insistence on the pound of flesh for the international Shylock was quite as strong and unscrupulous as that of the Government of France. It was this constant and never-relaxing interference in the internal affairs of Egypt which ultimately brought England to the final act of occupying the country—she merely went through the last letters of the alphabet after having spelt all the others from *a* downwards.

There is only one reflexion of Lord Cromer, after reviewing the whole chain of events which led to the British occupation of Egypt, with which one is inclined to agree. It is that if foreign occupation was inevitable, it is best that it should have been by the British. The reason for this, however, is not to be sought in the higher blessings which are supposed to have accrued to the Egyptian people through having been ruled by the British, and not, let us say, by the French, but in the fact that England's democracy is a more powerful agent in the political destinies of her country than the corresponding democracy in other countries, and when it awakes to its responsibilities towards itself and those over whom England rules, it will not fail to renounce the heritage of shame which is represented by the occupation of Egypt.

T. ROTHSTEIN

NIETZSCHE¹

THE influence of a philosopher upon literature and morals is mainly indirect. His books are comparatively little read at any time, but they influence authors who are read, and so at last, through the agency of critics and the acknowledgments of disciples, the philosopher becomes recognised as the fountain-head of certain current tendencies and ideas. When this stage has been reached he becomes a journalist's philosopher. He will be mentioned every day in newspapers and reviews; he will be referred to as explaining the latest art or the latest propaganda; his name will serve as a cockshy to some and as a banner to others, until the public are sick of the sight of it. By the phrase "journalist's philosopher," however, no disparagement should be understood; journalist is not properly a term of abuse nor need such notoriety imply shallowness in the philosopher. On the contrary, it is a sign that at any rate he has thought about what was really interesting in a way which made others think. But, on the other hand, it is by itself no sure gauge of philosophic merit; for in order to attain such fame, it is more necessary that a philosopher's conclusions should be exciting than that they should be well reasoned. Take Schopenhauer, for instance; few great philosophers can be more safely neglected by any one obstinately bent upon the attempt to think correctly, yet who among them has had more influence upon subsequent artists and authors? Why? Because his conclusions were startling, his arguments supported by illustrations which appealed to the imagination, and, above all, because he philosophised with personal passion. In consequence his system has the attraction peculiar to a work of art. It is felt to be almost as direct an expression of emotional experience as a great novel, like *War and Peace*. As such it may chime with the reader's own guess at the nature of the

¹ In *Outline and Aphorism*, A. R. Orage. T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh. 2s. 6d.

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world or modify his experience henceforth by having centred his attention upon certain elements in it ; but it may do all this without having much philosophic merit, the test of which lies in the soundness of the arguments adduced. For a well-reasoned philosophy is of more value than one which blunders upon more truth, since our object in reading philosophy is not to swallow truths on trust, but to discover good reasons for holding what we already suspect to be true.

Judged by this test alone, Nietzsche, whose name appears now so frequently in journals and newspapers, does not rank high. He is not remarkable for consistency of thought or for adequacy of argument ; his influence is due to the consistency and force, not of his reason, but of his emotional attitude towards life and to the swiftness of his hostile penetration. To call yourself a philosophic disciple of Nietzsche in the sense that a man may declare himself Kantian or Hegelian is impossible ; for his metaphysics are as postulates for which no arguments are given. Nietzsche is a philosopher only in the sense that Carlyle may be called one ; that is to say, he is a prophet with a morality of his own to thrust upon the times. At Carlyle himself he aims one of his shrewd half-fair criticisms, which could be turned with some reservations against himself.

“Carlyle, a man of strong words and attitudes, a rhetorician by *necessity*” (true of Nietzsche himself), “who was constantly agitated by the desire for a strong belief, *and* the feeling of incapacity for it. In that respect a typical Romanticist ! The desire for a strong belief is *not* evidence of a strong belief, but rather the contrary. . . . A constant, passionate *insincerity* as regards himself—that is his *proprium* ; he is interesting, and will remain interesting thereby.” (The conviction in *Sartor Resartus* rings every bit as true as Zarathustra’s.) “To be sure, he is admired precisely on account of his sincerity in England ! Well, that is English ; and in consideration of the fact that the English are the people of consummate *cant*, it is appropriate enough, and not merely conceivable ! At bottom, Carlyle is an English atheist, who seeks a reputation for *not* being one.”

At bottom, Nietzsche himself is a violent moralist, who

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has acquired fame for *not* being one ; few men in fact have thought so many things bad and worthless. The truth is, his whole teaching is obscured by the word *Jenseits* (beyond), which seems to have completely dominated his mind. Instead of saying to his generation, what you think good I think evil, what you think moral I think immoral, which in many instances was the plain truth, he would persist in saying that he had got "beyond" good and evil, with the result that he sometimes (when it suited another line of argument) fell into talking as though he did not really admit there was any difference between them. However, he always recovers himself, and we have his emphatic statement : "Beyond Good and Evil. . . . This does, at any rate, *not* mean Beyond Good and Bad." In other words, "evil" is what you call "bad," and "bad" what I call "bad." You are wrong in your moral judgements ; but of course the subject-matter of ethics, namely the distinction between good and bad, between what ought and what ought not to exist, is a real one—and indeed about the only subject worth discussing.

In the same way instead of saying, your ideals are wrong, I will show you (adumbrate rather, for I cannot do more) what the ideal man is like ; he would persist in saying, I have passed "beyond" ideals : behold the "beyond" man ! Contemplate *him* ; strive to think what will bring *him* into existence. And in consequence of employing this phraseology which avoided the word "ideal," he could go on furiously asseverating that there were no such things as ideals to aim at, and at the same time holding up the "Superman" as the end towards which all men should strive, without feeling the jar of self-contradiction. Likewise with regard to optimism and pessimism (two vague terms it is true, which it does not matter juggling with so much), he would say that he had got "beyond" them ; meaning that having given up the attempt to see the Universe as just, moral and rational, and having succeeded in regarding it as an æsthetic spectacle, he had found it very good. So that like Browning in the face of the miseries of existence and the indubitable facts of pain, death and disappointment he could say :

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"Then welcome each rebuff
Which turns life's smoothness rough."

Though it must be added that he first envisaged far worse things than the poet ever did, whose optimism seems the somewhat easy triumph of a temperament readily satisfied, and of an intellect which did not probe deeply into things. This could never be said of Nietzsche; indeed, his strongest appeal is as a man whose courage survived the worst trials of a life of thought, and had much else besides to bear. He is splendidly brave, and therefore he is an invigorating comforter to those who cannot feel that in some mysterious manner everything must be all right although the world is crashing about their ears. His endurance is not the patience of a toad in a stone, but exulting and alive. He wrenched his joy through the bars of loneliness, incipient madness, and intellectual perplexity; and though he has not the attraction of a man who found refreshment in his relations to others, he has the fascination of one who, isolated and vexed with all the ills of nerve and mind the thinker can endure, sunk a shaft in himself and found cold, sparkling waters.

His maxim "live dangerously" sums up very well the drift of his ethical exhortations. It is not an original text; but no preacher, understanding so thoroughly what pains must be borne by those who follow such an injunction, has continued to urge it so vehemently. He has made it peculiarly his own.

Nietzsche's influence at the present time is not difficult to account for. In the first place, his doctrine that the world must be judged from an æsthetic and not from a moral point of view, and the special importance he consequently gives to art, has made him interesting to artists. Just as Schopenhauer by exalting art as a refuge where the will is at last at rest, made the artist important in his own eyes, so Nietzsche by exalting art as an example of what should be the attitude of every man towards his own life, has arrested the attention of those whose function it is to extract beauty from experience. Secondly, in times when many people are wondering how

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many doubts they can surrender to without imperilling their confidence in life, he shows as an instance of a man who carried scepticism to extreme limits, and drew a kind of ecstasy from the state of uncertainty itself. And lastly, his doctrine of the Superman expresses in a poetic way the idea which biology, as the ascendant science of the century, has brought in its train, namely, that the most important events and changes are those which influence the quality of future generations. In addition to these features of his philosophy there is the permanent attraction peculiar to a man of genius, proud, combative, and ruthlessly honest. These are his main traits.

The most valuable part of Mr. Orage's little book is the section which deals with Nietzsche's Superman. He points out that the philosopher's ideal is not to be confused with types which he praised in opposition to the ideals of Christian morality and as means to his own ideal. As a matter of fact Nietzsche has barely hinted at his own ideal. The Superman is to have the virtues for which we have no name, and to be a being in whom wisdom is instinctive, a description which does not take us far.

His quarrel with current morality is briefly this: among men there are two types, those who have only enough will (the stuff of which the world is made) to be incarnations of the will to live, and a few others who have, so to speak, an extra dose of reality in them, the will to power, as he calls it. Current morality is an ingenious invention for the protection of those who only want to go on living; the finer spirits are crushed or hampered by these rules of the majority, who aim at a happy, peaceful existence, which is not beautiful, but mediocre. Christian morals tend to the survival of the weak. Therefore he exhorts men to break these laws and "live dangerously."

DESMOND MACCARTHY

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TOO often already the shepherds of orthodoxy have cried "Peace!" when there was no peace. Now, the danger of such a cry is obvious to those who desire the maintenance of old beliefs. So that after the long years of attempted reconciliation between scientific thinking and the old orthodoxy, it seems that more effort is required and not the rest after victory. The New Theology—as unfortunate in its name as is the movement called "Modernism"—drives into the philosophic field the men who manœuvred with scientific thought. And we are happy at least in this, that an official voice has given a clear statement of orthodoxy, unembarrassed by the over-subtlety of many apologists. Bishop Gore is explicit in requiring "good faith" and "professional honesty" from the man who "stands to profess his personal faith as leader of the congregation," so far that he must really "believe what he professes to believe, in terms which are deliberately unambiguous" (p. 162). It is, indeed, time that we took to heart Martineau's saying, "It is no longer an insult to a clergyman's honour, but rather a compliment to his intelligence, to suspect him of saying one thing and believing another."

Now, beyond the mere question of controversy lie the needs of our time which Bishop Gore, and those whom he treats as opponents, are alike attempting to satisfy. For, in spite of the language of theology, it is possible to hope that to-day the Spirit of God is moving on the face of the waters with such force as will make the waves and the foam seem of little account. Every man must be influenced by this force according to the position he occupies and according

¹ *The New Theology and the Old Religion*: being eight lectures, together with five sermons, by Charles Gore, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Birmingham. John Murray. 1907.

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to the depth of his own experience : and perhaps disagreement is therefore essential. But Bishop Gore has pointed out certain limitations of the New Theology which really are fundamental. Perhaps, indeed, he has stressed too much the non-argumentative character of Religion ;¹ but it is certain that the effort to attain intellectual correctness of statement is much too prominent in modern reconstructions of religious belief. It is well said that "in many of the great forward movements of human life it is not the speculative intellect which has been the real pioneer" (p. 33).

And once again, it is clear that we cannot be unmindful of the lessons of history when we are dealing with religious needs. The New Theology has in many of its features "the marks of the contemporary intellectual workshop." But Christianity did not "lay its basis in learning, or make its start from the learned. Where it attempts this, it forsakes the method of Christ. Rather it exults to recognise in the common life of labouring people and their practical needs that which is really important, that which is the chief pillar and ground of religious truth" (p. 193).

Yet when all is said as to fundamental religion, there remains the necessity of theology or philosophic statement. It is beside the point to argue that other minds long ago have reached conclusions very similar to those of Mr. Campbell. Here, indeed, the scholars of orthodoxy tend to forget their own gospel. What we want to-day is not the assurance that we can find everything in the Psalms (p. 25), or the Creeds (p. 39), or "the Bible."

" Est liber hic in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque ;
Invenit in illo dogmata quisque sua."

There must be many who feel that we are not, as religious men, burdened with the duty of explaining the creeds of dead ages. We need the clear expression of our own experiences. Irrespective, therefore, of the question whether

¹ "The method of the Christian Church, then, is not to propound an argument and say, 'Is not this a sound argument?' It does not make its appeal primarily to the intellect" (p. 30).

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a statement was made in Apostolic times or last year—what is its value now ?

Doubtless the statements of the New Theology often lack philosophic exactness and historical insight. It is no easy task to render the data of present religious experience in the language of scientific philosophy. Bishop Gore discusses the concepts which lie at the base of all forms of Western Religion—the idea of God and of Morality, and the personality of Christ. He states with great persuasive-ness a modified form of the traditional orthodoxy ; and so far as the majority of Englishmen are concerned, perhaps no more is required. There are too many, indeed, who pretend to find an intellectual problem where they can hardly realise the nature of the difficulty ; and it is well that it should be recognised how complex any problem must be that refers to the nature of this universe as a whole. Perhaps also it is necessary to remind men that they cannot justify the entire rejection of old and well-tried religious formulas by finding that they themselves cannot solve all the contradictions which seem to be involved. “It is not more than the plain truth to say that, in the sense of really obtaining an independent opinion worth having on the fundamental questions of religion, very few of us are qualified by capacity or training to ‘think for ourselves’ ” (p. 2). This is not merely a new dogmatism of knowledge to take the place of the old dogmatism of inspiration. It is a necessary statement of the value of scientific authority. So long as “the fundamental questions of religion” are regarded as philosophic and rational problems, it will be essential to have intellectual training in order to deal with them. It is not too much to say that specialists in physical science or in critical history have often refused to acknowledge the authority of specialists in religious experience. Yet they claim, and are granted, an authority of their own. No one without special training would hold himself justified in rejecting the Copernican Theory because he could not solve difficulties which are apparent to every one. In spite of those difficulties the ordinary man trusts scientific authority.

When allowance has been made for the many who do not require exact metaphysical thinking, we have still

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some human religious needs to supply. For there is a continually-increasing number of men well capable of appreciating a purely philosophic question. The examinations of University scholars are not the sole means of acquiring knowledge or increasing philosophic insight. Indeed, philosophic questions and a critical attitude seem far more common to-day than the Bishop of Birmingham supposes.

With respect to the needs of the more intellectual, the attitude of the New Theology certainly appears more sympathetic than the attitude of its opponents. Of the fundamental ideas of Religion the first is the idea of God. And here Bishop Gore cuts himself off from the solutions attempted by Dr. Rashdall; for "in some sense God's being must surely be all-including, and identified with the Absolute" (p. 50). If that be so, then we must in some sense deny the reasonableness of saying that God is "the supremely free personality acting in the world" (p. 113). There is a contradiction here which cannot be escaped by admitting that "the Christian conception of God leaves us with many mysteries." Was not Bishop Berkeley right when he said that we raise the dust and then complain that we cannot see? But seriously it is quite impossible to maintain that there has been, and is, one clear and settled Christian conception of God. If "God" be the name we give to ultimate Reality, or the Absolute, then we may surely say that every age of Christianity has given a different meaning to that name. And if we say that a certain meaning is used by the Christianity of to-day, we are stating that to-morrow that conception will have changed. The rhythm of the world is not stopped by Christian theology. "We are the product of our fathers, made of the same matter and spirit as those who peopled the plain of Edinu and chronicled in the old story the passionate fear that the increase of knowledge would cause a rupture with God. Their knowledge was only comparative, so is ours; their opinions were immature, so are ours. We find in ourselves their religious antagonisms, faith calling knowledge demoniacal, and knowledge calling the search after spirit in all things, superstitious." ¹

¹ *Christus Futurus*, p. 181.

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When the premiss of Bishop Gore as to the meaning of the name "God" is driven to its legitimate conclusion, it is not easy to see what separates him from the New Theology. The charge of pantheism he cannot seriously mean. It was the charge made against Eckhart and Thomas Aquinas: it is the charge which the laughter of Hegel has perhaps deprived of all its sting.¹ As a charge it is based upon a primitive mistake in supposing that ultimate Reality must be a whole of which all realities are separate parts.

But, indeed, the conclusions that would seem to flow from a philosophic conception of God are avoided by Bishop Gore in dealing with the other fundamental ideas of religion. Original sin and the historicity of Genesis are reasonably put aside. But from the conception of final damnation there appears to be no escape. Christianity is said to have fundamentally opposed the idea of "an inevitable progress to perfection" in human nature (p. 80). Bishop Gore has forgotten that so late as the year 853 A.D. a French synod asserted the doctrine of Scotus Erigena, which is not very different from that of the New Theology—the inevitable progress to perfection. And, further, one must doubt if the attitude towards sin as rather pitiable than blameworthy, so sternly condemned by Bishop Gore (p. 64), is not the attitude of the Christ of the Gospels. Not even commentators have been able to make us quite forget that Christ forgave and did not punish.

Naturally one will be inclined to look for a clear discussion of the attitude of the New Theology with regard to the personality of Christ. Yet here the opposition of Bishop Gore seems least satisfying; for, in the first place, there is no clear conception of the fundamental difficulty. If "God" be the Absolute, how possibly can Christ, as an historic figure, be "God"? That may seem too philosophic a question, and yet the religious question is very closely allied. For it is equally difficult to understand how the victories and struggles of a non-human Christ can be either a comfort or an example. In the effort to create a barrier

¹ Philosophy of Mind, *in fine*. One might charge St. Francis with pantheism because his prayer was, "Deus meus et omnia."

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between Christ and ourselves, which the New Theology had thrown down, Bishop Gore has gone further than many sincere Christians would go. Christ, he says, "was not a natural product of the existing order" (p. 129). And in so far as this is explained philosophically, it seems to mean that a complete uniqueness of kind is claimed for the historical Christ. With this conception is connected a statement of the physical Virgin-birth and the physical Resurrection which perhaps will not satisfy many. The idea of "miracle" also appears crude.

Now, whether this statement of orthodoxy as an expression of our religious experience be adequate or not, the method of Bishop Gore seems erroneous. And the result appears most unsatisfactory in this conception of the personality of Christ. The truth is that if Mr. Campbell is too much given to creation out of nothing, the Bishop of Birmingham is equally prone to building with the hay and stubble of dead theologies. In the progress of scientific thought our understanding of the facts may be progressive, but often we have to make new statements which appear contradictory to the old truths. The preachers of the Copernican theory did not conceive it to be in the interest of truth that they should have to explain facts always according to Ptolemy. The facts did not suffer from a rejection of the Ptolemaic astronomy, and the new astronomy was able to explain an experience somewhat wider than all which had preceded. Now, the opponents of the New Theology, however superior in learning, do not seem to have shaken off an antiquated and dogmatist theological method. It is a slender faith which would have us believe that religious experience would suffer if the abstract rendering of it were different. For theology must be the reasoned and logical account of our religious experiences and of the historic events which may be connected. That account cannot, of course, be severed from accounts which have preceded it, as if theology were a purely speculative science. But the method and language of its statements need not be all the gift of past ages. Even from the point of view of pure Christianity "no single age was less capable of interpreting the Apostolic revelation than that which first entered on the

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task.”¹ And it is at least possible to suppose that we have a more logical language and a more subtle philosophic method to-day than those men had who first formulated the Christian experience.

The facts are before us, better seen through the mist of years than when the dazzling light of Christ's character first startled men into contradictions. The “mysteries” of theology will be more and more a name for those contradictions in explanation, not for the facts themselves. We have years of Christian experience to help us in forming our religious view of the world: and not the least important years are those nearest to us. Yet we are told that we must return for an explanation of our deepest experiences and of the world in which we live to the point of view of the second or the eighth century. “What, therefore, according to my contention,” says Bishop Gore, “we ought to do is by all means in our power to bring men back to the point of view of the Creeds, or to the mind of the Church which formulated the Creeds” (p. 150). But why should we do so unless that mechanical theory of Apostolic inspiration be true, which Bishop Gore was among the first to reject?

The truth is that the difference between destruction and construction is not clearly conceived. If the New Theology is destructive, then it is to be condemned: for a merely destructive criticism cannot be the rational basis for religion. It is true that sceptics of old, like Al Ghazzali, and of modern times, like Mr. Balfour, have attempted to found belief upon the ruins of all reasoning. But they have not succeeded, for the basis of reasonable religion must be logical and constructive. Nevertheless construction is as different from *re*-construction as it is from destruction. The greater number of orthodox theologians call everything destruction that is not a building with the materials of dead ages. This is too narrow a conception. In a sense, a new scientific theory may be called destructive which ousts an older theory; but it is destructive almost by accident. A consistent theory is a construction, whether or not it makes use of old formulas. So in our architecture we have too long made use of the ideas of dead ages; we have built enough with

¹ Tyrrell, *Wine and Oil*, p. 248.

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Gothic or Classical thoughts, and we shall only reach a true construction by building out of ourselves. The standing model and the old orthodoxy are only too much at hand. Yet the best construction is not reconstruction.

It is no easy thing to avoid searching for reasons to support our old beliefs and arguments to justify our finished actions. Some may be prone to destruction of their old beliefs: "The youth, when they first meddle with reasonings, abuse them in the way of amusement, and when they have refuted many, and been themselves refuted by many, they speedily come to hold none of those opinions they held before."¹ But men are more prone to an ultra-conservatism; they prefer to keep conclusions and search for new proofs, just as they prefer to discover strange justification for their actions rather than confess they were wrong. That tendency is not one of such high value that it can be held superior to all others. Indeed, it seems a stronger faith which urges men to build from their reasoning new beliefs and to move forward to new action.

CECIL DELISLE BURNS

¹ Plato, Rep. VII. 539.

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AT the Indian National Congress in Surat last Christmas one could almost hear the hinges of destiny turning. On the platform at my side were gathered nearly all the survivors of those who had guided the Congress since it was first inaugurated twenty-three years ago. Before the Chair stood Mr. Tilak, leader of the Extremists, with folded arms demanding to be heard in his protest against the election of the new President. Around him the younger Moderates wildly gesticulated vengeance. At his side, Mr. Gokhale, sweet-natured even in extremes, flung out both arms to protect his old opponent. In front, the white-clad audience—ten thousand men, it was said—roared like a tumultuous sea.

Suddenly a Mahratta shoe—reddish leather, pointed toe, sole studded with lead—flew through the air. It struck Sir Pheroza Shah Mehta ; it cannoned off upon Mr. Surendranath Banerjea—both former Presidents of the Congress—and, as at a given signal, a white wave of turbaned men surged over the platform. Brandishing long sticks, they struck at any head that looked to them Moderate, and between brown legs standing upon the green-baize table I caught glimpses of the Indian National Congress dissolving in chaos.

Like Goethe at the battle of Valmy, I could have said, "To-day marks the beginning of a new era, and you can say that you were present at it."

That the storm revealed wide differences of opinion in the patriotic movement may appear unimportant ; and, indeed, the seriousness of the breach between the two parties is easily exaggerated. A Militant party, a Nationalist

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party, an Opposition is never long divided. Even Social Democrats and Social Revolutionists combine to overthrow the Russian autocracy. Even Mr. Balfour and Protectionists act together when it comes to voting. Even the Women's Social and Political Union and the Women's Freedom League kiss again with tears when it comes to fighting. Oppression is a *finé* reconciler. It is only in power that dangerous divisions appear. Quite enough oppression to hold them together seems to lie before the Indian Nationalists, and I have little doubt that the breach in the Congress, which came as such a relief to the opponents of India's progress, will have vanished in a year or two, as far as the course of resistance in common goes.

But breach or no breach, the Congress will never be the same again. The reason of the Extremist revolt, the strength of the Extremist party, the inducement to young spirits for joining the Extremist ranks was simply the impotence of the Congress in the past. I do not mean that the Congress has been useless. It has served as a training-ground for political knowledge. It has afforded a centre for the growing unity of India, and all the hopes of nationalism. Without it, the leaders of Indian reform could hardly have formulated their own programme. But in two avowed objects it has failed; it has had no influence whatever upon the action of the Indian Government, and no influence whatever upon English opinion at home. For twenty-two years it was a model of order and constitutional propriety. It made excellent speeches, it passed excellent resolutions, it demanded the redress of acknowledged grievances, in trustful loyalty it arranged deputations to the representatives of the Crown. By the Anglo-Indians its constitutional propriety was called cowardice, its speeches were derided, its resolutions unnoticed, its grievances not redressed, the representative of the Crown refused to receive its deputations, its leading members were known as "Congress-wallahs." In England, outside the half-dozen who take some interest in the Indian peoples, no one knew where the Congress met, what language it spoke, what were its demands, or what its object; and no one cared.

The work of the old Congress was accomplished. It

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could not go on. In the twinkling of a shoe it was changed. A new spirit had arisen in the country, and to confront this new spirit the admirable old Congress had nothing to show—nothing but representations ignored, and petitions answered by insult. It was like the Woman's Suffrage movement that used to lay its reasonable and polite desires before Parliament year after year, and might have been doing so still with equal futility, had it not been overtaken by a new spirit in arms. I do not mean that the Congress will collapse. Perhaps it will shed a few rather prominent names—people who are content with their own fine speeches, people who like to please both sides, or whose stake in the country is their money or their position, and not their hearts. A few of these may be shed, but the Congress will go on. Only, its whole essence will be renewed, permeated more and more with the spirit of those who (perhaps rather too scornfully) proclaim "Self-reliance, not mendicancy" as their motto.

Many things have combined to create the new spirit—communication by railways, the growth of national newspapers, visits of even high-caste Brahmins to Europe, the use of English as a common tongue, the increasing knowledge of our history and liberties, the increasing study of our great Liberal thinkers and Mr. Morley's books. But while remembering the slow influence of these deep and gradual forces, we can trace the present outburst of the new spirit to quite recent and external things—to Lord Curzon's contemptuous disregard of Indian opinion, as shown in his Partition of Bengal, and perhaps even more deplorably in his University speech upon Indian mendacity ; to the deliberate exclusion of fully-qualified Indians from public positions, in contradiction to Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1857 ; to several notorious cases of injustice in the law courts, where English criminals were involved ; to continual instances of petty persecution for political opinions during the last two years ; to the well-known measures for the suppression of personal liberty and freedom of speech ; to the increasing espionage of the police and postal officials ; and to the abusive insolence of the vulgar among Anglo-Indians, as shown in ordinary behaviour and in the

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newspapers which represented their views, such as the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, and the *Englishman* of Calcutta.

All these causes of national complaint, crowded into the last two years or three, are sapping India's confidence in the justice of our rule and the benevolence of our people. Indians have, no doubt, exaggerated both the injustice and the malevolence. They have taken a few flagrant cases of injustice as typical of our Courts ; they have mistaken for malevolence what is only our reckless indifference to far-off responsibilities. But we cannot wonder at their mistakes. Nearly every one generalises about foreign nations from the one or two specimens he knows ; and we, as foreigners in India, must not hope to escape generalisations rapidly founded on the behaviour of every man or woman who may represent us there unworthily. As to our national indifference, I wish we could say that this charge also is founded only on special and notorious instances. But it is not. Our indifference as a nation to the Indian peoples, from whom we are continually sucking so much of our wealth, is universal and invariable. Or it is varied only at long intervals after outbreaks of bloodshed and threatenings of revolt. No wonder if a growing Indian party believes that only by such means can England's attention be roused and any permanent advantage for their country obtained.

Of course, they are inconsiderate. In spite of the brutality of a common type among Anglo-Indians, we are as a whole rather a polite and kind-hearted people, and the shadow of injustice makes us seethe with indignation, when it is not too far away. If they charge us with indifference, they ought to consider that we are faced with almost insoluble problems of our own ; that we are very busy people, and that our knowledge of what goes on in India is generally limited to the reports of official or other journalists whose very existence depends on standing well with the Anglo-Indian community. Indians are too apt not to consider these mitigating circumstances. But it does not tend to make people considerate when men, women, and children are dying of plague by hundreds of thousands a year ; when for fifteen years in succession famines have

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been almost regularly recurrent; when increasing malaria is rotting the population away in body and mind, and when thousands, or probably millions, of people who used to have two meals a day can now afford only one. I do not say these disasters are the fault of the Indian Government or of the British people. But it is obvious that they do not tend to make the sufferers under them considerate towards the difficulties of rulers who hardly suffer from them at all.

Considerate or not, the new spirit—the growing spirit of the time and of youth—begins to despair of further appeals and petitions for English justice or assistance. In spite of the splendid traditions of many noble Englishmen from Thomas Munro down to Lord Ripon, I suppose most representatives of our rule have never been exactly popular among the Indian races. That was not always the fault of our representatives; their position made genuine popularity very difficult, and it is impossible for one race to deny freedom to another and rule it to the true advantage of either. But I think that till lately the verdict of Indians upon us would have been like that of the schoolboy who called Dr. Temple “a beast, but a just beast.” In their verdict to-day the compliment of that saving clause would generally be omitted, and the loss of our reputation for justice, if we are to lose it permanently, is the worst loss we could ever suffer. To show that I do not stand alone in this estimate of our danger, I will quote the comment of *Capital*, an Anglo-Indian commercial paper in Calcutta, upon a recent case:—

“We will ask our readers, if any native of India had kicked an Englishman through his bedroom door, down the hall, through the front door and across the verandah, and then shot him dead—by accident—what should we white people think of the act? That is a question which demands a very plain answer, and there would be but one answer from one end of India to another.”

Yet when an Englishman thus treated his native servant, six months' imprisonment was what British justice thought the fitting penalty; and when, also, last autumn, a night station-master was supplied by a Mohammedan with a young Hindu woman who was waiting in the station for a train, and whom he outraged in his room while the pander stayed

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and outraged her afterwards himself, both were acquitted on the plea of "consent." Killing no murder, outrage no crime, where "natives" are concerned—that is what Indians conclude. Their conclusion may be hasty and mistaken, but there it is.

The belief that demands for the redress of grievances, whether presented to the Indian Government or the British people, are equally vain, is not so serious a matter for us as the distrust of our justice, but it was probably the most immediate cause of the new spirit. Our utter disregard of all the public protests against the Partition of Bengal and all the persistent appeals that have been made for its withdrawal ; our utter disregard of the eloquent and reasonable words of such men as Mr. Gokhale and Dr. Rash Behari Ghose, who undoubtedly represented all India in their protest against the Sedition Bill in the Viceroy's Council—such instances as these, perhaps more than anything else, have discredited the methods of the old Congress. The new spirit perceived that it was useless addressing pious resolutions and appeals to the official waste-paper basket. The cry of "self-reliance, not mendicancy," spread through the land. One last effort to attract British attention to the grievances of India was made by the Swadeshi movement and the boycott on British goods. "Touch the pockets of our rulers, and they will listen"—that was the hope. And the hope was partly realised, for owing to Swadeshi and local disturbances in Eastern Bengal and the Punjaub, England has during the last year probably paid more attention to India than at any time since the Mutiny.

But Swadeshi—the principle of "Our Country for Herself" or "Alone we'll do it"—has led the new spirit far beyond the immediate object proposed. Swadeshi in manufacture and commerce is now followed for no merely political end, but for the great economic purpose of restoring the Indian industries, threatened or already ruined by England's competition and by economic laws deliberately imposed by England to crush a possible rival. Even this economic Swadeshi is seen to be only a part of a much wider Swadeshi movement in self-reliance. On every side movements, societies, and Orders are growing up for the

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promotion of Indian ideals, quite independently of our influence, and their members are often inspired by an uncalculating devotion like that of the early Christians. Such are the Arya Samaj, which now numbers nearly a quarter of a million in the Punjab and United Provinces; the teaching Order of "Servants of India" in Poona; the Brahmo Samaj of highly educated Unitarians in Calcutta; the Order of Vedantists, with headquarters on the Ganges just above Calcutta; the Order of the Gangrath Institute near Baroda, and many others. None are political in aim. Their work as societies lies in social and theological reform. Nearly all of them combine for the rejection or purification of image-worship, the exclusion of sacrifices, the overthrow of caste, the elevation of pariahs, the abolition of child marriage and of the perpetual widowhood of child widows, and the release of women from the seclusion, or *purdah*, that has become customary since the Mohammedan invasions. But such reforms are distinctly Swadeshi in aim and method. They take no account of the Government or of the Anglo-Indian community. Some of the movements may even be called Primitive Indian, and in some quarters there is a tendency to reaction against reform, for fear lest reform, even in such obvious abuses as child marriage and child widowhood, should introduce the taint of Western civilisation.

Religious and social as these movements are in origin and object, it is no longer possible to exclude their keener members from politics. Among educated people, the events of the last three years have given to national politics the place once held by theology, and the days have gone by when a religious reformer would argue with pandits and Brahmins upon the Divine Essence for days together before an excited throng, while a representative of the British Crown sat by to see fair play. Even social reform can hardly now be separated from political reform, for the result of education and other social reforms will undoubtedly be an increased demand for self-government.

The position of the "Volunteer" movement and the suspicion with which it is regarded by the Government are further proofs how difficult it is any longer to draw a line

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between social and political aims. The Volunteers were originally organised simply to act as stewards at the Congress, and they fulfilled their duties up to this last excited meeting. But in the last two or three years the idea has been widely developed, and most of the progressive movements can now count on bands of young men and boys who volunteer to serve the cause. They arrange public meetings or organise the course of immense pilgrimages, and as long as the police are absent, all goes well. They go out into the villages as nurses in times of smallpox and cholera. They carry relief into famine districts and help in the removal of starving families. In what was supposed to be the most turbulent district of India while I was there, I found the Volunteers had taken the time-honoured name of Little Brothers of the Poor. When the troubles began after the Partition in Eastern Bengal, and the Mohammedans were induced to believe that the Government would connive at any violence on their part against the Hindu inhabitants, the Volunteers endeavoured to organise a defence of Hindu villages, and especially of the Hindu women, whom the Mohammedans, as usual, regarded as their natural prey. They have also been the most fervent apostles of Swadeshi. In some few cases they have destroyed foreign goods. In hundreds of cases they have stood beside foreign stores and implored customers not to enter, prostrating themselves in the dust and imploring them. They have cried their "Bande Mataram!" up and down the land. They have carried banners and led torchlight processions to the glory of the national spirit. They have revived the old Indian lathi-play, or quarter-staff. Ever since Macaulay's time the Anglo-Indians have spent much of their lives in sneering at most Indians, but especially the Bengalee, for effeminacy and unwarlike habit. By lathi-play, athletics, and gymnastics the Volunteers are now seeking to wipe off the disgrace, and Anglo-Indians shriek "Sedition!" They cannot have it both ways, and in reality there is no more admirable movement in India than this determination to gain bodily strength. Without being advocates of war at any price, we all know what moral force an argument gains when we feel that, if sweet reasonableness fails, we can if

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we like knock the adversary down. But often in these various activities it is impossible to say where the social ends and the political begins, for all are alike inspired by one spirit—the new spirit of nationality.

The question now before India is which of two courses with regard to ourselves the new spirit will take. Let us grant, as a matter of bare fact, that for many years to come we shall retain military and administrative command in India. I think we shall retain it rightly, if only on account of Russia's proximity. But rightly or wrongly, unless we are overwhelmingly defeated at home, we shall retain it, at least until India has much advanced in arms, unity, and knowledge. In the meantime, the new spirit may either endeavour to act in harmony with us for the common good, acquiescing in our presence as on the whole tending to justice and advancement, acknowledging the material advantages we have brought with railways, peace, comparative security, comparative freedom from corruption, and the convenience of a common tongue among the educated; but at the same time pressing forward with persistent agitation for extensions of liberty, taking every opportunity that offers, and never hesitating to clutch at a possible advantage because it is short of the perfect ideal.

Or, on the other hand, the new spirit may follow the line of most resistance. It may say among the people: "It is useless to trouble about any reforms that these intruding foreigners will give us. Let them go on their way with their Advisory Councils, their Notables, their extended Legislative Councils, and other deceptions. They have never paid the least attention to our real demands. In Mill's words, they keep us as a warren or preserve for their own use, a place to make money in, a human farm to be worked for their own profit. It is for us to pursue our own course, disregarding their presence. Beyond paying their taxes, we need have little concern with them. If they imprison us, we will go to gaol silently; if they deport us without trial, we will endure without protest. We will not notice their government either by sharing in it or denouncing it. In religion, in education, in industries, and common life we will follow our own national lines just as though no

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foreigners were pretending to rule us. If enough of us combine, we shall greatly embarrass their government ; perhaps we shall make it impossible as well as ridiculous. But whether it is impossible or not, we do not greatly care, till a common Indian nationality has the strength to take freedom into its own hands."

That is a tempting course to preach. The extreme course is always tempting, and there are many Indians preaching it now. Whether their preaching will be successful, whether they will overpower the voices of those who, in spite of recent bitter disappointments, still believe in an English feeling for justice and freedom, depends almost entirely on ourselves. If the more moderate and hopeful party had something to point to—some generous and ungrudging act of justice on England's part, such as the union of Bengal under a Governor appointed from England, or the introduction of Indians into the Executive Councils, or the concession of real power to elected Indians upon the Legislative Councils, or the establishment of universal education, or even a genuine reform of the police—then they might silence the counsels of despair. It is not yet too late. After the defeats of many years, Mr. Gokhale retains his hope. After last year's outrage upon his own freedom and the very basis of our liberties, Lala Lajpat Rai still classes himself with the Moderates. Only, it is no good juggling with sham reforms and half-hearted concessions, like the schemes that Simla is trying to force upon Mr. Morley. Our measures, as Burke said, must be remedial.

I am aware that measures by themselves are insufficient. It is a "change of heart" that we need in India, and no legislation can effect that. We need a change that would transform our people's arrogance towards "natives"; a change that would prevent the ladies and gentlemen whom we send out from degenerating into "bounders" where Indians are concerned; a change that would make it impossible for any Englishman to practise upon Indians any of the underhand tricks that would exclude him from decent society at home.

We have been called a nation of captains. Most of our

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best men and women have a kindly and decisive nature that fits them for a captain's or a curate's definite position of superiority tempered by good humour. Owing to our association with gamekeepers, fishermen, dogs, and horses, I suppose we are the best patronisers in the world. That helps us immensely in dealing with distinctly inferior and uneducated peoples. But the least claim to equality staggers us. We are overcome with astonishment. Like a man who has received a sudden blow, we stare uneasily around, or strike out blindly, crying "Sedition!" Yet it is equality that the new spirit in educated India is demanding, and we need a large "change of heart" before we can contemplate the demand with equanimity.

But the crisis is too acute to allow of waiting for such a change. Upon our action in the next year, perhaps in the next month, will depend the terms under which we must maintain our position in India: whether we are to hold the new spirit fairly on our side, and to co-operate with it for the advance of the country in enlightenment and self-government; or whether we are to have our rule confronted by impenetrable resentment, and our efforts thwarted by suspicion or indifference. A "change of heart" counts most, but external actions go for something. Many external events have combined to foster the growth of the new spirit in the last few years—the triumph of Japan, the awakening Liberalism in Russia, Persia, Egypt, and in England herself. But nothing has fostered it so much as the redoubled arrogance of our administration since 1904, and the repressive measures of last year.

India has still a long and bitter road to travel in political development. The gulf between her educated and uneducated classes is wider even than in our own country. She has many divisions of thought and caste and race to overcome. But as to the growth of the new spirit we need have no fear. It is one of the most hopeful signs of our hopeful time. Every act of injustice on our part, and every attempt at political suppression, have only promoted India's sense of unity and hastened her progress in self-reliance. If injustice and suppression continue, their effect will be the same. Whatever course our action may now take, the new

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spirit has already breathed a fresh life into large classes of the Indian peoples, and it will continue to afford a high motive for self-devotion and for the moral courage and love of freedom in which, perhaps, the Indian character has been rather lacking. For India herself the present unrest is a promise of the highest possibilities, no matter how much she may suffer in realising them.

But for us this brief interval for decision is momentous. For on our decision it will depend whether, in contempt of the freedom we have with such labour secured for ourselves, we shall sink step by step from suppression into persecution, and from persecution into atrocities that now we should shudder at ; or whether we shall display strength enough to welcome the new spirit of freedom and nationality which we have done so much to create, and strength enough to advance with it hand in hand for the furtherance of India's welfare as a self-respecting country, and so to redeem our reputation for the love of a freedom which others may enjoy, as we enjoy it.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

CURRENT EVENTS

THE Government is to be congratulated on introducing a Bill which is not only wide in its scope, but has united all sections of licensing reformers in support of it. A special tribute is due to the Temperance Legislation League, which has brought to bear upon the question a large body of moderate opinion, to which the older school of temperance reformers were not able to appeal. The Bill, which is dealt with above by one closely concerned in the work of licensing administration, provides for a great, though gradual, reduction of licences ; and more important still, it lays down a date after which the State will recover the full value of the monopoly which it has created in the sale of drink, and will, at the same time, be able to exercise complete control over the traffic, in whatever form may seem best when the time arrives. The exact length of the time limit is a matter of considerable, but not overwhelming, importance ; it is a matter of discussion and bargaining, and is obviously liable to alteration. The important point, for which future generations will thank the present Government if the Bill passes, is that public control should be ultimately re-established. Those interested in the liquor trade are passing through a temporary panic, and tremendous efforts are being made at bye-elections and otherwise to injure the credit of a Government which has dared to attack, in the interests of temperance, the most powerful and best-organised trade in the country. If licences are to be treated as freeholds the cry of confiscation is, of course, justified. But every one knew, up to 1904, that a licence had no legal basis after a period of one year ; while, since 1904, the date when compensation was first given, it has been known that

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the Liberals were pledged to introduce a time limit as soon as they had the opportunity. The commercial correspondent of *The Times* has pointed out that the blow which has fallen upon brewing securities was felt long before the introduction of the present Bill. If the liquor trade has induced investors to believe that licences were as safe as freehold property, it has itself to blame, and the attempt to shift its own responsibility on to the Government is too transparent to deceive any one. The struggle which is just beginning will end in the triumph either of the public or of a single trade. The chance of temperance reform now offered to the country is the last that will occur in our generation. The question now is, whether those who are working for the public welfare are prepared to take as much trouble, and spend as much money, as those who are simply defending their own interests.

The Government is confronted this Session with the two most difficult problems which it can face, Temperance and Education. The opposition to its policy in the country is probably now at its highest point, and it is inevitable that some bye-elections should be lost. The Tariff Reformers are taking advantage of this opposition to press forward their own campaign, and to claim for their cause the whole credit of victories which are won largely on other grounds. Every Liberal Government worthy of the name meets with opposition such as this, and in the long-run the boldest policy is the wisest. There is a sporting sentiment among Englishmen, which likes to see a statesman throw down the challenge courageously, as Mr. Asquith has done, to powerful enemies. It is doubtful whether the House of Lords will venture to wreck the Licensing Bill, especially if, as seems probable, they wish to concentrate their hostility on the Education Bill. They will, of course, demand concessions, but on some points concessions are possible. If this forecast is correct, and the harvest of the Session includes a far-reaching Licensing Act, and a considerable first instalment of Old Age Pensions, the Government will be able to continue in

Prospects in
Parliament

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office for a fourth Session. Such a Session would be in some respects more interesting, because more critical, than any of its predecessors. The evil legacies of the past, the specific difficulties created by the conduct of the late Government, will then have been disposed of; and the field will be clear for the more constructive efforts of Liberal policy. The Liberal Government is on its trial, and it is by the nature of these efforts—by the question whether they are really in harmony with the democratic aspirations of the times—that the party will be judged.

One of the most serious and fundamental of the questions with which the Government will have to deal is that of unemployment. If it is not prepared to deal with this problem in comprehensive fashion, many of its supporters will feel that their aims are more likely to be realised through the agency of the Labour Party; and the electorate at large, who demand plain, simple policies in black and white, will be driven to regard Protection on the one side, and pure Socialism on the other, as the only alternatives. Fortunately, we have now a definite declaration from Mr. Asquith that the Government will take up the question of unemployment as soon as the Poor Law Commission has reported, and probably on the lines recommended by that Commission. It is on that understanding—and only on that understanding—that the Liberal Party can be justified in not supporting the Labour Party's Unemployed Bill. It is true that the Bill was vitiated by a clause setting up "the right to work" in its crudest and least manageable form; a clause which would have placed a crushing financial burden on some districts, and taken away more employment than it created. The clause rested on the false and dangerous idea that the unemployed question supplies a favourable opportunity for inaugurating Socialism. If we are to inaugurate Socialism, in Heaven's name let us give it the best possible chance by applying it to well-organised industries, and not discredit the whole cause by building on the rotten foundation of casual labour. Direct legislation for the unemployed must

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be regarded as treatment for a social disease, not as a means of reconstructing society. But when all this is admitted, the Bill as a whole might have been supported as the expression of a definite resolve to do something to mitigate unemployment. It was, of course, introduced not as a thought-out proposal of reform, but as a spur to urge the Government to action. It is highly satisfactory that it drew from Mr. Asquith the declaration just mentioned.

The Times has seldom stooped so low as on the day when it suggested—and drove home its suggestion with all the accompaniments of gutter-press sensationalism—that the First Lord of the Admiralty was guilty of a form of high treason. The insinuation contained in the heading, “Under which King?” amounted to nothing less than this. It is impossible to imagine any of the famous editors of the past allowing national interests to be subordinated with such recklessness to the cheap sensation of a day. *The Times* is, of course, eager to find excuses for the anti-German campaign which it carries on day by day, and which serves to heighten suspicion and increase the burden of armaments in both countries. That vice, however, it shares with other newspapers. The most serious evil is the rapid dragging down of this journal’s great and historic reputation, based on a century of constant care and judgement, and constant attachment to the public welfare. The influence of that reputation, especially on the Continent, is immense, and it is now being wielded by men who have lost the qualities on which it was based. Ultimately it will be destroyed, but in the meantime it is still powerful. Readers who, if they had come across this *canard* in any other paper, would have scouted it as ridiculous, were persuaded by the prestige of *The Times* to take it seriously. An informal and probably humorous private letter from the German Emperor to Lord Tweedmouth could not possibly do any harm. It is to be hoped that neither Lord Tweedmouth nor his friends will be foolish enough in future to take *The Times* military correspondent into their confidence.

CURRENT EVENTS

Sir Edward Grey's new proposal for the reform of the Macedonian government has given profound and widespread satisfaction. When he first threw out the suggestion of a Governor-General who should be acceptable to the Powers and irremovable or a definite term of years without their consent, there was some doubt as to how far he meant to press it. That doubt has now been removed, and the proposal has been definitely communicated to the other Powers as the policy of the English Government. The Governor-General may be a Mohammedan, and it is probably best that he should be. The essential point is his independence of Constantinople. It is part of the proposal that the troops shall be reduced, and that in return a guarantee shall be given against invasion so long as the arrangement continues. England regards the new railway schemes with benevolent neutrality, but her support will be conditional upon the assent of the Powers concerned to definite reforms—which means, it is to be hoped, the full extent of the English proposals. Sir Edward Grey has gone far to remove the charge of indifference to Liberal tradition and humanitarian interests, for which his previous action, or rather inaction, provided some justification. He may fairly claim that he has waited for a favourable moment, and found it.

The famous alliance between Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Vedrenne has terminated; so ends the most interesting and, in one sense of that sinister word, the most successful, dramatic enterprise of modern times.

The end of the
Vedrenne-Barker
Plays

“Or vous savez, seigneur, qu'en toute affaire,
Procès, négoce, hymen ou bâtiment,
L'argent surtout est chose nécessaire.”

The Savoy Theatre did not pay. They might have gone on, as Mr. Granville Barker explained, had they been willing to work seventeen hours a day for starvation salaries. But the public have no right to demand such sacrifices from artists; in fact, there is more chance of the importance of

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the drama being recognised if those who have shown that they understand how plays should be produced refuse to work under these conditions. Nothing is more likely to rouse among us a sense of the importance of the drama than the spectacle of Mr. Granville Barker being tempted across to New York to manage there an endowed theatre. Meanwhile the appreciative public (for we *are* appreciative) is left wondering gloomily who remains to produce the next good play? Suppose Mr. Shaw writes another *John Bull's Other Island*, or Mr. Hankin or Mr. Galsworthy cap their present achievements, who can be trusted to see that their new plays shall be really well performed? During the past months all the distinguished dramatists and men of letters in England have been battering the institution of the Dramatic Censor; but important as the removal or modification of this office is to the life of the drama, the existence of a stage on which new plays, not inevitably booked for long runs, may get their chance, is quite as important. At present the rents of the theatres are so exorbitant that, as Mr. Barker has found, it is absolutely impossible to produce without loss, plays for short or only moderately persistent runs. The London manager lives on his long runs. His choice of a play is determined by the likelihood of its possessing this qualification; and it is easy to see that this is not the true test of merit. Nor can anything be more fatal to artistic acting than an interminable series of performances of even a good play. The only course is to guarantee at least the rent of some manager who is worth his salt. Shakespeare enthusiasts, who are now busy collecting a great sum for the erection of some "star-pointing pyramid" to his memory, might more effectively honour him in his art by endowing a theatre.

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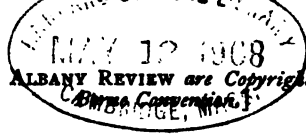
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THE NEW GOVERNMENT AND ITS POLICY

FOR better or for worse, Mr. Asquith's Government has been ushered into office amid the praises of *The Times* and of *The Morning Post*. On such occasions it is the habit of the English to be generous to their public men, however acute may be the controversies which otherwise would have dominated the political situation. Men of all parties admit that the Prime Minister has fairly won the supreme prize of the political arena, that he has rearranged the Administration without provoking dissension or giving ground for grievance, and that a sense of unity animates his colleagues, among whom one need not look for Achilles, in the person of Sir William Harcourt, sulking in his tent. All the Ministers are, mutually, on speaking terms. Most of their countenances are radiant with the glow of promotion. Two of the most interesting expect to play a prominent part in weddings not the least brilliant of the season. These are the auguries, these the first courtesies that precede the conflict.

An optimist might suggest that with reconstructed Governments it has often been otherwise. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour each enjoyed an undisputed succession to leadership, but they were none the less dogged by a val claim, real and notorious though never explicitly asserted. Neither Lord Rosebery nor Mr. Balfour was regarded as inevitable; a vote of the Party might have decided against both of them. Mr. Asquith, on the other

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hand, is acknowledged to be the man marked out not by royal caprice, nor by the influence of family, but by irresistible circumstances, including his own legitimate ambition, his industry, his supreme intellectual efficiency, and frank acceptance of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's policy. Two Ministers only might have challenged his claims, and they were both his close personal friends. It is said that Sir Edward Grey would have been the choice of the King, had the King been free to choose, and failing Sir Edward Grey, there was Mr. Haldane. But the time had not yet come when a Government could be formed of Unionist Free Traders selected independently of the Radicals, and the old balance between right and left wing had therefore to continue. At the moment, Mr. Asquith is thus undisputed master of the situation. He has reared what foreign journals call a strong Government, and in that imposing structure it is impossible to detect even a hint of dissension. All this is of the present, obvious and encouraging. Yet the future is none the less wrapped in mystery.

Public opinion is right in considering that with a change of Prime Minister the old order has passed away, and a new *régime* come into being. It is true that Sir Henry himself and Lord Elgin were the only statesmen who retired from the Cabinet, and that, of subordinates, Mr. Edmund Robertson—a regrettable loss—Lord Portsmouth and Mr. Lough did not dictate policy. But any one who recalls what a Liberal Cabinet was, first under Mr. Gladstone and then under Lord Rosebery, or what a Conservative Cabinet became when Mr. Balfour succeeded Lord Salisbury, will be slow to minimise the profound transformation which may be involved in the one determining fact that the Party in power has sought and found a new leader. Time alone will show how far Mr. Asquith, with his admitted Parliamentary gifts, will display in addition that supreme quality of mind and character which made of the late Prime Minister so big a man in the counsels of the nation. It was by good judgement that Sir Henry succeeded where more brilliant and eloquent statesmen, including Mr. Gladstone himself, have been convicted of failure. He was a man well informed and

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well advised, but his judgement lay deeper than either the logic or the knowledge which Balliol worships. It was a moral sense, implying vision, intuition or faith, which means a reverence for things unseen by social clubs and coteries, not dreamt of in departments of State. The sanity of his judgement enabled Sir Henry to be the enthusiast with a sense of proportion and the old man not in a hurry.

Close observers assure us that during the last year or two Mr. Asquith, despite his dazzling mental equipment, has been wise enough to take account of his own limitations. In the House of Commons this humility of the strong and aloof statesman has aroused the kind of sympathy which always comes to him who, wrestling with a personal disadvantage, does his best. The Prime Minister has set himself the hard duty of tolerating stupid folk, and with mellowing speech he has grown in tact. Those who have worked with him on intimate terms, whether as equals or as subordinates, speak loudly in praise of his loyalty, which loyalty is in politics a fine and by no means universal trait of character. It was not Mr. Asquith who wanted to send Sir Henry to the House of Lords, nor has he ever led cabals. He acquiesced in the Liberal League, but cannot be accused either of welcoming it or promoting it. The suggestion that as Home Secretary he was guilty of callous conduct has been simply monstrous.

If, then, his judgement has been sometimes at fault, especially during the great reaction, when so many hearts waxed cold, it must also be allowed that the last three astonishing years have opened most people's eyes. Mr. Asquith will not a second time stumble over a Colonial War or a Trade Disputes Bill. He starts his new career with the supreme advantage of intense preoccupation in wholesome tasks, like a Licensing Bill, Old Age Pensions and the reform of the Poor Law. His active mind works the most cleanly at the highest speed; it rises to meet the great emergency. Not that Mr. Asquith has yet become what Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was by nature, that is, a Radical of the Radicals. Whether in the Cabinet or in the House, the late Prime Minister habitually threw his whole weight into the democratic scale, believing

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that the Commons and the constituencies would support him against the Whigs. In the case of the Hague Convention he encountered a rebuff, but his serenity suffered no disturbance. The virtue of trust is reciprocal, and it was by taking risks that Sir Henry won confidence. It is a path which Mr. Asquith has not yet trod.

At the moment he has to handle Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Labour, carrying amongst them about 200 votes on a division. The Celtic fringe could paralyse the House of Commons as a legislative machine. Those who speak for the three smaller nations are either included in or friendly to the Government, but, whatever their personal inclinations, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Thomas Shaw cannot accept the *status quo*. The Irish Party, having rejected the Council Bill, is bluntly told that there can be no Home Rule during the lifetime of the present Parliament, and no promise of Home Rule for the next. The University Bill furnishes a respite for which we have to thank Mr. Birrell, but Sinn Fein has already re-entered the field with the argument that constitutional methods have failed. Similarly, Wales, which stands to benefit little by the Small Holdings Act, asks for Disestablishment next year, not an unreasonable request from an unanimous body of elected representatives, yet one which accords ill with truce in the schools. Scotland, in the meantime, wants her Land Bill, despite the maledictions of Lord Rosebery, the half-hearted counsels of Lord Elgin, who disappears, and the despotic obduracy of Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Here are tangles to which Mr. Asquith must declare the clue. He will find it in the constitutional issue, which, so far from being a damp squib, must develope with events. It is nationalism which the Government must vindicate in all the four countries of the United Kingdom—nationalism, hated of the Lords, who, militant and defiant, will resist devolution as an accursed thing. The Government, bent upon staying in power for three years longer, will not force the quarrel. But it is there none the less, nor is the Government's case against the Upper House altered one whit by the creation of three new peerages. We may be sorry that Mr. John Morley

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has suffered such disastrous immolation. We may doubt the wisdom of attempting to reinforce the debating strength of Liberalism in the Upper House. But we should recognise that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman expressly disclaimed any concern with the *personnel* of "the other place," that he added handsomely to its numbers, and that his resolution was solely devoted to a limitation of powers. That resolution may be respected by the Peers without the express passage of a Bill. So, at any rate, it has been with finance. But, in any case, the situation is formidable.

I am writing in ignorance of what may be the result of the bye-election at North-West Manchester. But Mid-Devon and Peckham are enough to show that the old page has been turned. The movement which culminated in the triumph of 1906 now belongs to the past, and must be renewed by a fresh and spontaneous propaganda. It is not true that Liberalism has declined; the Progressive poll in 1907 was greater in London than ever before. But Toryism, although rent by distractions, reckless in its political economy, insincere in its appeals, and bereft of guidance, has been rallied by its press, and brings to bear upon the people its former menace, resurgent and implacable. Against this force, strong in bulk, like Goliath, but weak in brain, the Government should display generalship. Sound administration should be accompanied by vigorous counter-attack. Here lies the meaning of the emergence to front rank which has overtaken Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Churchill. Both men belong to that brilliant dynasty of politicians which hazards everything upon the adventure of the moment, startling and even outraging the conventional statesman, but fascinating the multitude, as in diverse ways did Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain. Here you have genius, developed young, incommunicable, and counting for history, whether of good or of evil. Mr. Asquith has boldly accepted these lieutenants, which in similar circumstances was not the way either of Lord Salisbury or of Mr. Gladstone. It is the safest and justest way. Genius is rare and apt to be mistrusted. But genius, duly valued, may be conciliated for the public interest, where, if alienated, it would work disaster. Whigs may tremble lest

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the universe be shattered by these incalculable comets, but, despite the Patents Act, the orbits are ascertainably correct.

Mr. Churchill is much more than a reckless buccaneer transferred to politics. He reads, he thinks and he prepares his speeches. He is a convinced Free Trader, who recognises that the cause of the people is bound up with direct taxation. He will consummate Mr. Lloyd-George's purchase of the docks, thereby organising casual labour in the East End, after which he can tackle electric supply for the metropolis, where also there are worlds to conquer. Such preliminary enterprises are, however, mere preludes to the bolder schemes which, with Mr. Lloyd-George at the Treasury, may be expected to see the light. Railway reform is in the air, not purchase as yet, but assuredly reform, with no more engine-drivers falling asleep on express trains and no preferential rates against the British producer. That is to be the answer to Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Goulding.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is the man who says "no." It is by no means Mr. Lloyd-George's favourite rôle. Moreover, there is to be trouble over the Services. At the Admiralty, Mr. McKenna will doubtless stand no nonsense, being Mr. Asquith's own nominee for the place. But he has to face a determined resistance to economy and, indeed, an increase of expenditure which may reach thirty-five millions. Mr. Haldane has promoted his political godson, Mr. Francis Acland, to the important post of Financial Secretary to the War Office, where there is considerable anxiety over the success of the Territorial Scheme. All this limits the possibilities of Liberal finance, which ought to survey local as well as national expenditure. The Treasury cannot succeed without the co-operation of the Local Government Board, which is at the moment the keystone of the whole arch. This is only one of the directions in which the relations between public departments should be revised. The law imposing bye-elections upon new Ministers should be abolished, and salaries should be made uniform, though the figure need not be fixed at £5,000 a year.

In view of these and similar considerations, it is idle to

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ignore that the department over which Mr. Burns presides has become the focus of much sincere and friendly anxiety. As a Cabinet Minister, Mr. Burns has been at times a storm centre, but in certain directions he has accomplished valuable work, notably in the exposure of municipal scandals and in the scrutiny of popular foods. His honesty has made him a considerable figure in the country, where, in the long run, character tells for everything, and in the deliberative or critical sphere his mind has few equals. His faculties are not, however, of the constructive order, and he is apt to eschew co-operation. And in reference to the two great subjects of land valuation and unemployment, he appears to be doubtful, if not actually suspicious, of acknowledged Liberal policy. If, then, we are to see a real reform of housing, a drastic reorganisation of the Poor Law and the relief of unemployment, and a revision of Exchequer grants to local authorities, it is clear that some of the most vital labour of the coming Session will fall to Mr. Burns and his latest lieutenant, Mr. Masterman. That Mr. Burns may undertake these tasks in the spirit which promotes success is a hope which may be found to involve the fortunes of the Government as a whole.

Mr. Masterman's is, of course, a very interesting appointment. His is by far the most difficult of under-secretaryships. He has sympathy with ideals, a sense of larger policy, and a capacity for grappling with detail, which caused many an anxious hour to Mr. Harcourt when the Small Holdings Bill was in Committee. I think, too, that he is outgrowing his moods of mere pessimism. Certainly his chance, most perilous but most inviting, has now arrived.

Of the other new appointments, I need add only a few sentences. Colonel Seely will be a loss below the gangway but a gain to the Government. With Lord Crewe as Secretary of State the Colonial Office may console itself for the departure of Lord Elgin. But the best of all the new accessions to ministerial rank is that of Mr. McKinnon Wood, a man of long experience in public affairs, a practised debater, a real leader of the London Party, and a sound financier. He ought not long to remain in a subordinate

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office, but, for the moment, Mr. Runciman is fortunate in receiving him as colleague. In making his selection, Mr. Asquith has deliberately paid tribute to youth, zeal and merit. If other claims were made upon his favourable attention, he ignored them. The Government is not in every respect ideal, but it represents a fresh start, with a more closely-knit policy. The Licensing Bill is only one reason why it is bound to fight, and a fighting Government has always a chance of winning.

Further than this, it would be foolhardy to prophesy. An arduous Session, extending far into the winter, should clear the way for simpler issues next year. If, however, the Peers wreck the Licensing Bill—an assumption said to be unlikely—we must be prepared for immediate war, to the finish.

P. W. WILSON

Note.—The above article was written before the defeat of Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., at Manchester by the majority—narrow in these days of sensational changes—of 429. The result is not a surprising one. The opposition to the Government, and in particular to the Licensing Bill, is now at its height, and is destined to decline. Another seat will doubtless be found for Mr. Churchill, and the Government, having set its hand to the work of social reform, is not likely to be deterred by reverses such as this. North-West Manchester is a normally Conservative constituency, with a large proportion of business men whose dread of “Socialism” outweighs their belief in Free Trade. The smallness of the Socialist poll proves the invincible repugnance of the electorate to Socialism of a revolutionary kind.

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THERE is in Egypt a graceful national custom that keeps alive the memory of the dead. Forty days after the funeral, friends assemble to pray for the repose of his soul and eulogise his virtues. The funeral of Mustafa Pasha Kamel, the creator of the Nationalist movement, had been a startling event, which destroyed for ever the suggestion that his followers are a mere "handful of extremists." The celebration of the fortieth day was no less impressive. Processions of school-boys, students and tradesmen paced the crowded, narrow thoroughfares of Cairo, banners at their head, pausing at intervals to intone a prayer or recite a poem. They visited the office of his newspaper, the *Lewa*, and marched by long detours to the cemetery outside the walls. There was no music. The speeches were brief and inaudible. No attempt had been made to bribe the crowd with a pompous or interesting spectacle. Yet for five hours the patient spectators stood in their tens of thousands, and even the women deserted the harems. Carriages and motor-cars mingled with files of street-hawkers, who ran at a dog trot, singing a chant about "the loss to mankind, the bereaval of Islam." Every class, every age was represented. The Christian Copts joined with their Moslem neighbours, and even Greek and Jewish cafés had thought it wise to exhibit the portrait of the dead leader. Above the crowd towered the great mosques in which the conquerors of Egypt have enshrined their names, from the Mameluke tyrants to Mohamet Ali. The crowd itself was a witness that in this land of interminable conquests the spirit of nationality has at last awakened.

Three things in a brief life of thirty-five years Mustafa

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Pasha gave to Egypt—a leader, a party, and the idea of nationality. It is the habit in Western Europe to exaggerate the political passivity of Orientals. There never was an unchecked tyranny in a Mohamedan country. Mob demonstrations, the closing of the bazaar, and remonstrances from the priesthood were familiar episodes even in the Egypt of the Mamelukes. But in the absence of any conception of personal liberty, no popular leader could emerge, no party openly form itself. Mustafa Pasha profited by the freedom of speech which the Occupation brought, and the absence of any censorship on newspapers, to make for himself a great position as the spokesman of the younger generation. His newspaper was the basis of his influence. It was only within a year of his death that he created a party organised on European lines, with its club, its subscription lists, and its secretarial staff. Even to-day a public meeting is a daring novelty, and it is only the students who take at all readily to this Western innovation. To the man himself even his enemies are beginning to do a tardy homage. In his energy, his courage and his passion for honest speech, he seemed to me to belong rather to the West than to Africa or the East. He saw the value of morals in politics. He knew that his first task was to raise erect a people which had always bent before its rulers. He deliberately rejected the path of moderation and concession, declined to sue for favours, and demanded instead the unlimited right of the Egyptians to control their own destinies. It was above all else the object-lesson which his countrymen required, and his brief life has left a great stimulus behind it. The time was when British officials used to sneer at the “servility” of the Egyptians; to-day they complain of their “truculence.”

There is something to be set, however, on the other side of the account. Mustafa Pasha would not compromise with the Occupation. But in his zeal to create a popular party and a popular newspaper, he did compromise with native prejudices which were much beneath him. He flattered the Turks, and concealed the facts about the misgovernment of Turkey. He was, moreover, the harshest enemy of the feeble movement for the education and emancipation

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of women, which is just beginning to make itself felt in Egypt. He subordinated everything to the aim of creating the idea of nationality—an idea foreign to all Mohamedan peoples, and, save for Arabi's blundering anticipation, wholly new in Egypt. Egyptian Nationalism is active as yet only in the realm of pure politics. It is doing nothing to create a native literature, or even to stimulate historical studies. Busied for ever with diplomatic and constitutional questions, the young men who have formed themselves on its teaching are leading an intellectual life as narrow as it is keen. The idea of nationality opens for them no new doors in the world of thought. They do not love the past. They do not seek to find a compensation for political impotence in artistic creation. They know nothing as yet of the preoccupations with social reform and reconstruction which have transformed Europe since the national movements of 1848. Unlike the Russian students, they have not "gone to the people." Of their own peasants they know little. Their movement is as yet a ferment among the least national class of all—the class which wears European clothes and has learned a European tongue. But on one charge which has been levelled at it, it deserves a complete acquittal. Most emphatically it is not a fanatical movement. The younger native Christians are eagerly joining it. The older generation of Moslems, and the priestly caste, remain for the most part aloof. Indeed, a hostile critic, Haji Browne, an eccentric Englishman who became a Mohamedan and assuredly knew the country, has even gone to the other extreme, and denounced it as "anti-Islamic."

In a country which never has enjoyed a decade of freedom or lived under the sway of a native ruler, no nationalist movement could have achieved a success so striking, unless it had been able to point to serious and definite grievances. In Egypt it is the educated class which forms the opposition, and it is precisely in our conduct of education that Lord Cromer's rule was most open to criticism. Our first duty was to educate an Egypt capable of self-government. Neither in quality, nor in quantity, nor in kind, will our arrangements for education bear scrutiny. The expenditure

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in Prussia on education represents one-eighth of the total Budget. Servia can spare one-fifteenth. A year ago in Egypt education accounted for £1 in every £81 of the total national expenditure. With a population of twelve millions she has only four governmental secondary schools for boys, and only one higher primary school for girls. Two years ago there was no normal college capable of training secondary teachers. There is still no university. It was only in the later years of Lord Cromer's reign that any attempt was made to create modern elementary schools in the villages, and even now the building and equipment of these schools is left to private benevolence. We had found in existence an extensive system of bursaries and free scholarships which enabled a poor lad to enter a primary school, and at the close of his secondary training to study in Europe. That system we entirely suppressed, partly from the individualist tendency which coloured all Lord Cromer's work, partly from mere economy. Under such conditions it was of course difficult to obtain competent native teachers. Poor men could not study, and the salaries which we used to offer could attract only poor men. We imported English teachers in annual swarms, and the result was the complete denationalisation of the teaching. In the secondary schools all instruction was given through the medium of English, and even in the primary schools English was used in certain subjects. A year ago there was not a map to be seen even in the primary schools with Arabic lettering. Some of these schools would be in every material respect a credit to any European country, and the English teachers are usually competent, skilful and devoted. But nothing can compensate for the absence of vernacular instruction, and latterly these unfortunate men have been working in an atmosphere of organised hostility and suspicion, which reached its climax in the Law School, where the students occasionally hold meetings to demand the resignation of Mr. Dunlop, the "Adviser" of the Ministry of Education.¹

¹ The disaffection in this School was due to a peculiarly wanton error. Egyptian Law is for all practical purposes a French system, and the Principal of this School was invariably a Frenchman. As a result of a personal misunderstanding with Mr. Dunlop, M. Lambert, a very distinguished jurist,

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Worst of all, the education which is given under such grave difficulties by foreign teachers in a foreign tongue, is of a severely utilitarian character. The object of these schools is professedly to train officials, and under the Occupation the Egyptian official is expected to be a careful copyist, a docile subordinate, a reliable clerk. He learns in these schools to speak and write English and Arabic well ; he learns a very little natural science and a smattering of universal history—the latter, I fear, by rote. But there are no liberal studies which might form his mind or train him to think. English and Arabic literature are almost equally neglected ; the sole aim is to make a useful quill-driver, who can correspond in these languages correctly. Latin and Greek are wisely ignored, but no serious attempt has been made to put any humanising study, literary or scientific, in their place. When one remembers that the boy who comes through this schooling has before him a professional college, legal or medical, but no liberal university, it is not surprising to find that Egyptian society as compared, for example, with that of Greece or Bulgaria, is somewhat elementary in its intellectual life. Its reading is confined almost entirely to newspapers. In Arabic there is virtually no original modern literature. Even the standard European works on the history and literature of the Arabs have not been translated.

Two years ago an impartial witness who had visited the schools and the ministries, would have been compelled to report that we had made as yet not even a beginning in the work of training the Egyptians for self-government. The Nationalists were agitating for a university, and for vernacular teaching in the schools. On both claims the English officials frowned. The Ministers were to a man the puppets of their English “advisers.” In the provinces

resigned last year. It was decided to appoint an Englishman in his place. Instead of nominating a judge or a practising barrister familiar with French law, Mr. Dunlop appointed an ex-teacher who had just taken a French degree, after failing in his first examination. He is no doubt a good teacher—it is claimed for him that he is a strict disciplinarian. But the students, already hostile, may be pardoned for thinking that this appointment is due solely to a policy of anglicising, which has no perceptible relation either to tactful administration or efficient education.

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the real work of administration was in the hands of English "inspectors," who are currently called the "jockeys" of the native prefects (Mudirs). The importation of English officials was at its height, and at Cambridge we were beginning to train a civil service on quasi-Indian lines. Everything pointed not merely to the permanence of the Occupation, but to the permanence of direct British rule. But in the last year of Lord Cromer's consulate there began a change as large as it was unmistakeable, and under Sir Eldon Gorst, needless to say, the pace has not slackened. For the first time we appointed a Minister who is a man of character and ideas, himself in a mild way a Nationalist, a man strong enough to say "No" to his "adviser," and bold enough to initiate a policy of his own. As Minister of Education, Saad Pasha Zaghloul has already reversed some of the graver errors of Mr. Dunlop's policy. The Budget has been largely increased; free scholarships have been created once more, and the sending of students to Europe resumed; a normal school for secondary teachers is now in working order; a beginning has been made in the restoration of Arabic to its national place as the vehicle of instruction; for a true university there is at last some hope. In a word, we have begun to govern in one department at least, not only in accordance with Egyptian ideas, but also through an Egyptian statesman. Simultaneously the importation of young Englishmen has been checked, and the more recent of the imported officials have been given to understand, with many apologies and regrets, that there are difficulties in the way of finding good posts for them, and in guaranteeing the promotion on which they had reckoned. Even in the provinces the change has been felt. In one prefecture, the Fayoum, there is now a Mudir, Mahmoud Bey Soliman, a young Egyptian who had studied in Oxford, who governs with conspicuous ability, wholly freed from the supervision of any English inspector. Sir Eldon Gorst, moreover, has circulated for study the draft of a Bill for the creation of a new type of provincial council which will enjoy some real responsibilities. The draft is not exactly inspiring. It leaves the councils, in name at least, merely advisory. While it permits them to impose a rate for

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education, it allows them no authority over any school more advanced than the village "kuttab." Only land-owners, moreover, who satisfy a fairly high property qualification are eligible for membership. A timid and far from democratic scheme, it none the less marks a perceptible advance, and there is reason to hope that the draft may be much improved before it becomes law. To the Khedive, moreover, repressed and ignored under Lord Cromer, Sir Eldon Gorst has allowed a real influence in affairs. These symptoms of a new departure are of immense interest to an outsider who studies Egyptian affairs as one may study history. But it would be a mistake to suppose that they have yet made any substantial difference in the daily lives of Egyptians, or diminished the mass of Egyptian discontent. The average Egyptian, indeed, is not yet aware of them. When we have placed a strong man in the Prime Minister's place, when we have taught our "inspectors" the distinction between inspecting and governing, when the Legislative Council can conduct its debates in public, and is allowed the right to state grievances, and question the Executive, we may expect to meet with some credit for our change of policy.

The preparation for self-government has certainly begun. The Nationalists can claim to have founded the nucleus of a popular party. The little group of moderate men who have gathered round the Sheikh Ali Youssef and his newspaper, the *Moayyad*, have hardly even begun to hold public meetings or to rally a mass of supporters. They include many wealthy and influential men, who have a personal following among their tenants and kinsmen in the villages. These "Constitutionalists" form an open-minded Conservative group, more Egyptian and less European than the Nationalists, which draws its support from the more enlightened strata of the priestly caste, and from the larger farmers and landed gentry. But as yet neither party has a force or organisation which would make it formidable apart from its newspaper, or enable it to resist, if the need should arise, any undue encroachment on the part of the Khedive. The peasants are quite outside these rudimentary parties. Some day a Nationalist with imagination will

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wander out of Cairo, watch the peasants gathering from their miserable mud villages in the central markets, and reflect that the future belongs to the party which will send out its missionaries week by week to these markets to talk about land tenure, the truck system, usury, and hours of labour. But as yet the peasants and the questions which might interest the peasants lie wholly outside the range of politics. The peasants have votes, it is true, for the various advisory councils. The present method of winning their votes is to buy them.

A Nationalist agitation brings with it a very mixed dower of good and evil. It raises the depressed moral tone of a subject-race, teaches self-respect and self-confidence, and calls forth, especially in the young men, all the devotion and self-sacrifice of which they are capable. On the other hand it diverts their attention from those concrete questions, which are the real content and material of politics. Nationalism in Egypt has neglected matters in which Egyptian opinion really is supreme, in order to conquer realms where the English adviser dominates. The masses of the people who still wear their Oriental clothes, speak no tongue save Arabic, and move in a world of thought which is that of the Middle Ages, will remain what they are, until the effete theological university of the Azhar is reformed. It trains the priestly caste, the village teachers, and the judges of the religious courts. On the financial side all this immensely important organisation depends on the accumulated reserves of the Wakfs, or pious foundations, and this department, ill-managed and probably corruptly managed, is wholly outside all English influence. It matters very little to a nation's inner life whether foreign experts control the customs, the post-office, and the machinery of irrigation. But it does matter enormously that its thinking, its instruction, its religion, its intimate justice in family affairs, and its resources of benevolence and charity, should respond to what is best in its own ideals. Such questions as these Nationalism has ignored. The Khedive was hostile to reform, and the little that has been achieved at the Azhar in the past two years is due to Saad Pasha Zaghloul, who had the support of Lord Cromer.

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Security, scientific irrigation, and the growth of the world's demand for cotton, have brought a vast increase of wealth to Egypt, and the value of land has risen by fabulous progressions. Foreign land companies, speculators, princely landlords and, happily also, the peasants who have an acre or two of their own, have all shared in this increase of wealth. But the landless peasants, who are still more than half the rural population, are sunk in a poverty to which I have seen nothing comparable even in Macedonia or the West of Ireland. The villages are crowded slums of mud hovels, without a tree, a flower, or a garden. The huts, often without a window or a levelled floor, are bare of any property whatever. A store of maize, a few cooking utensils, a mat to serve as a bed, and the clothes on their back are all they possess as a result of their inordinate toil from dawn to sunset on every day of the year, Fridays not excepted, in fields which yield three crops in twelve months. The explanation is simple. There is no true system of tenancy. A peasant may hire a field for one crop or one year, or bargain for a share—sometimes only a sixth—in the crop in return for his labour. But he is always at the mercy of an elaborate truck system, always in the debt of his landlord, and always, in consequence, tied to the land, and unable to sell his labour in an open market. This subject has been so little studied that I write of it with diffidence. There are no books on such questions, and most of the educated men, whether Englishmen or natives, from whom I sought information were confessedly ignorant. But the poverty of the landless peasants is obvious to the eyes, and the general indifference beyond question. The abolition of the *corvée*, and the encouragement by Lord Cromer of a private land bank (which, however, charges up to 12 per cent. for its loans, despite a government guarantee), must not be forgotten. Mr. Harvey, the new Financial Adviser, is pursuing towards the land companies a policy which must result in the rapid increase of small holdings. Something might be done by graduating the land tax in favour of small holdings. But without a truck act, and a stringent regulation of tenancy, the progress of the landless peasantry will be very slow. The English might have done more in

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these directions in their capacity of Providence. But there is as yet no pressure from the native politicians on these lines. At present in this almost wholly agricultural country, there is not even a Ministry of Agriculture, and where legislation is required, the Khedivial Agricultural Society, active and intelligent though it is, cannot do the work of a Ministry.

The simple fact is, I suppose, that Lord Cromer held ultra-individualistic ideas as to the functions of government. I could hardly credit my informants when I first heard that there is no Factory Act in Egypt; I could hardly believe my eyes when I first saw a mill. There are throughout the Delta some scores of ginning mills, which employ casual labour to prepare the raw cotton for export during four or five months of the year. The wages are low, from $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $10d.$ for an adult, and $6d.$ for a child. Children and adults alike work for fifteen or even sixteen hours a day. In the height of the season even the children are put on night-shifts of twelve hours. The foremen carry whips. Fraud is so common that in some mills the workers now insist on receiving their day's wage in advance, pledging their clothes in return. The atmosphere in which the children work is so charged with cotton dust that it resembles a November fog in London rather than the climate of Egypt. Lord Cromer used to say that legislation was impossible, because the Capitulations stand in the way. His own *laissez faire* individualism was, I imagine, a more formidable obstacle. The Egyptian Government cannot, while the Capitulations remain in force, coerce or punish the foreign mill-owners. But it can legislate for the workers. They are Egyptian subjects, and it can easily prohibit them to work more than ten hours a day, and prosecute the parents of children who allow them to work at night or to exceed a fixed limit during the day. A threat to forbid child-labour altogether would make the mill-owners only too willing to accept a Factory Act by consent.

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In all its external and material tasks the Occupation has deserved the eulogies which its directors have bestowed upon each other's work. So long as they were handling

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material things—water and debts, dikes and piastres, taxes and dams—they more than justified their benevolent despotism. In their handling of men it is hard to feel the same satisfaction. The Egyptians are by nature singularly pliable and assimilative. Their admiration, amounting almost to hero-worship, for the few Englishmen who have cared to maintain with them kindly and human relationships, is an evidence that with tact and sympathy they might have been easily led. But, with rare exceptions, there has been no interchange of ideas, and no teaching in any higher sense of the word. They have learnt our language, our technical skill, and our orderly official routine. But because we did not mix with them they have not learned the most precious lesson which Europeans might have taught to a backward Oriental race—the conception of politics and government as the art of promoting the happiness and development of the less fortunate strata of society. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? The normal English attitude has been one of contempt—a contempt which sometimes takes the extreme form, among the younger officers, of a refusal to salute their native seniors. The normal Egyptian attitude is now one of distrust. The English colony lives in an absolute isolation. One never meets an Englishman in a native house. Our work is professedly one of “inspection” and “advice.” But an inspector who will not mix with the people cannot know what is going on. I heard in the country constant and detailed complaints of corruption among the lower ranks of the irrigation officials. I met two Egyptian land-owners who admitted that they themselves habitually give bribes. These complaints were always followed by another—that the English officials are unapproachable, and consequently ignorant of the real condition of affairs. It is this ineradicable national failing, the result partly of temperament and partly of tradition, which seems to set a limit to our good work in Egypt. If we had possessed the gift of moral leadership, the magnetism that attracts and inspires to imitation, we should by now have trained up a generation competent to govern Egypt unaided. But the possibility of assuming that leadership

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has now irreparably gone. Lord Cromer's book has destroyed any chance that remained. Its rough criticisms of the Egyptians, and, above all, its strictures on the Mohamedan religion, are by now familiar to every native who can read a newspaper. A ruler who was loved might have done good by such criticisms, if a kindlier tone had inspired them. Lord Cromer was not loved. "What did he know of us?" the Egyptians ask. "He never learned our language. He studied us only through his Syrian interpreters and spies. We realise now that he disliked us and hated Islam. That is the attitude of every official Englishman. They have all modelled themselves on Lord Cromer." The book, in short, has completed the work of estrangement which our habits and our policy began. The Egyptians will learn nothing more from us. I ask myself whether the judges of Denshawai have anything to teach.

Yet it is futile to talk of ending the Occupation. A Nationalist party can be created in a generation. A Nation is of slower growth. It is even premature, I think, to discuss a Parliament. Our failure on the moral and intellectual side of our work has immensely protracted our stay. But the time has come—it is much overdue—to allow a real responsibility to the better native officials, to develop local self-government, and to introduce through the Legislative Council the very necessary element of responsible public criticism. It lies with the Egyptians so to use these opportunities as to prove their own ripeness for a Parliamentary *régime*.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE RUSSIAN HORIZON

IF this epoch goes down to history, as it assuredly will, as a period of criminal waste in all departments of life, modern Russia will be held up as an example of this waste in its extremest and most abominable form. For, in addition to that squandering of human material which is involved in the economic conditions under which all civilised nations now live, Russia has to endure the wanton destruction which is the necessary accompaniment of a great political and social upheaval. The endless procession of over-crowded trains bearing away to the great rubbish-heap of Siberia the best blood, brain and spirit of the nation ; the great foundling hospital of Moscow which is said to deposit annually thousands of victims in the river that runs beneath its walls ; the countless numbers of famishing or homeless peasants ; the burning villages and the burning chateaux ; the periodical outbursts of blood-lust and religious fanaticism, egged on by political intrigue, directed against the unfortunate children of Israel, the despised ; the very advocates of law and brotherhood arming themselves with the most deadly instruments of destruction and seeking to establish their new social order by blowing their opponents to pieces—what are all these but indications of colossal waste, waste of life, of wealth, of intellect, of every material out of which alone the future can be built ? Were a normal state of affairs to be re-established in Russia to-morrow, she would still take years to recover from the enormous weight of debt which her extravagant administrators have heaped up with reckless improvidence : and in other and more vital matters than finance, how soon would she recover ? Perhaps not for generations. But, alas ! to-morrow will see no establishment of normal conditions.

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Yet the so-called Russian Government, upon which rests the entire responsibility of this anarchical state of affairs, seems at the present moment to be in a stronger position than it has been for many years past. To the surprise of every one the double-headed eagle has emerged from the great storm-cloud of 1905 with wings stronger and beaks sharper than ever. In the hour of distress a few concessions were wrung from the Tsar, but though he followed the constitutional tack for a while he is now busy reefing his canvas. The Duma still exists, but without its *raison d'être*, for it no longer represents the people. Stolypin, the astute "pacificator," has managed to coop the lion within the cage of autocracy, and if it still occasionally growls, out comes the whip followed by submission and "pardon." Meanwhile the members of the last Duma are being prosecuted for expressing the sentiments of their constituents, which is what they were elected to do. Legal trial, however, is at best an expensive, laborious and risky way of going to work, and one only necessary in the case of those who have somehow attracted the attention of Europe. For the obscurer and more extreme sections of the army of liberty there is the summary and effective "administrative order," which has already filled the prisons of Russia to overflowing. So much for the imperial guarantees of liberty of speech and liberty of person. The liberty of the press is best exemplified by the fact that so many papers have been suppressed within the past year in Russia that one of the three largest paper mills in Finland has just been forced to close down in consequence, turning loose some thousand employees. The Tsar has violated his promises, but what of that? To the bureaucratic mind a promise is for use, not for fulfilment.

Truly, as far as appearances go, reaction has laid its dead hand upon every promise of progress, every hope for the future. This is well brought out by the altered tone of that small talk of society which always responds so rapidly to any change in the political atmosphere. Two years ago it was possible for a lady to remark to the assembled company in a St. Petersburg drawing-room that her belief was that nothing would come of all this pother

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until the whole imperial family had been blown into space. The following story shows how far the pendulum has since swung to the right. The mother of a friend of mine who owns an estate in the neighbourhood of Moscow was present at a large dinner-party. Politics in Russia are too vital to be held back as a topic of conversation until the ladies have fled from the reek of the masculine cigar, and the subject of terrorism was soon being discussed in general by the whole assembly of thirty to forty guests. How was the movement to be stamped out? was the problem, and the solution which seemed to meet the approbation of the majority was that for every police officer killed five political prisoners should be hanged, for every superior officer ten, and for every governor twenty. This point having been satisfactorily settled, the conversation turned to the peasant question. My friend's mother finding herself apparently the only person in the room with the slightest suspicion of liberal ideas, had kept a judicious silence up to this point, but now her neighbour, the governor of the province, turned to her and remarked, "Baroness —, don't you ever have disturbances among the peasants on your property?" "Oh yes, occasionally," she replied. "In that case," returned the governor impressively, "there is but one thing to be done. Send for me at once and I will come and burn a few villages for you." "Surely that would do little good," she remarked; "the poor things would only murder me in my bed on the first opportunity." Such simplicity of outlook seemed half to amuse, half to irritate the worthy governor. "I assure you," he added, as if closing the topic, "you are quite mistaken; the course I propose is an unfailing remedy. I have myself tried it upon several occasions, and it has always answered admirably."

Such are the sentiments of the rulers of Russia at the beginning of the year of our Lord 1908. It would be easy to throw more detail into the picture of this long-suffering and oppressed country, to tell a hundred tales of shame and horror which would scarcely bear the printing, and would scarcely find credence if printed; to throw light, for example, upon the plight of the brave, wretched women who have cheerfully risked life and the honour which is more than

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life in the cause of liberty, women for the most part of great refinement and intelligence, thousands of whom are lying at this moment rotting, ten to a tiny cell, in the great prisons of Russia. But it has all been told before. The inhabitants of happier countries find it impossible to *realise* the lot of their Russian brothers; for a tale however long and however oft repeated is but a tale after all. Moreover, after a time it becomes wearisome, like the moaning of the wind in the darkness outside a house full of light and comfort.

Let us turn and consider the situation, not from the point of view of present misery, but from that of hope for the future. Let us lift our eyes from the squalor, degradation and suffering at our feet, and search the horizon for some faint glow, however insignificant, of the dawn. It should be borne in mind that the Duma, which has attracted, as those who first convoked it intended, so much attention in parliamentary countries, has never been, in the opinion of a large proportion of the population, of any importance whatsoever. The lack of interest shown by the people in the various elections has been taken as a sign of the political incapacity of the race. Not a bit of it. As most of the electorate realised from the outset, the Duma was never meant to be a stepping-stone towards constitutional government. It was a toy which the Russian Government found it convenient to flourish before the eyes of the European onlookers to keep them happy while it went on with its work of stamping out all real signs of constitutional growth. As a matter of fact no political institutions, however well advertised, can be of the slightest use to Russia while the theory of autocracy still remains supreme. The Duma has been of double service to the Government. It has enabled them to float loans, while it has brought to the fore the most enlightened and determined spirits in the country, who can now be conveniently despatched to Siberia. But it has not brought the country one step nearer to the solution of its problems. The lawyers and professors who form the "Cadet" party have made an honest attempt to apply their reading of history and their knowledge of constitutional law to their own country, and to use the Duma as the thin

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end of the wedge of constitutionalism, to be driven by gentle and almost imperceptible taps into the heart of autocracy. But the cancer from which Russia suffers cannot be cured by homœopathic treatment ; it needs the surgeon with his knife. The "Cadets" have failed, and their failure, which is one cause of the present depression, has proved that the revolutionaries have been right from the very beginning ; nothing can be done to improve matters until autocracy and all its symbolises has been destroyed root and branch.

What then are the revolutionaries doing ? At first sight their condition seems hardly more promising and far more uncomfortable than that of the "Cadets." It is difficult to obtain exact information in these matters, but there appears to have been an enormous number of arrests made recently among the revolutionaries, which is a sign of weakness and lack of confidence, if not of secret treachery, in the ranks. Many of Stolypin's recent catches have been men and women of great importance, among whom may be mentioned that noble veteran Nicholas Tchaykovsky, the father of the revolution. Yet, in spite of all this, the revolutionary work is going forward. The events of 1905 marked a turning point in the history of the revolution. Previously propaganda had been carried on chiefly among the town workers, but the failure of the great strike and of the Moscow rising proved that the proletariat were not capable of carrying on the fight single-handed against the forces of autocracy. The realisation of this tended to take the lead of affairs out of the hands of the Social Democrats and put it into those of the Social Revolutionaries. The Social Democratic doctrine that salvation cometh from the proletariat alone was disproved by facts, and the Social Revolutionaries who had always insisted on the importance of the peasantry have, during the past two years, come more and more to the fore, the more intelligent among the Social Democrats having joined their ranks. The task this party sets before it is that of converting the peasantry and the army.

The success of this propaganda work has exceeded the hopes of those who initiated it. Since the dissolution of the first Duma, the peasants have for the most part lost

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their last vestige of faith in the Tsar, and openly curse him in the roundest terms. In many places they are almost masters of the situation. In the summer of 1906 a number of villages sent in demands to the landlords for a reduction of their rent to a quarter of its previous amount, and the majority of the demands were granted. In the Volga district indeed peasants are dictating not merely to the landlords but also to the officials.

An even more significant sign of the times is the increasing quantity of outlaw bands who rove the country. Some of these no doubt are recruited from the criminal section of the community, who are ever ready to turn the weakness of the executive to their own purpose. But on the other hand it must be urged that the very existence of a large criminal class is a sign of the dissolution of society, and, further, that the majority of these outlaws have been forced to become so by circumstances. Their ranks are filled from many sources. First, there are the deserters from the army, the numbers of which may be gauged by the fact that a few months ago four hundred of them met together at Baku and began laying down the law to the neighbourhood by issuing proclamations. Then there are the ever-increasing number of the unemployed, created by the dislocation of industries and the burning villages, and these take to robbery to earn their daily bread. Hundreds of peasants also, who have been persecuted by the police and driven from their homes for suspected revolutionary opinions, go to swell the ranks of this desperate and anti-bureaucratic element, which has nothing to lose and everything to gain by a revolution.

One of the most famous of these outlaw bands is that known as the "woodland brothers," which dwells in the Ural mountains. Its captain is one Lbov, a huge peasant who has been a worker in a Government gun factory, and an artilleryman in the Japanese war. He took part in the troubles of the winter of 1905-6, was marked down by the police because of his size, and was forced to flee to the mountains. Soon other fugitives and discontents began to gather round him, and commenced to organise attacks upon the police, and to "expropriate" Government money. The

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people of the neighbourhood had repeatedly petitioned against the Government drink-shops which exercise so demoralising an influence throughout Russia. Lbov makes these drink-shops an especial object of his attack, and is said to have almost rid the district of them. The "woodland brothers" dispersed for the winter, but the spring will doubtless see them in action again. A similar band at Vietka, in the south of Russia, occupies itself in expelling obnoxious officials and landlords from the neighbourhood. In certain other localities the peasants are clamouring to the revolutionaries for arms, while incendiarism is rampant all over the country, and more especially in the province of Kherson. Scarcely a day passes but some manor is burnt to the ground. The landlords combine and send large sums of money to the Government, with prayers for the assistance of Cossacks, but this is an expensive business, and, moreover, the Cossacks very soon begin to fraternise with the people they are hired to suppress. All this goes to show that the country population is already stirring itself. The immovable moujik is moving. The people are already taking matters into their own hands and discovering methods of combating the Government. While Stolypin is congratulating himself in Petersburg over the triumph of reaction, the type of warfare just indicated is daily on the increase, and will in the future become a recognised institution. And the present state of Russia is such that one must welcome this chaos as the first step towards a new cosmos.

Further, where the peasant leads the army must follow, for the army is only a proportion of the peasantry under arms. Every year some 250,000 new recruits are enlisted, which means that a third of the army is always new blood, and as time goes on this new blood is more and more revolutionary. Of the enlistment which took place last autumn I do not possess any figures, but that of November 1906 was a perfect fiasco as far as the north-west provinces of the empire were concerned. Only fifty per cent. of those upon whom the lot fell put in an appearance, and those who did made no secret of their revolutionary intentions, even going to the length of singing the Marseillaise.

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within earshot of the officers. There can be no doubt that a vast proportion of the Russian military are at this moment heart and soul with the revolution, but, and this is the important point, they have no leaders. The officers are almost to a man reactionary, owing to the training they get in the military schools. In the early days of the movement things were different, and many an officer was numbered among the adherents of progress. But under Alexander III a new type of military school was established, with a curriculum from which all science, or anything else of an enlightening nature, was carefully excluded. The typical Russian officer of to-day is superficially a charming person. His manners are perfect, and since he invariably speaks several languages fluently, he strikes you, especially if you happen to be an Englishman, as a very accomplished person. Yet he is, if you come to know him better, the most ignorant and often the most brutal of mortals. He can write none of the languages he has picked up as a child from foreign governesses, often indeed he cannot write his own language correctly, while his charm of manner only serves to conceal a barbarism which finds its chief delight in self-indulgence and cruelty. It is the officer who is the chief obstacle to the revolutionary movement at the present moment. The failure of such mutinies as those of Sveaborg and Kronstadt and of many others in the interior, of which the outside world is ignorant, is due to the lack of officers among the revolutionary forces. But the revolutionaries do not despair of converting even the officer. Already some of the youngest have been infected with revolutionary ideas, while others are beginning to recoil in sheer disgust from the foul work of oppression which their duties entail.

* * * * *

It is still night with us, a night of horrors, of evil dreams and evil purposes, a night in which men grope for each other's throats and grapple and stab in the dark. Nor can any one tell how many hours have yet to run before the dawn. It will and must come—that is sufficient for the struggler for freedom; he is content to go on fighting in the certainty that his children or his children's children

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will see the day at last. But what is this day for which the best of Russia hopes and suffers? What will the dawn, for signs of whose approach we have searched the horizon, reveal to the astonished gaze of man? A second bourgeois France? A United States of Russia, in which the doctrine of liberty is made a cloak for a shameless exploitation of humanity and a nauseating scramble for gold? If he believed that the destruction of autocracy would bring about such results, no revolutionary would lift another finger to aid in the work. No, the day that must eventually dawn over the mighty plains of Russia will be a day such as the world has not yet seen. Only something new and something great can be brought forth after such birth-throes as Russia is now enduring. It would be idle to speculate as to the exact form of polity which she will in the end work out for herself. But of one thing there can be no manner of doubt. In some way or other it will be what we now call socialistic, that is, it will be a society and not a mere heap of writhing, struggling individuals. In fact, the "Russian Revolution" is no mere isolated phenomenon. It is simply the most desperate battle-field of that world-wide war which has been declared upon the existing principles of human government by all those who regard our present manner of life as detestable and degrading, and wish to "remould it nearer to the heart's desire."

WILDOVER JOHNSON

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S OPPORTUNITY— AND RESPONSIBILITY

THE principle of Income Tax graduation has for some years been carried into effect in the United Kingdom by the method (if it is not abusing the word "method" to apply it in this connexion) of enacting a nominal rate of tax, and amending the nominal rate of tax by allowing persons of moderate incomes to pay it on part of their incomes only—after, that is, deducting certain "abatements" from their total income. Incomes not exceeding £160 a year do not pay Income Tax at all. Incomes over £160 and not exceeding £700 are allowed "abatements" as follows :

INCOME TAX ABATEMENTS

<i>Annual Income.</i>				<i>Abatement.</i>
Over £160 but not over £400				£160
„	400	„	500	150
„	500	„	600	120
„	600	„	700	70

In his 1907 Budget Mr. Asquith did not amend the abatement system. He left it precisely as it was—precisely,

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that is, as it was last arranged by a Tory Chancellor—and contented himself with introducing the principle of differentiating between incomes from personal exertion and incomes from property. He did this by leaving the nominal rate of Income Tax at 1s. in the £, and by enacting the following clause :

“Any individual who claims and proves, in manner provided by this section, that his total income from all sources does not exceed two thousand pounds, and that any part of that income is earned income, shall be entitled, subject to the provisions of this section, to such relief from Income Tax as will reduce the amount payable on the earned income to the amount which would be payable if the tax were charged on that income at the rate of ninepence.”

It is important clearly to understand the effect of grafting the principle of differentiation upon the abatement system, and it is well to set out the double scale which is arrived at. It is as follows :

INCOME TAX (1907-8) CHARGED ON EARNED INCOMES

<i>Income.</i>	<i>Abatement Allowed.</i>	<i>Nominal Rate of Tax.</i>	<i>Actual Rate of Tax.</i>	<i>Actual Amount of Tax paid.</i>
£	£	<i>Pence in the £</i>	<i>Pence in the £</i>	£ s. d.
160	160	9	nil	nil
200	160	9	1½	1 10 0
300	160	9	4½	5 5 0
400	160	9	5½	9 0 0
500	150	9	6½	13 2 6
600	120	9	7½	18 0 0
700	70	9	8	23 12 6
800	nil	9	9	30 0 0
1,000	nil	9	9	37 10 0
2,000	nil	9	9	75 0 0
2,200	nil	12	12	110 0 0
5,000	nil	12	12	250 0 0
10,000	nil	12	12	500 0 0
20,000	nil	12	12	1,000 0 0

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INCOME TAX (1907-8) CHARGED ON UNEARNED INCOMES

<i>Size of Income.</i>	<i>Abatement Allowed.</i>	<i>Nominal Rate of Tax.</i>	<i>Actual Rate of Tax.</i>	<i>Actual Amount of Tax paid.</i>
£	£	Pence in the £	Pence in the £	£ s. d.
160	160	12	nil	nil
200	160	12	2½	2 0 0
300	160	12	5½	7 0 0
400	160	12	7½	12 0 0
500	150	12	8½	17 10 0
600	120	12	9½	24 0 0
700	70	12	10½	31 10 0
800	nil	12	12	40 0 0
1,000	nil	12	12	50 0 0
2,000	nil	12	12	100 0 0
2,200	nil	12	12	110 0 0
5,000	nil	12	12	250 0 0
10,000	nil	12	12	500 0 0
20,000	nil	12	12	1,000 0 0

If the reader will closely scrutinise these tables he will arrive at the meaning of the present clumsy enactments. They create in effect two scales of Income Tax, which are differentiated up to, but not beyond, £2,000 a year. The steps are steep, and at the superior limit of graduation the method becomes absurd. Thus an income of £2,000 pays only £75 tax, while an income of £2,200 pays £110 tax. This, however, is but the crowning injustice, for the entire scale is unjust. While perfection in adjusting taxation to ability to pay is not attainable, we can easily, if we wish it, do better than this.

And we have not only to plead for more justice but for greater lucidity. The abatement system cannot be understood without working out the scales, as has been done above, and not one taxpayer in ten thousand understands the scale upon which he is taxed. We ought to sweep away the abatements together with the "nominal" rate of tax. To speak of a "shilling" or "ninepenny" tax is absurd when only the minority of taxpayers pay such rates. If we substitute for a nominal rate with abatements a simple graduated scale we can render the Income Tax both juster

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and clearer. Take the following as a suggestion as to method :

SUGGESTED FORM OF A GRADUATED INCOME TAX

Where the Amount of Income	Income Tax payable at the rate of Pence in the £	
	If the income is wholly Earned.	If the income is wholly Unearned.
Does not exceed £160	Exempt	Exempt
Exceeds £160 but not £200	1	2
" 200 " " 225	1½	3
" 225 " " 250	2	4
" 250 " " 275	2½	4½
" 275 " " 300	3	5

[And so upwards, the rate of tax rising by ½d. in the £, for every £25 of income until £600 a year is reached.]

" 600 " " 650	9½	11½
" 650 " " 700	10	12
" 700 " " 750	10½	12
" 750 " " 800	11	12
" 800 " " 900	11½	12
" 900 " " 1,000	12	12
" 1,000 " " 1,500	12½	12½
" 1,500 " " 2,000	13	13
" 2,000 " " 2,500	13½	13½
" 2,500 " " 3,000	14	14
" 3,000 " " 3,500	14½	14½
" 3,500 " " 4,000	15	15
" 4,000 " " 4,500	15½	15½
" 4,500 " " 5,000	16	16
" 5,000 " " 6,000	16½	16½
" 6,000 " " 8,000	17	17
" 8,000 " " 10,000	17½	17½
" 10,000	18	18

I want it to be clearly understood that it is not so much the actual rates or steps or limits of this scale which I advocate as the method of stating the rates. Suppose that the Income Tax paper bore such a graduated scale as this, showing each taxpayer exactly how he was taxed. Every citizen would then understand his position, and appreciate the

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fact that he was taxed with some regard to his ability to pay. Moreover, the small steps by which the scale rises lead to more accurate declaration of income, and prevent such injustices as that which now occurs at the £2,000 a year line.

Moreover, it cannot be too clearly borne in mind that graduation is the most effectual and practical means of securing differentiation. For as incomes rise in the scale more and more of the property element attaches to them. Therefore effective graduation is actually equivalent to effective differentiation.

What stands in the way of such a sensible and simple plan? One thing only. We have not compulsory universal declarations of individual income, and the Government will not consent to exact them. We compel people to declare only if they desire to avail themselves of the abatements or of the special rate for earned incomes. A taxpayer having £1,800 a year of earned income, is compelled to pay 1s. in the £, unless he declares his total income. A man with £500 a year is compelled to pay the full rate, unless he declares his income and claims the abatement. There is no absolute compulsion, but the loss by not declaring is so great that most of the people concerned declare. For practical purposes there is virtual compulsion for all persons with up to £700 a year, earned or unearned, and for all persons with up to £2,000 a year earned.

What does this mean in point of numbers? It means this: that out of 1,000,000 to 1,100,000 Income Tax payers, as many as 850,000 or 900,000 are virtually compelled by a heavy penalty to declare their incomes.

Then it may well be asked, Why should not the minority of taxpayers, the rich, also be compelled to state their individual incomes, in order that a properly graduated scale may be arranged?

In the debates on the Finance Bill of 1907, I moved the following new sub-section:

"Every person upon whom notice is served in manner prescribed by section forty-eight of the Income Tax Act, 1842 (which section relates to the delivery of notices by assessors), requiring him to make a return of his income chargeable to duty under any and every schedule of the Income Tax, shall make a return, in the form required by the notice, which shall show the

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amount of his aggregate income from all sources, whether he is or is not chargeable with duty, and upon what part or parts of such aggregate income, if any, Income Tax has already been paid under the Income Tax Acts by deduction at the source, and in default shall be liable to a penalty under section fifty-five of the Income Tax Act, 1842.

Provided that a penalty inflicted in the case of a person proceeded against for not complying with this provision, who proves that he was not chargeable to Income Tax, shall not exceed five pounds for any one offence."

In refusing to assent to the enactment of this provision, Mr. Asquith said, significantly, that we "might yet come to it." It may be added that unless we do come to it we cannot have a just Income Tax.

Given such an enactment, the rest would be easy. We could retain assessment at the source for property incomes, either (1) collecting at the source the highest rate of tax, or (2) collecting at the source something less than the highest rate of tax, and collecting the balance upon the individual declaration.

I have said that the actual rates charged do not affect the method, but I do not conceal my own opinion that the rates on large incomes should be not less than those suggested in the graduated scale I have set out. What can be urged against the increased taxation of the rich in order to relieve the middle class? At the Cannon Street Hotel on January 27, 1908, Lord St. Aldwyn admitted that it was "impossible to abolish the Income Tax," but as to increased taxation said:

"They would hear amateur financiers going about the country and saying 'Oh, if we want to add £30,000,000 a year to our national expenditure we have only got to put it on to incomes above £5,000 a year.' These sanguine gentlemen did not seem to him to know the difference between taxation and confiscation. (Cheers.) But could their ideas be realised? Why, in the first place, as anybody who had examined the statistics was aware, there were very few persons so fortunate as to enjoy £5,000 a year compared with the total number of those who paid Income Tax; and, in the second place, of those fortunate persons, some of them were very clever . . . and he would venture to prophecy that if any Chancellor of the Exchequer should ever attempt that kind of taxation he would very soon discover that

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the receipts from the Income Tax were much less than he anticipated."

And upon this the *Westminster Gazette*, in a leading article on January 28, 1908, commented :

"We agree with Lord St. Aldwyn when he warns us against expecting large results from such expedients as a super-tax on incomes of £5,000 and upwards. In principle we have no objection to it, but such a tax would in practice produce friction out of all proportion to its yield."

When we find Tory and Liberal thus united, we may well ask ourselves if any new principle would be established by an Income Tax graduated up to the high levels of wealth. When we make that inquiry what do we find? Sir William Harcourt, in 1894, carried Death Duty graduation into those same high levels. He did not cease to graduate when the mass of property taxable corresponded to £700, or £2,000, or even £5,000 a year. He made a simple graduated scale, which was graduated up to £1,000,000. To give a few lines, the Harcourt Death Duty scale read :

<i>Estate.</i>	<i>Duty per cent.</i>
£500 to £1,000	2
£10,000 to £25,000	4
£100,000 to £150,000	6
Over £1,000,000	8

This scale exhibits a sense of proportion. It is a recognition of the theory that the estate of £1,000,000 (an income of, say, £40,000 to £50,000 a year) ought to pay a higher rate than the estate of £100,000 (an income of, say, £4,000 to £5,000 a year). Sir William Harcourt did not represent to the House of Commons that there were but about 250 or 300 millionaires in the whole country, and that, therefore, because they were few, they ought not to be taxed progressively. No; he very wisely considered not their number, but their extravagant opulence, and the Liberal Party agreed with him. Why, then, I ask, is the small number of the rich now represented as an argument against the higher taxation of their incomes? If the death duties range from one per cent. on a £500 estate to eight per cent. or more on a £1,000,000 estate, why should not the Income Tax range from one per cent. (or, say, 2*d.* in

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the £) on £250 a year to eight per cent. (or, say, 1s. 7d. in the £) on £40,000 a year? And how, I ask, can a proper series of steps be arranged if the maximum Income Tax for the millionaire be but five per cent., or 1s. in the £?

The only answer is to take the view that the death duties are equivalent to deferred Income Tax, but I urge that the proper view of the death duties is that they are a special toll taken in return for the State protection which alone enables a man to inherit.

Moreover, not content with the Harcourt Death Duty scale, Mr. Asquith, in 1907, still further increased the taxation of the small number of rich estates. In this connexion, it is clear, he was not impressed by the arguments of Lord St. Aldwyn and the *Westminster Gazette*, that it is inexpedient to tax progressively the very rich because they are few. He took the properer view that it is not numbers but wealth which counts in this connexion.

And for one very simple and sufficient reason it is more expedient thus to deal with Income Tax than thus to deal with death duties. The death duties are being increasingly evaded by the division of property before death. I do not say that they will not bear further increase, but I do assert that such increase would not be so effectual in securing a larger revenue as to deal in the manner I have suggested with the Income Tax.

The Government may be quite sure of one thing. The adjustment of the Income Tax for the relief of the middle classes, and the just taxation of all classes, and for purposes of social reform, would gain the approval of the great majority, and make the Budget which enacted it a landmark in the records of British finance.

There is an alternative to a graduated Income Tax as a means of raising the revenue needed for social reforms. That alternative is to raise money by Protective duties. On the Chancellor of the Exchequer rests the responsibility of deciding which path the nation is to take in the very near future. If we go out of power without thoroughly reforming the methods by which we raise our Imperial Revenue a Protective tariff will be permanently established in this country within a decade.

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY

ARE OUR SENSES DETERIORATING ?

PESSIMISM is out of fashion to-day : to be a pessimist is to be unpopular. The twentieth century believes devoutly in Evolution if it believes in anything, and to point out any matters in which we fall short of our forefathers is to incur the charge of pessimism. When an Archbishop in an after-dinner speech refers to the greatness of the times in which we are privileged to live, the daily papers become quite hysterical in their jubilations, and devote leading articles to the topic. So rejoiced are they at the assurance from such a quarter, it almost seems as if they must have doubted it.

True it is we live in an age of great discoveries, of great inventions, though many of these are but the ripening of principles laid down generations ago. We should be greater perhaps if it were not for a growing self-consciousness, for a growing tendency, new amongst Englishmen, to follow a transatlantic fashion to the tune of We are a Great People, Sir ! If individuals cannot lay claim in their own persons to the possession of superlative gifts, it seems to afford them much support to belong to the greatest nation on earth, or the greatest century in Time. It is singular, by the way, to observe how much more we plume ourselves on things entirely beyond our own power to attain than we do on the industry by which we have won skill or knowledge ; on such natural gifts as beauty, long descent, or nationality, in which we have had no hand, than on what we have achieved by our own exertions, and therefore might take some credit for. Personal criticism we will bear, but touch us on the point of the age we live in, we are up in arms. The writer who would be popular must

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before all things flatter the age and speak smooth things of this "best of all possible worlds."

So we sit complacently in church listening to the story of Ahab, and it rarely strikes us that Micaiah, the son of Imlah, would have been at least as unpopular in this day as he was in his own. "I hate him," said the king, "for he doth not prophecy good concerning me but evil," and the irony of the response was patent—"Go up and prosper ; for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king." In our times it is not the King who must be flattered, but Demos and Dives, who between them have usurped the mastery of the civilised world.

This opens up a graver line of thought than I started to pursue : we will not, I think, follow this path that seems to lead through a deep grove, through fearsome shadows, but will only touch lightly on the price we have had to pay for some pieces of our vaunted progress. For every advance a price must be paid, and it is sometimes a heavy one. Is it not worth while now and again to reckon up our losses as well as our gains ? especially as the practical question may arise, "Need we, after all, have paid so dear ?" Civilisation has increased enormously the sources of gratification open to us, but then if it has cost us the fineness and delicacy of the senses to be gratified, surely the price is too high. Possibly we may not be pursuing the line of progress in harmony with Nature's methods, and if so Nature will be avenged. Man, as he makes his entry on life, is endowed with five portals through which the world outside him can make itself known to his consciousness, the five gates which from our childhood we are taught to discriminate as our five senses, Sight, Hearing, Taste, Smell, Touch. If progress means anything, primitive man, thus equipped at the start should by this time have developed these senses to a more exquisite perfection, but has he ?

On the contrary we find keenness of vision rather the gift of the savage than of the well-trained denizen of the civilised world, and long sight, if found amongst us at all, is to be looked for in the least tutored, the most primitive of mankind. Seafaring men have still a name for it, but the highly trained seaman of the modern type with his

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wonderfully perfected binoculars, if deprived of these ingenious artificial aids, will rarely see so far or so clearly with the naked eye as the fisherman, the skipper of a coaster or the "old salt" of a by-gone day. Not only long sight but quickness and accuracy of observation show a tendency to deteriorate. The old shepherd on the hillside will discriminate each individual ewe of his flock and every lamb, while the modern school-master can hardly tell his infants apart, as they sit before him ranged on their little benches; at least if he can do it while he has them sorted in order before him, he will scarcely recognise them when he sees them outside. Is it not lamentable too to see how many of these little ones have to be furnished with spectacles in their tender years? It is one of our boasts, and a very just one, that science has been able so to come in aid of defective vision as to mitigate its evil effects. This is well, but it would be better still if science instead of making spectacles could show us how to avoid the need. This is probably a part of the heavy price we pay for an education on thoroughly unpractical lines. Children of the working classes, for whom especially the perfection of eye, ear and touch, the mastery of hand, the command of limb and muscle, are essential, are kept close for years to a training the end and aim of which is a knowledge of books. Efforts are, it is true, made from time to time to modify this, but the conception of education as mainly a matter of books holds its ground. I am far from maintaining that a child should not be taught to read early; the earlier the better, while the little brain is plastic and the effort is less. There is no reason a child should not learn to read as he learns to speak, but then the lessons should be short and interspersed with play so that neither eye nor memory should be taxed. Now children begin too late, and when they do begin are kept pinned for hours to tasks of reading, writing and ciphering, often in an inadequate light, to the detriment of that delicate organ the eye, if not of the brain also. The immature eye must be exercised on the printed page, but on other things as well, and suffered to look upward and outward; it is no wonder when it has never looked beyond the blackboard, it should suffer from strain,

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squint or defective vision. The country child who plays truant, goes birds' nesting, or chases the squirrel, needs no spectacles to distinguish a wren's egg from a hedge sparrow's. It is little use to appeal to statistics since if they show a lamentable proportion of young children needing glasses, of boys disqualified for the services by myope, astigmatism or colour blindness, there are none on the other side to show how well our forefathers saw. What they did leave behind by way of testimony speaks volumes; marvellous specimens of caligraphy such as the Lord's Prayer done on the compass of a sixpence, in fine penmanship, without the aid of a magnifying glass, though it is necessary for us to employ one to decipher it; wonderful samples of embroidery, of lace-work, hem-stitching, feather-stitching, such as the modern eye can scarce appreciate, far less emulate.

Are we deafer than our forefathers? There certainly seem to be a large proportion of young or middle-aged persons who suffer from partial or total deafness, and that in a day when the mechanism of the ear is so carefully studied by specialists. But it is the unnoticed deterioration in the average of mankind with which I am more concerned. It does appear that the majority must be afflicted with the loss of fineness and discrimination in hearing, by the testimony of the kind of music increasingly popular, of the constitution of the modern orchestra and the aims of the professional trainer of the voice. The reign of the harpsichord, the spinet, the lute, the mandolin, the guitar, is quite over, or preserved merely as a curiosity; in place of the "four and twenty fiddlers," once thought so grand, we have the massed bands; the cathedral choir of a dozen men and a score of boys is superseded by the mammoth choir of several hundred voices: modern music is almost swamped by its own size. If there is gain, there is also loss; the volume of sound is immense, impressive, sometimes magnificent, but what of its quality? The tone is inevitably blurred by too great numbers, and though the time under a good leader may be accurate in its salient points, and the attack may be good, it is manifestly impossible that some forty first violins should take it up with the precision of four, and the worst is, the modern ear seems unable to detect the flaw; the musical

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critic is satisfied, the crowd flocks after the big orchestra, while chamber music becomes more and more the peculiar delight of the elect. The same is, of course, true of the massed choirs; the effects are broad, striking, not seldom coarse; purity of tone is neither missed nor mourned. Those who are roused to enthusiasm by the renderings of eighteenth-century oratorios in the modern manner, would probably be deaf to the exquisite beauties of the same music given by a small, highly trained choir of men and boys after the traditions of Handel's own day.

This spirit of exaggeration invades also the sphere of the soloist: we do not look now for a sympathetic interpretation of the composer; if the tone is loud enough to fill a vast hall, if the execution amazes, as the tricks of the contortionist amaze, that is all we ask. The pianist must be possessed of a powerful physique rather than of a perfect ear and delicate touch or fine sensibility if he is to make any mark to-day; forte and piano must be exaggerated, while rhythm, phrasing, that modulation which sought expression in the finger-tips rather than in the pedals goes to the wall in favour of noise and lightning speed. Neither has the violinist escaped the general contagion; if he seeks popularity, he must astonish before he can enchant. It is the *tour de force* rather than the message that the modern audience asks from him.

As to singing: if the singers of an elder day could return to earth and listen to their successors they might well declare it a lost art. We have vocalists in plenty, but no singers; voice production has put singing wholly out of fashion. Directly the fortunate possessor of a voice realises his gift he forthwith hastens to the specialist to have it trained on the most approved scientific methods, and the results are—sound and fury signifying nothing. The whole aim of the process is to develop the throat by vocal gymnastics into an organ capable of reaching the farthest limits of a vast hall. The majority of voices are deficient in capacity and compass sufficient for this purpose, and can only attain the requisite loudness at the expense of what we may call the singing quality, of all sweetness, tenderness, delicate gradation of tone, of the ease and spontaneity that

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makes the singing of a bird the very voice of joy—worst of all, the ear is outraged and refuses to act as guide to the rebel throat, and the people love to have it so. It is quite common to hear a singer applauded and encored who has bellowed through a love song, wholly out of tune, because she has reached an astonishingly high note and held on to it as an acrobatic feat ; and this by a cultivated audience who consider Mozart old-fashioned and Mendelssohn silly, and pride themselves on their appreciation of Strauss' *Tod und Verklärung*.

As we go lower in the social scale the tendency is ever the same, towards noise and towards the mechanical ; fiddle and guitar made way for the barrel-organ, and even that has not escaped the general contagion ; the old-fashioned sort, standing on one leg, grinding out a drowsy and sometimes plaintive rhythm has been driven forth before the noise of the streets, the clangours of motors, trams and heavy drays, to the quiet of the country lanes, and already its days are numbered ; the piano-organ with its crashing chords and shrieking runs is following hard after it, while a lower depth still is sounded by the hideous gramophone. Yet by a queer perversity people who dwell contentedly within sound—not of Bow Bells—but of tram or motor bus, plume themselves on their finer sensitiveness when they come into the country, would fain silence the lowing of kine, the crowing of cocks, the cluck of the laying hen, and cannot sleep for the noise of the nightingale !

Most people, I feel sure, will question at the first blush my contention that taste has deteriorated—not using the word, of course, in its wider sense, but in its primitive one of the palate. Yet the ancient recipes in time-worn cookery-books, the description of great banquets in the olden time, give an impression of far greater variety, of palates alive to a much wider range of flavours than we can boast to-day. John Evelyn's *Calendarium Hortensiae*, with its infinite variations played on the one theme of salad, its carrot puddings and herb tarts, its succession of flavours appropriate to the changing seasons, give some notion of the variety appreciated by our ancestors. We, I think, have been undone by the vanity of desiring things out of

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season : not only is perfection best attained in fruits ripening in their due course, but the jaded palate having been satiated with strawberries and peaches all the winter through, fails to find a new pleasure in them in June or August. Nature knew what she was about when to the visible joys of the changing seasons she added their varying gastronomical pleasures. Another custom has told against us in this matter, namely, the worship of the idol French fashion. Time was when French cookery, like French taste in dress, rose pre-eminent, with a variety greater than our own, obtained its vogue, was followed blindly, and now rests its whole weight of custom "heavy as frost," on our submissive necks. Go where you will in civilised Europe, and you shall still eat the same dinner ; the local dishes, the local flavours have been stamped out under the tyranny of the French chef ; his work may be good, but it is void of surprises.

And for the rank and file who live at home at the mercy of the plain cook, they, too, have lost their taste under the tyranny of the majority. The majority likes its bacon mild, so the ancient chimneys are hardly to be found in all the country-side, and we must breakfast on slightly salted pork under the name of bacon ; the majority insists its bread shall be white, so the tasty and nourishing parts are ground out of it, or elaborately put in again in all sorts of queer patent loaves for invalids and faddists. Nobody dreams of baking at home, so the old wholesome household bread raised with brewer's barm instead of with the horrid little lumps of corruption known as German yeast, is now no more, and our bread is made by machinery, baked by steam in heat without fire, as one may describe it, and this generation has forgotten the taste of the loaf fresh from a cloam oven, with the delicate aroma of wood ashes clinging to its crisp outer crust. "Factory butter," too, is fast driving the real article out. Made without hands, tasteless, void of offence, correct on the most approved hygienic principles, one wonders how they contrive to eliminate all flavour of the fields from what after all must be made from cream—or so it is asserted.

Jam, too, and marmalade are but seldom "home-made,"

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though that is a favourite legend on the pots, but is concocted in some huge factory, chiefly of gelatine and cheap sugar, and but for the label it would be difficult to tell gooseberry from greengage. Where now are the fat books of family recipes, in which the traditional mince-meat, or the right way to cure hams was handed down as a priceless family secret ? If the modern housekeeper desires to try her hand, she attends a demonstration lecture—and cooks on theory.

When we come to the sense of smell the case against us is blacker still. Could a people in whom it was not absolutely vitiated endure the manifold evil odours in which our times are rampant ? Head and front, of course, the motor stands condemned. A truly civilised society would have insisted that the inventor should devise some way to prevent the escape of its unendurable stench before taking it to its bosom. The noise is bad enough, the dust an unspeakable nuisance, the danger to the public a serious objection, but its habit of leaving behind it all along the country roads a trail which overwhelms the honeysuckle hedges and makes a beanfield in June indistinguishable from a dunghill is the unforgivable sin. How can a people who pride themselves on an advanced civilisation endure this ? To come to minor matters ; could persons of refined habits, if they could smell, come to church in wet mackintoshes ? or worse, in furs kept in some odious preparation of carbon or naphthaline, and sit complacently under the noses of their neighbours ? No ; clearly the moths have the advantage in refinement. Our grandmothers kept their furs in cedar chests, or if they did not possess this luxury, with little bags of cedar shavings or clean-smelling camphor among the folds. They would have fainted if any one had come into their pew smelling like a charnel house. They had their pomanders too, their lavender-bags or dried bunches of scented herbs, their jars of pot-pourri for winter use when mignonette and sweetbriar were not to be had. Any old gardening book or collection of still-room recipes will afford some idea of the variety of delicate odours our forefathers could appreciate—mostly lost upon us their degenerate successors.

Possibly in the matter of touch we have lost nothing ;

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rather in these pampered days we have become more sensitive to hardness or softness, heat or cold, quicker to resent pain. If this has its drawbacks—for our increased sensitiveness seems more towards pain than towards pleasure—we may place it to the credit side that we are certainly more alive to the sufferings of others than were the men of old with their greater personal endurance. Whether, on the other hand, the working class especially has not lost more than it has gained in greater softness, lessened capacity to bear exposure and privation, is an open question. Though work is lighter and feeding better than in former times, the general level of health among domestic servants and others of their class seems lower. They are frequently anæmic, neurotic, suffering from various ills which used to be the privilege of idle folk. If this lowest sense be quickened, it seems on the whole to be quickened for evil rather than for good.

Reflecting on these things, two questions loom large before the minds of those who do not swallow the shibboleths of progress whole: Are these losses inseparable from an advanced civilisation? And if they are, Is civilisation so great a good as we have been brought up to believe? What do we then? Are we to throw away the long results of time, and endeavour—as the smart world just now pretends to be endeavouring—to lead “the simple life”? Nay; the answers to our questions are not so simple as that; it is easier to ask than to answer: as the proverb pithily says, “A fool may ask a question that a sage cannot answer.” It cannot surely be that civilisation, progress, call it what you will, is to be condemned. All living things have in them the principle of growth, but to concede this is not to say that all movement is in the right direction; there is also a principle of decay, and it is possible to hasten along the wrong road, getting further and further from the true goal. Our methods may be in harmony with the laws of Nature or they may be working against them, and in the latter case, Nemesis, if not swift, will be sure. Possibly the decay in our senses, the deadening of fine perception in some directions, and its morbid sensitiveness in others, may be the indication that we are on the wrong road.

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The finest development of these five senses of ours is to be found in what may be summed up as the sense of beauty. And by this I do not mean the faculty for admiring a fine picture, or the rare loveliness of mountain scenery, or answering to the appeal of the highest music : if this were all, then would beauty be a thing aloof, the luxury of the few, not as it should be, the environment of daily life. Mahomet was inspired with wisdom when he said, "If a man have two loaves, let him sell one and buy some flowers of the narcissus ; for bread only nourishes the body, but to look on beauty feeds the soul."

Surely no one in whom the sense of beauty was not atrophied, could have perpetrated the cruel vandalism which in these early spring weeks, when life and colour and music were stirring day by day, has laid waste many thousand acres of our fair New Forest ; almost all of the open heath which was one of its distinguishing beauties, turning the wide moorland, golden with gorse, musical with larks, presently to be purple with heather, into a charred, desolate, silent waste, all its lovely life extinguished for almost a generation to come. The gorse, I suppose is counted useless, though the shelter it affords in storm, and the balmy breath it sends on the breeze from its sprouting shoots might have pleaded for it, if the harbourage for nests of larks and whinchats, to say nothing of all the rare butterflies and beetles to be found round about, is not reckoned, for it cannot be stated in terms of money-value, and for to-day the value of a thing is what it will fetch.

This is worse because more wanton than the intrusion into the country of unlovely suburbs for which the needs of a growing population may be urged, though the necessity of their being unlovely is not apparent. Things need not be ugly because they are practical, but in our haste to be rich we have divorced use and beauty, and we must pay the price : we have thrust beauty aside to be patched on afterwards if we can afford it ; but beauty and fitness which God has joined together in His work will not thus be put asunder in ours. It may well be that it is this loss of beauty that is blunting our senses as well as stunting our souls.

It will avail us little to leave our comfortable bedrooms

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and go and sleep in the woods like our aboriginal ancestors, to bathe in cold streams and eat salads and roots, as recommended by the advocates of "the simple life"; it is not in these things that harmony with Nature lies; but rather in working as Nature works, aiming at perfection before profit, shall we best train eye and hand: it is the inner principle rather than the life in city or in forest that makes the difference. Could we attain a saner wisdom both in the ordering of our own life and in the training of our children, seeing in education less a matter of books, or of a narrow, utilitarian instruction, than as a development and perfecting of all the powers and senses with which man has been endowed, we might some day regain the fineness of our perceptions, blunted by the fight for wealth, the exquisite balance of temperament "on which none of the finer flavours of life are lost."

ELIZABETH GODFREY

THE SPANISH NATIONAL RISING OF 1808

THE events of the year 1808 will in this year be celebrated by the Spanish nation as marking the dawn of a new era for their people. Their pride in the great days of that year is fully justified ; for, if ever a people seemed effete, it was so with them under the deadening rule of Charles IV, and of his consort's minion, Godoy. That pampered Minister had dragged Spain behind the triumphal car of Napoleon, with results which culminated at Trafalgar. Her navy deteriorated, some of her colonies fell before British squadrons, her trade was ruined, and her populace seemed unmanned. Yet, three years later, when the actions of the French Emperor cut the nation's pride to the quick, the old energy revived, troops rushed to arms, and Spaniards during five years of mortal strife defied the power of the autocrat of the West.

Europe has a strange power of revivifying her peoples. The equilibrium of her States has been assured by nations as diverse as the Dutch at the time of William the Silent, the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus, the Poles when marshalled by Sobieski, and the British under Marlborough. But no renaissance has been so remarkable as that of Spain a century ago. It served to illustrate the truth of Hegel's contention that to one people, and to it alone, the Weltgeist entrusts the sceptre of supremacy, so that it becomes the herald and champion of new ideas and tendencies ; and yet, sooner or later the chosen race becomes clogged by the bonds of external circumstance, and proves itself to be unworthy of its position. Much can be said for this explanation of the rise and fall of States ; and certainly

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it was the mission of Spain in 1808 to show to the world the strength of the principle of Nationality, the advent of which in its militant form was hymned by Wordsworth—

“ But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave people into light can bring ? ”

It would be alien to my purpose to describe Napoleon's plans for securing his supremacy in the Iberian Peninsula. As will appear presently, they formed part of a vast design for gaining control over the Orient and thereafter for sweeping the seas and overthrowing the power of Britain. I may, however, call attention to the confident tone pervading all his references to Spanish affairs in his letters of the first half of the year 1808. Apart from the philosophic effusion assigned to the date March 29, 1808, the spuriousness of which must be clear to all who compare it with the other letters of those weeks, there is no sign that the Emperor looked on the Spaniards as capable of energetic action. On March 29 he wrote to his brother Louis, King of Holland, recommending him to quit the uncongenial Netherlands, and to accept the crown of the “generous” Spanish nation. The ease with which the French troops entered Madrid helped to confirm the Emperor in his optimism:—“You will not spare the Madrid mob if it stirs,” he wrote to Murat, his lieutenant in Spain, on April 26, 1808. Again, two days later at Bayonne, when he had the prospect of seeing Charles IV of Spain and his son Ferdinand, the king *de facto*, he ordered Murat to have newspaper articles written at Madrid to the effect “that this is a quarrel between father and son; that the issue of events must be awaited with confidence; and that I shall arbitrate and decide everything as to the transfer of the Crown.” Further, on April 30, he informed Murat that it was necessary to get the whole Spanish affair “settled within the next two days.” It seemed to be settled on May 5, when Ferdinand, under threat of *duresse*, ceded his crown back to his father, who already had secretly bargained it away to Napoleon in return for a pension. An annuity of ten million francs, promised to the King and his offspring, had gained for the Emperor the throne of Spain

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and the Indies ; and, as he was careful to inform Mollien, his Minister of the Treasury—"all these sums will be repaid by Spain."

The Spanish people, however, did not regard the affair as settled. Already on May 2 the men of Madrid had rushed to arms in a vain effort to drive away Murat's powerful corps from their capital. Various incidents had aroused their animosity against the French. The seizure of some of the citadels of the northern towns, the withdrawal of the people's idol, Ferdinand, the order to deliver up to Murat the sword which Francis I of France surrendered to Charles V after the Battle of Pavia—these and other indignities had ruffled the pride of the Castilians ; and the news that the regent, Don Antonio, was now ordered northwards to Bayonne, spurred them to action. Madly they rushed against the foreign detachments in the city, and cut to pieces some of them before the mass, which was outside in the camp, had time to act. But then was seen the power of an army over a mob. The French directed their efforts chiefly against the great street, Alcala, filled as it was with an excited and exultant throng. Thirty times were cannon fired down its length ; then the cavalry rode down the panic-stricken groups ; and infantrymen with their bayonets completed the work of destruction. In vain did part of the populace rush towards the arsenal to seize cannon and muskets. The brigade of General Lanfranc drove them back with great loss ; and by nightfall the great city was subdued. It is worth noting that the Spanish troops took little or no part in the affair, which is represented by Napier and other Francophiles as a wanton display of rancour and perfidy against French soldiers who were unsuspecting and unarmed. Viewed from a less prejudiced standpoint, the rising of May 2, which the men of Madrid yearly celebrate, foreshadowed the course of events, not in the Peninsula alone, but in Tyrol, North Germany and Russia. It was the first flicker of a flame which was destined to shrivel up the Napoleonic Empire.

Despite the efforts of the timid Junta of Madrid to carry out Murat's behests ; despite the manifesto of the Holy Office of the Inquisition inculcating obedience to the

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existing authorities, the Spaniards scorned all thought of compromise, especially when the news of the treachery of Bayonne filtered through into their land. Everywhere there was but one thought, to rush to arms and drive out the foreigners. The injunctions that came from Ferdinand, counselling prudence and submission, were brushed aside as dictated under compulsion ; the grovelling appeal of Charles IV to all Spaniards, "to concur and assist in carrying into effect the dispositions of my dear friend, the Emperor Napoleon," aroused naught but hatred for the contriver, and contempt for the dupe, of the infamous trickery of Bayonne. As for the promises of reform and enlightened government whereby Napoleon sought to gloze over that outrage, they were doomed to failure from the outset. Wordsworth has finely portrayed the feelings of the Spaniards in presence of what seemed to them an added insult—

" But when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway ;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak ;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear."

At once the Supreme Junta which met at Seville, issued a proclamation describing in forcible terms the means taken by Napoleon for ensuring the dependence of Spain, and urging all Spaniards to resist to the death. The following sentences are noteworthy :—

" Let us not give up ourselves basely to the yoke as the late infamous government would have done, and fix upon Spain slavery, eternal ignominy and disgrace. France has never domineered over us. We have many times mastered her, not by deceit, but by force of arms ; we have made her kings prisoners and have made that nation tremble ; we are the same Spaniards ; and France, Europe and the world shall see that we are not less brave than the most glorious of our ancestors. . . . When

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our lord and king, Ferdinand VII, is restored to the throne, under him and by him the Cortes will be assembled, abuses will be reformed, and such laws shall be enacted as the circumstances of the time and experience may dictate for the public good and happiness—things which we Spaniards know how to do, which we have done as well as other nations, without any necessity that the vile French should come to instruct us, and contrive to plunder us . . . assassinate us, deprive us of our liberty, our laws and our King, and to scoff at and destroy our holy religion. . . .”

Accordingly the Supreme Junta declared war against Napoleon on June 6, the day on which he proclaimed the accession of Joseph Bonaparte to the throne of Spain. But the Seville Junta was not the first in the field. Already the Junta of the little principality of Asturias had been guilty of an act of sublime folly. There, in that cradle of the Spanish monarchy, the populace had declared for war, even when the feelings of other Spaniards were unknown; and the smallest of the provinces of Spain stood forth alone to fling down the gauntlet to the master of the Continent. Other parts of the Peninsula acted with scarcely less promptitude. Catalonia, ever ready in the defence of local and national liberties, promised 100,000 soldiers for the war. Arragon speedily answered the appeal of her heroic son, Palafox, and began to muster troops who were to show their valour at Saragossa. Galicia almost rivalled her neighbour Asturias in eagerness; and the fertile provinces of the East and South made great efforts for the national cause. Madrid, Valladolid, Burgos and parts of Navarre were too strongly held by the French to venture on any open movement; but the exceptions served merely to prove the universality of the popular impulse wherever it had free play.

Equally noteworthy was the resolve everywhere expressed to seek help from the nation with which Spain was still at war, Great Britain. The Junta of Asturias here again set the example and deputed two of its chief members to sail to England and appeal for help from the nominal enemy

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against the real enemy. A British privateer, while cruising off Gihon, picked up this valuable prize, bore the deputies to England, where the welcome accorded to them portended the reception awaiting them from Canning. At once our Foreign Secretary divined the importance of the occasion ; and when deputies from Galicia and Andalusia also arrived, he assured them of the resolve of the King's Ministers to "grant every kind of assistance to efforts so magnanimous and praiseworthy." On July 4, 1808, George III issued an Order in Council prescribing the cessation of hostilities and the restoration of Spanish ships and property which had been captured during the war.

A certain pre-eminence attached to the Junta of Seville and to its deputies ; but this claim was disputed by the northern provinces, whose deputies explained to Ministers at London that it arose from the custom of the former kingdoms of the south of Spain styling themselves collectively *España*, a term then being used by the Junta of Andalusia. The great province of the South (by far the largest and most populous part of Spain unoccupied by the French) speedily justified its claim to primacy by the vigour of its actions. Meeting on May 27, it proclaimed Ferdinand king of Spain, and ordered all men capable of bearing arms to enrol themselves. Juntas were to be formed in all towns ; each province was to appoint its own commander-in-chief, though three generalissimos were to prescribe the ultimate plan of campaign. For the present, the new levies were urged to avoid pitched battles and adopt guerrilla tactics in their several districts. These proposals probably met the needs of the case. In a country where the provincial spirit was so keen no impulse could have been widespread which ignored so fundamental a trait of the national character.

The Andalusians were destined to win the first considerable success over the French. It was fitting that the relics of the French fleet which fought at Trafalgar should surrender to the nation which had been dragged at the tail of Napoleon's triumphal car in the years 1804-1805. Off Cadiz the ill-equipped ships of Spain had fought in a cause for which their crews already felt distaste ; and now, when the Spaniards

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broke away from the costly tutelage of the Emperor, their thoughts turned eagerly to the five French warships which had been blockaded by the British in Cadiz since the eventful 21st of October, 1805. Admiral Rosilly, whose expected arrival from France to supersede Villeneuve had spurred on the latter to make his final attempt, was now in command and prepared to defend the honour of the tricolour. Admiral Purvis, in command at Gibraltar, sailed to Cadiz on the invitation of the patriots that he should assist in their enterprise. The governor of the province, the Marquis de Solano, refused to countenance their attempt and repelled the advances of the British admiral. The men of Cadiz, however, simplified the situation by means which were then only too often employed against Francophiles; they put the marquis to death, and raised to power Don Morla, a man justly respected for his patriotism and enterprise. At once the new governor ordered earthworks to be thrown up commanding the part of the harbour to which Rosilly had prudently withdrawn his ships; and so heavy a fire was poured into them that the French admiral, despairing of escape in the teeth of Purvis's squadron at the mouth of the harbour, finally surrendered with some four thousand seamen (June 14, 1808).

In order to understand what a blow the Spanish Rising was to Napoleon's plans, both naval and military, it will be well to quote a few extracts from his letters written shortly before that event. On May 10, only five days after matters were arranged at Bayonne, he wrote to Murat directing him to press on the march of General Dupont with a division of French and Swiss troops to Cadiz: "I am very eager to see General Dupont at Cadiz." His subsequent instructions to his lieutenant at Madrid reveal the causes of that eagerness. On May 16, he stated his resolve to push on the equipment at Cadiz of ten of the most efficient of the Spanish sail-of-the-line; while he further counted on Spain supplying him in all with twenty-eight ships-of-the-line—"ce qui est certes bien peu de chose." Again on the 19th, he wrote to Murat: "I cannot repeat to you too often, you must set things going and arm everything in the three ports of Cadiz, Carthagen and Ferrol. . . . I tell you once

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more, you must find money for the armaments at Cadiz, Carthage and Ferrol. . . . I must have ships-of-the-line, for I wish to strike some great blow towards the end of the season." Again on May 21, he harps on the same theme. The English will soon be compelled to keep twelve ships-of-the-line off Cadiz ; they will be unable to blockade all the ports and then he will strike "de grands coups." From other letters it is clear that he hoped to undertake two great enterprises in the near future ; namely, the partition of the Turkish Empire, which he had discussed with the Czar at Tilsit, and a Franco-Russian expedition against India. It is noteworthy that, on February 2, 1808, when he began to feel sure of success in his Spanish enterprise, he wrote to the Emperor Alexander in words which open up a vista into his world-policy : "Then the English, threatened in the Indies, chased from the Levant, will be crushed under the weight of events with which the atmosphere will be charged."

In this scheme of calling up spirits from the vasty deep, the Spanish navy held no unimportant place. Certainly the addition of twenty-eight Spanish sail-of-the-line would greatly have increased his chance of dominating the Mediterranean ; for it must be remembered that he now had ships under construction at all the dockyards from Antwerp to Spezzia, and that the shipbuilding powers of his Empire far exceeded those of Great Britain. English writers are far too prone to assume that Napoleon accepted Trafalgar as final and irreversible. There is not a word in his correspondence that justifies such an assumption. His letters of the ten months succeeding the Treaty of Tilsit (July 7, 1807) reveal an increasing resolve to use all the resources of his realm for the ultimate humbling of the islanders on their own element ; and his intervention in Spain was probably prompted by the determination to make effective use of the ports and fleets of that Power so as to assure the success of a great naval combination like that which had so nearly succeeded in July 1805.

The foregoing considerations will have enabled us in some measure to gauge the severity of the blows dealt to Napoleon in June-July 1808. In the former of these

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months the men of Cadiz set the seal on Nelson's victory by capturing the five French ships which had escaped from Trafalgar. In July the levies of Andalusia engulfed the Franco-Swiss force by which Napoleon intended "to be completely master of that important point"—Cadiz. Limits of space preclude any attempt at a description of the surrender of Dupont's force at Baylen in the third week of July. The movements which brought it about, and the strange blunders committed both by the French and the Spanish leaders, have been most convincingly recounted and criticised by Professor Oman in his *History of the Peninsular War*.

The wider results of the capitulation at Baylen may be seen in Napoleon's reflections on that disaster. At first (August 2) he hoped that it would be counterbalanced by the decisive victory of Bessières over Cuesta at Rio Seco. But soon he saw that the loss of Dupont's powerful division consisting of "*hommes d'élite et choisis*" (the words are noteworthy) irretrievably marred all his projects, not only in Spain, but throughout the world. "What folly, what baseness" (he wrote). . . . "Everything is connected with this event—Germany, Poland, Italy, etc." He saw at once that it involved the reconquest of Spain, which in its turn implied the abandonment both of his oriental schemes and of the projected *grands coups* against England. The effort to set free Rosilly's five French ships at Cadiz and to bring forward ten Spanish warships into his fighting line had cost him 22,700 choice troops.

There is no need to describe other incidents of the Spanish Rising of 1808. The spirited defence of Valencia by the men of that province, which led to the precipitate retreat of Moncey on Madrid; the escape of Romaña and most of the Spanish corps formerly serving Napoleon in Holstein; and the heroic defence of Saragossa by Palafox and the men of Arragon; these events are well known. What is far less known is the attitude of Canning towards these events. At the outset he showed a due mixture of enthusiasm and caution. This appears in his instructions, dated Foreign Office, July 8, 1808, to the envoy, Mr. Charles Stuart, to whom he entrusted the negotiations with

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the Spanish patriots of the North of Spain. Proceeding to Corunna with Sir Arthur Wellesley, Stuart was to present help in arms and money to the Juntas of Galicia and of the North, but was to warn them that no formal negotiations could be opened with them until the various Juntas combined to form a Central Government acting on behalf of Ferdinand VII. Not until the provincial Juntas should have united, would the British Government send a fully accredited ambassador. Further, Canning distinctly faced the probability of failure ; for he appended the order that Stuart was to withdraw to a British warship "if the affairs of Spain should assume an unfavourable aspect."

The Spaniards were far more sanguine. Stuart in his despatch to Canning, dated Corunna, July 21, 1808, described the overwhelming enthusiasm of all classes of the people, and their gratitude for the money and muskets sent from England ; but he adds : "No wish for military succour on our part has been manifested by any individual of the Junta [of Galicia] with whom I have conversed : they declare that the population of Galicia (which they state to be no less than two millions) is fully adequate to supply their waste of men ; they say that money and arms are all the country stands in need of to ensure a successful continuance of the war." The news of the French disaster at Baylen served to heighten the general confidence, which finally prompted the remark by some Spanish officers to those of Sir John Moore's army that the Spaniards would be pleased to have the British troops present as *spectators* of their victories over the French.

Stuart's despatches, written successively at Corunna, Lugo, Valladolid, Madrid and Aranjuez, reveal many of the influences which worked for disunion and disaster. He noted that very few experienced officials espoused the cause of the patriots, and that, while most of the former leaders remained at home or even joined the French, power fell into the hands of the provincial nobility, who thought and acted only for their own districts. Hence arose numberless schisms and rivalries, each province insisting on its own claims for help from England. Both Galicia and Asturias professed to be acting on behalf of their *hinterland*, Leon,

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which, however, sent equally urgent requests on its own account. The only cure for these evils was the assembly of a Central Junta or Regency, with which Great Britain could arrange the allocation of subsidies to each province according to its needs. Canning and Stuart alike insisted on the necessity of union ; and the retreat of the French from Madrid after Baylen opened the way for the much needed concentration of political effort. The difficulties in the way of the partisans of union were, however, ludicrously great. The three provinces of the North-west had their feuds ; the North distrusted the South ; and the South scorned the poor and barren North. Finally, when Stuart's efforts brought union in sight, the champion of that cause from the North, Don Antonio de Valdez, together with other deputies, was arrested on his way to Madrid by the crossgrained commander, Cuesta. Stuart thereupon promptly stopped the pecuniary succour which he had allotted to Cuesta's army. The deputies of the Central Junta, who in the middle of September began to assemble at Aranjuez, bitterly resented this action of Cuesta, and desired to depose him ; but feared to do so, lest he should march against them.

Nevertheless fortune seemed to smile on the patriots in the field. The overthrow of Junot by the British army in Portugal aroused great rejoicing, until the terms of the so-called "Convention of Cintra" became known. Then Stuart observed a perceptible cooling of Spanish enthusiasm for England ; and in a very forcible despatch, dated Aranjuez, September 26, 1808, he informed Canning of the reasons which prompted this change of feeling. The transfer of Junot's force of nearly 25,000 men by British ships from Portugal to some French port in the Bay of Biscay would, wrote Stuart, be a suicidal action.

"The arrival of 25,000 men armed, clothed, and accustomed to the climate, in any part of the Bay of Biscay is the most deadly blow that can fall on this [Spanish] nation ; and every means by which you can delay the departure of Junot's divisions, who are, in fact, succours sailing under our flag to the dispirited

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French army in the Pyrenees, will prove valuable to the cause of Spain." . . . "The positive necessity of delaying the smallest portion of Junot's army is the more an object of consideration to ourselves because, united with Jourdan, they will constitute a mass of effective force which our whole army in Portugal, together with all the forces brought into the field by Spain, will find it no easy matter to oppose again with hopes of success."

This trenchant criticism of the Convention of Cintra (which doubtless led Canning to disapprove of it), may be commended to the notice of those who, from Napier onwards, have defended that singular compact, by reasoning which is more ingenious than convincing. The Spaniards, doubtless, cherished ridiculously exalted notions when they talked (as Stuart avers) of carrying the war into France; but they were certainly justified in blaming a Convention which virtually set free Junot's beaten and dispirited corps from its trap, Lisbon, and placed it in a position where it could speedily take part in Napoleon's projected campaign against the patriots of the Peninsula. Regarded from the standpoint of Sir Harry Burrard, the Convention may have been desirable. To the Spaniards it must have seemed an act of folly or even of treachery to themselves. Certainly it tended to mar the harmony of Anglo-Spanish relations. Thenceforth sympathy with England was mixed with suspicion and jealousy, which Wellington's tact and prudence overcame only after four weary years. There were, of course, other causes of this; but in this as yet unpublished despatch of our envoy to Spain, we may notice the working of motives to which, I believe, attention has never yet been called.

Ultimately the alliance of the two peoples brought salvation to each. The Sea Power found in the Peninsula what it had previously lacked, a vast and impregnable *tête de pont* for its operations on land. Further, the entry of British goods into many of the ports of Spain and Portugal, as well as into their American colonies, afforded to our merchants and manufacturers most opportune relief from

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the constricting pressure of Napoleon's Continental System. The Spaniards, on their side, finally came to see that only by close co-operation with Wellington could they make head against the disciplined legions of the Great Emperor ; or, as Stuart phrased it on September 20, 1808: "The British head-quarters will be the rallying point where every sort of difference will be adjusted, and from whence every efficient combination may be effected." The campaign of Vittoria proved the justice of this forecast. The whole of the Spanish movement for independence in 1808-1813 attested the powers of that nation for great and prolonged effort, which superficial observers had entirely overlooked. The great days of May-June 1813 proved that, under good leadership, their best troops were worthy scions of the men who nearly conquered both the Old World and the New.

J. HOLLAND ROSE

A MASTER OF THE SONNET

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

Born 1845. Died September 7, 1907

IT was at the Bagni di Lucca in 1877 that I first saw the poet whose friendship I was privileged to possess for more than thirty years.

At that date he seemed to be permanently invalidated, doomed to a lingering and painful death. Always lying flat on his back, often too suffering to bear the light, or be moved from his room. On his easier days he took the air in a carriage specially arranged to contain his mattress couch. The devoted mother who was always watching over him would occasionally halt to speak to some passing friend. Then, the brim of his broad felt hat being tilted up, one would see the poet's luminous, youthful eyes, and hear a kind word or so from his patient lips.

Usually, however, in those days the slowly pacing horse was not pulled up, and Mrs. Paget's friendly gesture would show that her son was not to be disturbed.

We were already acquainted with Mrs. Paget, and her young daughter Violet, better known to fame by her pseudonym Vernon Lee ; and, in our summer at the Bagni, were specially introduced to their cherished invalid during his daily drives through the valley.

After that, the carriage would sometimes stop, and the recumbent figure would give us a friendly glance, and say a few words in his singularly clear and pleasant voice, often asking some pregnant question respecting the state of public affairs.

In this fashion acquaintance ripened fast into friendship,

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for although he could only talk for a few moments at a time, and was frequently too ill to leave his room, we had constant news of him from his mother, and became very intimate with his sister, who was then busy with her wonderful first book—*Italy in the XVIIIth Century*—which, in 1908, has leapt to new life in an enlarged and well-illustrated edition.

Mrs. Paget was fitted to be the mother of exceptionally gifted children. She was a small, slender, delicate woman whose gentleness and apparent timidity were merely the outer sheath of a singularly energetic and thoughtful nature. She had a highly cultivated mind and much literary taste, being a perfect mistress of English style and diction. In sober earnest it may be said that she spoke "like a book"—a very well-written book; and undoubtedly her children derived from her their unusual wealth of words and gift of expression.

In spite of her own feeble health she had followed a rigid system for the development of their minds in early youth on certain fixed lines. She had taken them to different countries in order to provide them with all the experiences she thought necessary for their training, while shutting them off from everything that was alien to the prescribed course of instruction. Thus, if missing some of the ordinary pleasures of childhood, they enjoyed intellectual advantages of a most unusual kind. As the result of this strictly private education, Lee-Hamilton went up to Oxford so soundly equipped that he won a scholarship during his first term. But in after years he would declare that it was a mistake to enter college without having gone to a public school, since his ignorance of school-boy life had kept him rather out of touch with his Oxford contemporaries.

But, in any case, we may feel sure that his poetic temperament, exceptional attainments, and fiery ambitions would have sufficed to keep him apart from the common run of undergraduates.

Besides reading hard and to the best effect, he joined in all outdoor games and sports with an eagerness that is explained by their novel charm for one who had been held apart from boyish pleasures. Once at Oxford he certainly

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burnt his candle at both ends. In work as in play his energy seemed inexhaustible ; yet while apparently in perfect health he occasionally showed signs of overstrained nerves.

In 1869 he left Oxford, immediately passed into the Foreign Office, and six months later was appointed attaché to the British Legation in Paris.

Owing to his early experiences of French life, and complete mastery of the French language, he was eminently fitted for this post. But when the Franco-German War broke out he was terribly overworked, and during its course had many exciting experiences both in Paris and Tours.

Some of the pieces in his first volume of poems (*Poems and Transcripts*, Blackwood & Sons, 1878) embody his impressions of the Siege, and reveal the lofty humanity that was the groundwork of his nature. If his technique and power of expression were still imperfect at that date, there was no flaw in the poet's soul ; and, besides showing the fruits of unusually wide reading, he displayed exceptional force of imagination.

What leisure indeed could he have for the niceties of versification during the strain and stress of that dreadful time in the beleaguered capital, with philanthropic work added to official duties ? or during the wild excesses of which Paris became the scene ?

Nor did the restoration of peace grant him breathing space, for as one of the secretaries sent to Geneva to attend the Alabama Convention, the illness of his colleague doubled his labours. Immediately afterwards, when completely worn out, he was transferred to our Legation at Lisbon, and at first his delight at the change of air and scene seemed to act as a restorative to his failing health. Then, suddenly, he collapsed altogether ; losing the use of his legs, and suffering agonies of pain.

Doctors came and went to little effect, and by most of them his malady was soon pronounced to be a most perilous case of cerebro-spinal disease.

By the following year (1874) all hope of recovery seemed gone ; and thus, at the age of twenty-nine, this promising young diplomatist and budding poet had to

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renounce all his ambitions and try to resign himself to a lingering death. But even in this desperate plight, and racked with pain, his strength of character was displayed.

There was no escape for him, said the Faculty. Very well, then why submit to useless torment?

Accordingly, refusing all medical treatment, he would only accept his dear mother's care and assistance. So by slow stages she brought him to her own home in Italy, henceforth his adopted country.

Despite his prolonged sufferings his brain power and energy of will were intact. He employed every brief respite from pain in solving mathematical problems, revising early poems—a line or so at a time—or dictating a scrap of some new sonnet. And instead of lamenting over the ruin of his prospects he eagerly superintended the studies of his beloved and most precocious half-sister, Violet.

It was now, in the quiet of his Italian sick-room, while accepting his fate with dignity, and patiently awaiting the final release, that he began to compose his sonnets and to make his masterly translations from Leopardi and Goethe. It was just line by line, very often word by word, that he produced some of his finest sonnets during the next years of his illness, between 1874 and 1880. And among those sonnets are included the delicate flights of fancy on the "Death of Puck" that breathe the very spirit of the Fairyland of Youth.

Yet about the same time he was composing some of the weirdest bits of tragedy, such as his morbidly powerful poem "The Raft," and "Sister Mary of the Plague"; also, perhaps, his dashing but equally tragic "The Hunting of the King." As we all know that monotonous days may breed nights of wildest dreams, we may hold that enforced seclusion led him to seek relief in wild flights of fancy. Probably their charm for him lay in being so entirely opposed to his own disposition and surroundings. They represented brute force and free movement to one nailed to a bed of pain. His poetic gift was not only intact, but likewise developing in various new directions, while his beautiful *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*, containing a few

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pathetic allusions to his bodily ills, prove what advance he had achieved in the machinery of his art.

Also, Vernon Lee could tell us how keenly he rejoiced in her rapid success, and testify to his value as her literary adviser; while all know the effect of her companionship in lightening his sadder moods. Having fired her with some of his own perished ambitions he found his reward in her triumphs. Though sometimes differing from her on certain literary details, every passing discord was speedily resolved into some fresh harmony.

One noteworthy sign of this sufferer's mental force was his constant interest in all great political questions. Once, I remember, at a time when only able to talk to a friend for two or three minutes, he insistently begged to be informed as to the exact position of public affairs in Italy, and the characteristics of all the leading men in Parliament and Senate.

Doubtless this constant activity of the brain helped to nourish his recuperative force, and gradually—at snail's pace—served to vanquish his complaint.

At any rate the original diagnosis of his case had been far too pessimistic, for at long last, and dating, I think, from the time when the family left their Florence flat, and settled in the pleasant Villa Palmerino among vineyards and olive-groves a few miles away, certain signs of improvement began to appear in his general condition.

But they were such faint signs as to be almost unheeded by the patient himself.

Having long renounced every hope of recovery he could not realise that any change should be for the better. He had tried too many doctors in vain, so refused to consult any more.

But his sister had heard of a foreign specialist who had succeeded in curing cases of the same nature. Accordingly she consulted him on her own responsibility, and, by applying the treatment he prescribed, gradually roused her brother's will to be cured.

Evidently the main disease, and its accompanying nervous prostration were both diminishing.

The first triumph came the day that the sick man

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discovered he could stand on his feet for two minutes. Then, still more gradually, with many throw-backs, power of movement returned, but it was only in 1894 that the miracle was completed, and Lee-Hamilton restored to the active world of men.

Save for a very slight limp, there was no outer trace of invalidism. He seemed to have regained his lost youth at a bound, for he re-entered society with all the zest of an undergraduate.

It was touching to see his enjoyment of the simplest pleasures, and to note his perfect unselfishness, his eagerness to devote his new-born strength to others' needs.

For instance, when a boy-cousin had an accident while staying with him on a Christmas visit, and remained laid up for months, Lee-Hamilton not only nursed him with the tenderest care, but—to compensate the boy for the loss of a school term—taught him French, and coached him in military history; while enlisting juvenile friends in Florence to help to amuse him.

Before this one saw him devotedly nursing his beloved mother during the long illness that preceded her death. I remember how earnestly, when all was over, he expressed his thankfulness at having recovered in time to give her some small portion of the infinite care she had lavished upon him during his twenty years of pain.

Our friend's resuscitation had at first one most unexpected consequence. His poetical gift seemed to have deserted him.

His first work *Poems and Transcripts* had appeared in 1878; *God's Saints and Men*, 1880; *The New Medusa*, 1882; *Apollo and Marsyas*, 1884; *Imaginary Sonnets*, 1888; *The Fountain of Youth*, 1891; while his best-known work, *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*, composed at various periods during his illness, was collected in book form just before he returned to the world in 1894. Between that year and 1898 his sole output was a translation of Dante's *Inferno*.

It almost looked as though his imagination could only work freely in complete seclusion. Probably the first breath of the outer world had an intoxicating effect on one

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so long shut off from it, and whose nature was so responsive to all human sympathies and claims.

He loved to see his friends, was deeply interested in their ideas and deeds, while specially eager for details of the high politics in which, but for his terrible illness, he would have played so distinguished a part. Yet he never spoke repiningly of his broken career, and fixed his hopes on the success of younger aspirants.

Soon after his miraculous recovery he not only revisited old haunts and old friends in different parts of Europe, but went over to America and Canada ; feeding his eager mind with a multitude of new impressions, observing men and things with vigorous zest. Then he came back to his true home in Italy, and presently met there his future wife, Annie E. Holdsworth the well-known novelist.

His fortunate marriage with her not only opened a new career for him as the most devoted of husbands, but immediately revived his poetic power. For it was during his woodland honeymoon in Hampshire that he wrote, in collaboration with his gifted wife, the delightful little volume of *Forest Notes* (1899).

But even in those joyous hours he felt now and again the chill of future trouble. For instance, when he sings in "The Passing Wing" :

" Oh, would that time were one immense To-day
That we might sit for ever where birds sing,
Amid these ripe hot ferns that light winds sway,
Safe from the morrow, and the Past's dark thing ;
Oh, would that Love could make the wood-dream stay,
And stop Time's broad, inexorable wing."

Soon after their marriage the happy pair settled down in their "grey old villa" near the Palmerino where his sister still dwelt, and for a few years all went well with them. They wrote, they travelled, they entertained hosts of friends.

But although the poet's health seemed firmly re-established, it was not proof against sorrow and anxiety. Exactly when the cup of happiness seemed full to the brim, the imminent danger of his wife on the birth of the eagerly

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desired child who was to crown their bliss, undermined his strength. Nevertheless, he struggled on bravely during his wife's prolonged illness, thinking only of her and the precious babe, while never free from anxiety for the one or the other.

When things began to improve I often found him at his desk working at his tragedy *Ezelin*, with the child's cradle by his chair. The sight of his sleeping babe, the touch of her hand, made him forget all fears and gave wings to his pen. But he never regained his lost strength ; and the following year when his idolised child fell a victim to meningitis his health was practically shattered by the blow, though he strove to hide its effects from his wife.

Grief had on him the effect of joy. He began to write again, and born of his sorrow came the incomparable sonnet sequence *Mimma Bella ; In Memory of a Little Life*, which will endure as his most perfect work.

But he soon fell ill and one malady followed another in lamentably quick succession. Surgical treatment in Switzerland cured him of one complaint, but his nerves were irretrievably shaken ; and his heart became dangerously weak.

Then in November 1906 he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, accompanied by other even more alarming symptoms. Still one did not lose hope, for there were frequent rallies ; he even regained some power of movement, showed all his usual interest in men and things, enjoyed receiving his friends in the shady villa garden, and read much, although unable to hold a pen.

When spring merged into summer it became necessary to take him to some cooler spot within a day's journey from Florence ; so the Baths of Lucca were chosen, and a hill-side villa at some distance from his old quarters was found for him. At first he rather shrank from revisiting the scene of so many painful memories, but soon, I think, he looked forward to regaining his health there.

I saw my old friend for the last time on the eve of his departure. He seemed very cheerful, and solely troubled by having to sit idle while his wife was so busy with the packing.

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He not only bore the journey well, but truly enjoyed it, and at first seemed decidedly better for the change. But, in one respect, he was a difficult patient to manage, for his active brain always craved the stimulus of social intercourse. He could not resign himself to quiet rest in the open air. Instead, he exhausted his energies by taking long drives, paying visits to one or two cherished friends, and receiving all who called upon him.

Before long the final break-down came. Yet during a brief rally just before his death, he spent several hours in explaining to a youthful poet—who was regretting his inability to write sonnets—the whole technique of the difficult art of which he himself was so perfect a master.

In fact, his last work was the wreath of sonnets,¹ in memory of his lost child, that only appeared in print after he had been laid to rest beside her in Florence.

He died at Villa Pierotti, Bagni di Lucca on the seventh of September, the day fixed for his return to the home he loved so well.

Now the literary world is ringing with praise of Lee-Hamilton as present-day England's greatest writer of sonnets. His sonnets, in fact, have the sovereign charm of spontaneity. With him thought and emotion fitted naturally into that difficult form of verse.

In restudying his complete works one is amazed anew by his wealth of out-of-the-way learning, and unusual range of imagination. Side by side with delicate, playful pieces full of tenderness and charm one finds scenes of rugged and even ghastly force. In certain pages instinct with morbid power one suddenly discovers passages of the truest serenity and kindliness.

His earlier works contain many autobiographical touches, but their unavoidable melancholy is always tempered by heroic resignation. In "The Sufferer" he describes his fight against the unseen foe, disease ; and how, when all is lost,

" He subsides into patience and sadness,
Bearing his burden in peace, writhing in spirit no more ;

¹ Vide *The Fortnightly Review* for November 1907. "Mimma Bella ; In Memory of a Little Life."

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Helpless and guiltless he lives, and the worthiest parts of
his being

Grow and develope with time, bearing a fruit that is sweet.
Higher he looks for the good which the world can no
longer afford him ;

Less of a man than before, nearer the angels he stands."

If poets be rare, rarer still are human beings of Lee-Hamilton's beautiful nature. After his long sufferings it would not have been surprising had he reappeared in the world as a moody self-centred egotist. Instead, he came forth full of altruistic, youthful impulses, full of sympathy and kindness in every relation of life.

Unheeding the years he had lost, he was no less generous of time than of trouble ; and as ready to be helpful in tiresome little details as in the greater causes he had at heart.

No one who knew him can cease to mourn his loss ; for all his life he practised the ideal of conduct of which he wrote in " Wine of Omar Khayyam " :

" Oh, just because we have no life but this,
Put it to use ; be noble while you can ;
Search, help, create ; then pass into the night."

LINDA VILLARI

Florence, 1908

THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

I. WOMAN'S PROGRESS AND THE WOMAN'S PRESS

A SERIES of deferential and dispassionate inquiries addressed to some of the leaders of the "Woman's Suffrage" movement in this country, places me in the satisfactory position of knowing the main grounds upon which the demand for its concession is based. Roughly speaking they may be enumerated under three heads.

There was the old argument about Taxation and Representation going hand in hand. The most elementary knowledge of modern political history would, one might have supposed, dispel this engaging theory. Next in popularity came the argument, that since men have the vote, women ought to have it: this came under the heading of the Equality of the Sexes, and incidentally revealed that logic is not so far a universally diffused study amongst women. Both these propositions admitted of great differences of opinion, differences so irreconcilable that the onlooker would have been left in a condition of the greatest perplexity had there not been a third argument, or one might more justly say one great *Truth*, held with unflinching, infallible conviction by all woman-suffragists, of all opinions and complexions—to borrow a figure from the physical world—whether of a delicate, middling or violent hue. This great *Truth* consists in the incontestable, unshakable *Superiority of the Female Sex*.

This truth with its natural corollary of Man's Inferiority, moral inferiority in particular, is held, as I have indicated, with absolute, unshakable and most passionate unanimity by all sections alike; and in view of its comprehensive character,

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one feels genuine amazement at the modesty of those engaged in the diffusion of this faith (by means of newspapers, pamphlets, and platform demonstrations) in merely claiming the right to meddle in the political pie. The right and the capacity to manage the Universe, one could not but feel, were more in keeping with the vast dimensions of this faith. It represents what may be called the first and most essential article of the Suffragist's Creed. Without it you may not aspire to be a Suffragist at all. "Embrace it and me," says the Suffragist, this latter of course in the metaphysical sense only. Man in his most inspired and poetic moments has always cherished and often sung in immortal verse this belief in feminine superiority. The point of novelty for moderns is that man having unaccountably ceased of late years to hand on this graceful fiction or sublime truth (according to your point of view), it became necessary for woman to play the rôle of trumpeter. The effect is perhaps not quite so graceful. Still the accent of absolute moral certainty compensates for any loss of grace. Once you have grasped this fundamental idea, you are well on the way to the belief that Woman's Suffrage is not only an act of reparation to woman herself, but, what is of infinitely greater importance, of salvation for man.

The coming of Woman's Suffrage means the coming of the millennium. Beautiful are the prophecies appropriate to that period and sublime the belief of the prophetesses to realise them.

"When we have Woman's Suffrage," cried a youthful enthusiast, whose very recent school-room studies had not included a knowledge of Political Economy, "we shall once and for ever put a stop to Sweating."

On another occasion a speaker considerably older delivered herself of these noble but slightly vague sentiments:—"We may be sure if there were women members of Parliament we should not see weeks and weeks wasted in talk, talk, talk, often of the most frivolous kind. Women are eminently practical, and their entrance into political life would be signalised by the passing of laws for which we women ask our masters to-day in vain. Reform in the Marriage Laws so badly needed; reform in our merciless

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Workhouse system ; the provision of pensions for widows and women past work, would *at once* claim our attention, and with the practical good sense and the *more sensitive conscience* which it is conceded women have always shown in their own affairs, there would be short and sharp and beneficial legislation."

And right throughout the whole scale of grievances, sufferings, and wrongs, there is always the same note of absolute certainty, always the vision of woman bringing into politics her purifying, elevating, transfiguring touch.

This insistence on the high moral sense, the pre-occupation with what is noble and serious, the unerring wisdom and disinterested goodness, this unqualified promise to make the desert places flourish, become slightly monotonous and even vexatious when there is nothing in the way of contrast to set them off, nor in the way of experience to offer effective contradiction.

It seems almost pathetic that never a doubt, never a mis-giving, never a likelihood of failure, enters into the heads of the enthusiastic prophetesses. Wondrous indeed are to be the powers of the ballot-box. Yet the coldly critical person looking around sees already a vast sphere and transcendent opportunities for many of the achievements that we are promised will signalise the entrance of women into the voting arena. What, after all, are the powers and performances of Government compared with the opportunities, the influences, the enormous power for good or evil of an absolutely free Newspaper Press? Compare Parliament with its slow-moving machinery, acting as little more than a registration agency after public opinion has handled and ripened the measure to be passed, it is true, by Parliament into law, with the educative, influencing possibilities of an untrammelled Press, penetrating into places almost unaffected by Parliament, capable of moulding public opinion, of guiding its ignorance into right channels, of restraining its undisciplined passions, of lifting it into the region of high and noble sentiment and action. The bulk of women, whether we include the frankly uneducated or the drilled product of the High School, confine their reading within the narrowest limits once they have banished school

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books. The lightest and airiest of the cheap dailies, two or three Society papers, and according to their means, the same number of "ladies' papers," with fiction either in the form of the novelette or the circulating library novel—in distinction from classical fiction—make up the sum total of their reading. I do not think that any one conversant with the actual condition of things will contest these statements. Educated women have abundant opportunities in their own Press to exhibit the high reformatory qualities that they promise to exercise in politics. They can make known their sentiments on all great public questions; they can influence women (and indirectly men also) in the direction accounted best by their leaders. They can uphold the lofty moral standard which they will raise in political life; and by forming a solid phalanx of determined and united resistance, they can actually form and reform social and moral laws, and much more effectually than is possible for any Parliament. A perusal of the women's papers and women's contributions to journals and general journalism, exhibits a melancholy discrepancy between what women are actually doing with their unlimited power, and what they purpose doing when one particular circumscribed privilege (or, as it seems to most of us, convenience for the ends of Government) is granted them. With a view of ascertaining the attitude taken up by women on the great national questions that have been before the public during the last few years—the Boer War, the education of children, the religious teaching of children, the protection of infant life, the growing incapacity of women for maternity—I have carefully examined some scores of these publications for the last few years, ranging from the penny journal read by milliners, to the sixpenny production designed for cultured womanhood, with a growing sadness and depression of soul. I have searched in vain in their trivial, and I am afraid I must add twaddling pages, for the larger outlook, the high moral standpoint, the seriousness and so forth of which we hear so much. And not only this, with the exception of a few perfunctory articles here and there, these great progressive movements are absolutely ignored. We might have expected that women with their quick sense of humanity

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and brotherhood, would have made some notable contribution to the issues of the Boer War without committing themselves to any political prejudices. There were opportunities for grave and lofty counsel; for words of tenderness and sympathy for those sacrificed in the horrors of war. Yet with the exception of a few narrow and bitter articles in *The Queen*, which would rather engender bitterness than heal or reconcile, there is scarce a single passage which indicates any sense of the awful nature of war, any words of hope and comfort and reconciliation. Details of the lively send-off of this or that regiment, or of the condescension shown by titled ladies in fitting up hospital ships, and saddest of all, *flippant* chronicling of the departure of Lady Mary Smith for the Cape, with a description of the smart clothes she had ordered, for all the world as if the scene of the war were a picnic with officers and fine ladies for guests, are alone to be found.

There is no serious attempt to set before women readers the issues of the vital movements of the hour. For instance, it might have been thought that women of the educated class, far-seeing and thoughtful enough to grasp the significance of the position, would not only have welcomed any legislation forbidding young girls and women to act as barmaids, but have set themselves seriously and earnestly to educate ignorant opinion and point out strenuously and incessantly to those most directly affected, the profoundly serious interest and issues involved. On this important question—surely a Woman's Question mainly, though indirectly affecting the moral welfare of men as do all women's questions—I have counted four articles, two flippant and futile, one fairly sensible, one written from the narrow, biassed standpoint of sex—it was men's legislation, therefore bound to be unfair to "women."

I have searched the pages of thirty women's journals for some indication of the opinions and sentiments of women on another profoundly serious national problem—the physical inability of mothers to rear their children. Here, again, the results were most depressing. There were not more than three articles devoted to this deeply serious woman's question; and here, again, there was nothing

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helpful, nothing to show that the writers felt the extreme seriousness of this disability in relationship to the national life. They were feeble and perfunctory. The most important of the three journals devoted less than a column to its exposition, whilst Society and Fashion occupied fourteen columns. The remaining twenty-seven ladies' papers took no interest at all in the diminishing of the supreme function of maternity. The unsatisfactory condition of girls' education, the excessive devotion of girls and women to athletics, the growing luxury of middle-class life, the delirium of dress which has seized all ranks of women, the growing vulgarity of modern life, the seemingly insoluble problem of Domestic Service, the pressing and poignant problem of the penniless bread-winner, with which is bound up the callous money-getting of the well-to-do women and married women—all these questions and vital problems which one would have supposed not only of pressing interest to women asking for the vote, but peculiarly those in which they could educate their careless, more light-hearted sisters, were, as a rule, conspicuous by their absence. Even what might be called minor questions, as, for example, the extermination of beautiful and rare birds for the embellishment of hats and bonnets, the shopping late at night, entailing much suffering on exhausted girls and youths, all of which have a moral aspect needing to be placed before thoughtless women, had no place in these pages beyond here and there a few half-hearted lines, written without either the faith or keenness manifested in the appearance of a new sleeve. Most noticeable of all was the absence of any interest in the welfare of children of the lower classes. It is not that there is no mention of children in these pages. Week after week there are descriptions and illustrations of the fashionable clothes they ought to wear. One journal sustained a discussion for ten successive weeks upon the momentous question of whether little girls should ride their ponies astride or in the traditional lady-like manner, the balance of opinion going to the cross-leg fashion because the aristocracy were countenancing this practice. The greatest interest was shown in this epoch-making change. On the other hand,

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one earnest, intelligent article, such as one lights upon from time to time in the desert of triviality and frivolity, upon the terrible situation of the friendless, ignorant girl-mother turned out of the infirmary with a baby on her hands, did not even evoke a single letter of interest and compassion. The subjects that bear inexhaustible interest for women of all classes and ages, educated and uneducated, are first and last, Dress, in its protean variety, the doings of Royal and aristocratic persons, petty details of the trousseaux, wedding presents, wedding cakes, guests, and so forth of persons of the middle and lower middle classes of Society, descriptions of parties, amateur theatricals, the contents of the drapers' and jewellers' shops; dodges by which a woman can make money, dodges by which she can dress better and look younger and be more fashionable than by her own unaided honesty and intelligence. Consequently, each paper has its staff of oracles, and a woman cannot friz her hair, or put on her bonnet, or set the chairs in her parlour without being advised of the fashionable way of doing it.

It is melancholy to contemplate that not one of these oracles have any high moral aim. Being, or rather their proprietors being, in the pay of the advertisers, it is their business to persuade guileless woman to buy, buy, buy. Unless you have this exquisite trifle of roses and lilies, otherwise a hat, the exact counterpart of that worn at Ascot by the lovely Duchess of Z——, only her article cost four guineas, whilst with a little ingenuity, using shoddy lace, you can turn yours out for four shillings, you cannot hope to be in the fashion.

As some one has remarked, in the eyes of these journals and their infatuated readers, you had better be "out of the world than out of the fashion." Every foolish craze, every extravagance of the moment, you will find encouraged in their pages. Ladies are counselled to make use of one or another of the numberless second-hand dress shops that are springing up in every street to-day, and console themselves for any uneasy qualms in wearing other women's cast-off clothes, with the elevating and even righteous consciousness that they are wearing a Paquin dress which

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originally cost thirty guineas, and that invests any woman lucky enough to buy it, even in its secondary stage of existence, with "style." These words are quoted from one of the oracles in question. Elsewhere in the same journal, which it is expressly stated is intended for "cultured gentlewomen," the lady who presides over the "Madame Rachel" department (or, as called by her euphoniously but untruthfully; Health and Beauty), playfully rallies a correspondent who complains of looking her age of forty. "There is no need," she artfully remarks, "for any clever or indeed self-respecting woman to do this to-day, thanks to the genius of Messrs. X—— & X——, the far-famed hair specialists. A transformation the exact shade of your own scanty locks can be bought for the absurdly cheap sum of one guinea, and with a little skilful pulling and arranging you have a most becoming fringe to wear under that large 'picture hat.'" The fact that the fringe isn't the lady's own, that it comes off the head of some other woman, will not in the least diminish the lady's "self-respect." Self-respect is a very singular quality in the pages of the ladies' paper, and it may be counted on to make its appearance when the "fashion" to be imposed on credulous women is specially extravagant or unreasonable or *outré*.

No doubt women's papers are commercial concerns managed by men; but can it be thought that the managers of these concerns would, week by week, provide women with mental fare *that they disliked and despised*? Can we entertain any other inference than that they do prefer the trivialities, to use no harsher language, of which I have spoken, to preoccupation with anything more serious and intelligent, and that they prefer the light and often flippant spirit that characterises the major part of the Woman's Press? Where in the whole length and breadth of the Woman's Press can we find any signs of the education and culture and progress which we are assured are widely spread to-day amongst women? How is it that no single, serious, intelligent woman's paper can *exist* for more than a few months? The very journals that are loudest in their support of woman's suffrage entertain their women readers with the same wearisome, monotonous tittle-tattle about fashion and dainty

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dishes that are found everywhere else. *The Daily News* is a case in point. A couple of years ago it boasted of a fairly interesting column dealing with women's interests. It cannot be asserted that the paragraphs were skilfully constructed, or that they showed any special intelligence or thoughtfulness on the part of the compiler. Still, amidst the thousand and one Dress and Society and Chatter columns it shone forth. It was possible for a woman of intelligence to read it, and that was something gained. Moreover, none of the dailies having any space to devote to what are regarded as "women's interests," it was badly needed. Handled by a woman of vigorous intellect and insight there would have been ample opportunities for the expression of the standpoint of the educated, intelligent, refined woman, a person apparently unrepresented by our modern Press. What mental process took place in the mind of the editor of *The Daily News* I do not know. Perhaps I ought not to attribute the painful transformation to any editor. Whether the authoritative person responsible for the bold policy of having a sensible, intelligent "woman's column" became alarmed at the isolation of his position, or whether the brain of this hypothetical person became less capable of conceiving the existence of quiet, thoughtful, cultured women, I know not. I can but chronicle the amazing fact. The lady responsible for the by-gone column now chatters about the cleaning of saucepans, the washing of woollens, etc., admirably useful items of information which I am the last person to undervalue; it is merely the superfluity of such information in *The Daily News* which strikes me. And, above all, at a moment when ardent ladies are panting for political spheres, and eager to get better laws passed and anxious to influence public opinion in the direction they think advisable, and bitterly resentful that their existence is ignored by politicians. But is it not equally ignored by editors of their own journals? Why do they not go in their thousands and insist that *The Queen*, which has no faith in the sex by which it lives, shall replace its literary critic, its art critic, its dramatic critic, its leader-writer by women? There would really be no difficulty in adequately replacing these gentlemen. Why do not suffragists insist

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upon the introduction of a higher æsthetic and moral tone, such as we are promised in politics, in the judging of literature, art, and the drama? Are they satisfied with the low moral standard of the ladies' journals? Can they really expect a careless yet fairly impartial world to believe that the thousands of women satisfied with such a Press, entirely indifferent as to its effect on the feminine mind, content with poorer ethical and æsthetical standards than those characterising men's journals, will make intelligent political voters? After a careful examination of the Woman's Press, can they honestly claim that the mass of women care for anything but dress and chatter? Will they still be bold enough to claim that the bulk of women to-day are more sensitive, more refined, more earnest than the bulk of men? And are not we, who are opposed to woman's suffrage on the ground that it will add to the electorate hundreds of ignorant and non-cultured women, justified in the position we assume that the crying need of the day is better education for women, an education which strengthens the intellect, quickens the imaginative qualities, and deepens the spiritual faculties, an education which will have as its first and most imperative result, a demand for a more worthy Woman's Press?

“X”

THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

II. METHODS OF THE SUFFRAGETTES

I QUITE approve of the Suffrage for tax-paying Women. What I object to are the methods employed by the Suffragettes."

These are the words which almost as invariably follow any mention of this now burning topic of the day, as the growl of disapproving thunder follows on the illuminating flash of lightning.

It is a curious and significant fact that two years ago the majority of people who now restrict their disapproval to the methods of the militant party were meting out that same disapproval to the vote itself for eligible women. This shows that one result of these methods so condemned has been at least to lead many people to give such increased attention to the subject as to remove their previous apathy or ignorance.

On inquiring what are the particular methods objected to, the answers show a marked uniformity, being invariably quotations from memory of lurid accounts given by the Press. The great outpouring of sensational headings and still more thrilling details has been steadily waning during the past year, and most of the leading papers have ceased to be antagonistic and some have even adopted a friendly tone. This modified attitude of the Press, however, is unfortunately not one that arrests the attention and imprints itself on the memory and imagination of the reader. A heading such as, "Suffragettes dragged, yelling and kicking, from the Court," not only catches the eye but stamps itself like some hideous poster of Lipton's Tea or Liver Pills on the subjective brain. Whereas the mild announcement, "Suffragette Movement

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in Hull," or "What the Vote will do for the Working Woman," passes probably unnoticed, especially when printed side by side with the latest murder case or *cause célèbre*.

Even eighteen months after the police court trial of October 1906, when time and reflexion, to say nothing of the emphatic contradictions of all reliable and unprejudiced eye-witnesses, might have been supposed to clear the cobwebs from befogged brains, it is still these lurid accounts that are solemnly quoted in connexion with Suffragettes.

"But did they not kick, scratch, bite, and spit at the policemen?" "Did they not attack those officials with their umbrellas, besides using abusive and threatening language?" "Was not the scene in the police court an orgy of hysteria?" "Did not the decision of the magistrate provoke a tornado of shrieks and yells from the ten defendants while they struggled fiercely with the police?" These are verbatim quotations from the leading dailies. The memory of the quoter is not always quite precise, but the statements do not lose in dramatic quality by repetition.

It is with reluctance we relinquish a belief we have accepted and given voice to with frequency for a year or more, even though that belief involves the placing on a sadly low level some hitherto honoured and respected fellow men or women. We cling to our accepted beliefs, whatever they are, just as the French War Office clung to its forged "bordereau" in the Dreyfus case, and as the Druce Company clutched up to the last moment to their belief that stones instead of bones would be found in the coffin.

Yet the testimony on the other side has from the first been such as it was difficult to ignore. To quote the public testimony of two authorities out of many others.

Lady Francis Balfour, in her address as Chairman of the Women's Suffrage Society, at Caxton Hall, November 8, 1906, protested against the scandalous misrepresentations and deliberate inventions of the Press in their accounts of the procession to the House of Commons, and the police court scene which followed. She herself was in court all the time and vouched for what she stated. She added she knew that the reporters then present would be unlikely to

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reproduce a word of what she now addressed to them, and she pointed out the palpable absurdity of women who had deliberately determined upon a line of action which they knew would from past experience involve them in imprisonment, "yelling, shrieking, screaming, howling and struggling fiercely with the police," when the very thing was being accomplished which they judged would best further their cause.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, in a speech at the Congress of Women at Tunbridge Wells about the same time, bears the same testimony, as an eye-witness both at the House of Commons and the police courts :

"Every description I read about these women was flagrantly untrue. The newspapers talked of them as scratching, biting, spitting, as if they were not human but beasts of some sort. We had only to look at these things to know they were lies. The previous morning I was in the police court and saw a group of eleven women who were committed to gaol. In the evening I read all the evening papers, and the bulk of the evidence recorded there showed that the women had behaved in an insane and grotesque manner. I saw nothing of this in the police court."

When we take into consideration who these eleven women happened to be, the accusations become so ludicrous as to lose, one would have thought, all possibility of credence. One of them, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, was for seventeen years a member of the Women's Industrial Committee, a School Manager, and a visitor at the prisons. The inside of Holloway Gaol was familiar to her, for many a time had she gone there to counsel and comfort sin and sorrow-laden women. Another of these "awful suffragettes," Mrs. Baldock, was for many years a Poor Law Guardian, honoured and beloved by thousands for whom she cared. Another was the daughter of Richard Cobden ; two of the younger prisoners were the daughters of Dr. Pankhurst, an eminent University man and Standing Counsel for the city of Manchester ; two others were teachers. One only, Annie Kenny, belonged to what is called the working-classes, a delicate, sensitive girl, who began earning her own living

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at ten years old as a mill-hand. This girl, fired by the righteousness of her cause, came up to London three years ago to rouse her fellow-women to fight for their political liberty, that liberty on which such vital questions hang, ready herself to lay down her life, if need be, to help the 96,000 textile working-women whom she represents. These are the women Mr. Horace Smith sent for two months as ordinary criminals to Holloway Gaol in 1906. And this is the sentence Mr. Smith and his confrères have continued to pronounce, the term of imprisonment occasionally falling to six weeks, in a few cases to a month or three weeks, whenever women have been brought before them for the crime either of walking in procession or unobtrusively by twos and threes towards the House of Commons to present a petition for their enfranchisement. Over sixty women were recently in Holloway Gaol sentenced to six weeks in the same class as drunkards and thieves, and this in spite of Mr. Bernard Shaw's successful effort last year in getting this preposterous sentence altered for those women condemned in March 1907.

The Irishman Mr. Ginnell, whose offence was inciting to cattle-driving and causing danger to the community, was treated as a political offender merely and placed in the first class—permitted therefore to see six friends a day, to write and receive letters, read books and newspapers, have decent food, a clean cell, and not obliged to wear prison clothes. The Women Suffragists have none of these privileges, but are kept in solitary confinement, deprived of all visitors, books, writing material and letters, kept in total ignorance of everything passing in the outside world, and, among other rude hardships and miseries, forced to wear prison dress, which does not include the ordinary decencies of life such as a night-dress.

Those who for the sake of their cause will undergo such suffering are not, on the face of the thing, the kind of women capable of kicking and scratching a policeman acting in accordance with his duty, or indulging in "an orgy of hysteria" in the police court.

Yet these lies have undoubtedly found wide credence. Let the people who accept so unquestioningly their own

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sensation-mongering newspapers remember how quick their resentment whenever their foreign neighbours show the same gullibility in swallowing unflattering tales concerning the honest Britisher and his tactics.

During the late South African war all the French newspapers, with the exception of only two or three whose editors had withstood the allurements of the ever-active agent, Dr. Leyds, teemed with graphic accounts of the barbaric and traitorous "methods" of the British forces. In papers regarded as unquestionably reliable one read of Boer women placed in front of the English troops when going into action, and other similar "methods" calling forth the execrations of all right-minded Frenchmen. In the German papers, as might be expected, accounts of British tactics were even more lurid, and given forth with a long-winded impressive solemnity which carried universal conviction, for does not every German know that his Kaiser controls the Press and holds in his "mailed fist" the lives of all newspaper editors? One illustrated paper of wide circulation and popularity among educated classes even went so far as to reproduce what claimed to be a photograph taken on the field. It depicted a Boer soldier giving drink from his own flask to a wounded Englishman—the latter with one hand accepting the refreshment and with the other behind the back of the Good Samaritan taking steady aim at his head with a revolver. Let us bear in mind for our instruction that the honest Germans accepted these versions of English military "methods" with the same unquestioning faith that many of us have accepted dishonouring and ridiculous libels upon our countrywomen—a fact perhaps little flattering to our national vanity, but not without its useful lesson in demonstrating that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, even in such small traits as Press vices and public credulity.

But now as to the real methods of the militant Suffragettes, the women of the Social and Political Union—what they are, and the reasons for pursuing them?

The quiet constitutional methods of the Suffragists of the older Societies having for the past forty years failed to advance the question of Women's Suffrage even to the point

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of serious practical politics, the women of the Women's Social and Political Union, who for the most part represent the interests of a vast multitude of energetic and enlightened textile working-women of Lancashire and Yorkshire, determined that the time had come for a more effective line of action. The invariable argument with members of the existing Cabinet, whether Liberal or Tory, had been hitherto that women did not want the vote. The Suffragists having failed to remove this idea from the minds of those in power, the W.S.P.U. resolved at all events to put an end to any doubt on this point. The constitutional methods, the unwearied patience and the guileless belief in those who had never failed in a consistent policy of breaking faith, having procured for these patient Griseldas merely the contemptuous tolerance of the powers that be, and the charge on many occasions of apathy and half-heartedness, the impatient Griseldas of the more youthful and hot-blooded Society, inspired by the obvious justice of their plea and the vital need of reform in an ever-increasing number of directions, hit on a plan of campaign that should once and for ever sweep away such charges as those of apathy and indifference. They determined no longer to leave their cause in the hands of 420 Members of Parliament who talked out or sneered out any Bill that some *rara avis* among them ventured to bring forward¹—420 champions, the majority of whom having won their seats largely owing to the efforts of women, and on condition that they supported Women's Enfranchisement, manifested genuine consternation at the dimmest prospect of their pledge being put to the test, many declaring, when driven into a corner, that the promises having been made to women, and women being non-voters, no such promises could be expected to hold good. *Vide* Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Glasgow.

Two main lines of action were therefore decided on. First, to work at all by-elections, canvassing always against the Government, entirely irrespective of the individual politics and opinions of the various candidates. For though at present this involves working against the Liberals, they

¹ This was written before Mr. Stanger's Bill passed the second reading in the House of Commons on February 28. The main arguments and object of this paper, however, remain precisely the same.

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have no quarrel against that party in particular, and so soon as a Tory Government succeeds the present one, unless the vote has been granted, the same impartial treatment will be meted out to them with even-handed justice.

There is, however, a special fitness in the women's protest against a Government whose boast is constantly that the foundation stone of their policy is the principle of "no taxation without representation."

The success of this line of action justifies a continuance of it with an ever-increasing conviction of its soundness. Witness the decrease during the recent by-election at Hull of 3000 Liberal votes since the previous election, the unexpected return of a Tory member for Mid-Devon with a majority of over 500, the Tory returns both at Hereford and Worcester, and the loss of 2000 votes at Leeds, in which latter city Mrs. Pankhurst had an enthusiastic though perfectly orderly crowd of over 100,000 men and women, who followed in the torchlight procession and joined her open-air meeting the night before the poll. That the result of these by-elections was the direct consequence of the canvassing of the women of the W.S.P.U. those on the field of action maintain with little dissent, many working-men who had abstained from taking any part for several elections past, being moved by the appeal to the interests at stake of their wives and daughters, to rouse themselves and register their vote against a Government capable of bringing forward such a measure as that announced by Mr. John Burns for curtailing the labour of married women, and this without giving women themselves the chance of expressing their own views on a question so vitally touching the lives of themselves and their children. In spite of these facts many Liberal organs have endeavoured to attribute the Tory success to the work of the Tariff Reformers, thus showing themselves such poor patriots as to prefer the triumph of what they avow they consider a scheme entailing "national disaster," to one which 420 Members of Parliament, to say nothing of the present¹ Prime Minister, have pledged themselves to support.

¹ Written before the recent changes in the Cabinet. The present Prime Minister is an open foe.

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The other important feature of the Suffragettes' tactics is the attendance at all political meetings held by Cabinet Ministers for the purpose of obliging those gentlemen to give an answer to the question as to what they intend doing for the enfranchisement of tax-paying women. This is carried out in a perfectly orderly and constitutional manner. The gentleman in question holds the office of servant to the public. As the Member for South Bermondsey says, "he is not a sacred being ; he dwarfs considerably when seen from the benches of the House of Commons." He is paid by women as well as men for definite services which he is supposed to render, and he has an equally definite obligation towards all taxpayers irrespective of sex. He recognises the perfect right to ask questions, and to make interjections, even irrelevant ones, put to him by any man present at the meeting, and invariably gives him at least a courteous hearing and reply. But no sooner does a woman put the question most vital and far-reaching to her interests and those of her belongings, than the order is given to the stewards to "turn her out." This has been done on many occasions with so much unnecessary violence and brutality as to have roused at length a general feeling of indignant protest, far greater than the passing annoyance at the interruption of the speaker's discourse, and thus unintentionally bringing new allies and champions to the Woman's Cause, besides giving it enormous publicity.

It is no doubt most exasperating for the right hon. gentleman who has hoped to make a considerable effect by a carefully prepared speech, to have his meeting disorganised if not, as in many cases, completely broken up, and the papers next morning recounting at length the ignominy of his defeat by a handful of women, instead of a flattering report of the eloquent address and its magnetic effect upon the audience ; but it must be borne in mind that the disturbance and consequent disorganisation is not made by the women. It is made by the stewards and by the audience, who instantly take sides, and many of whom eagerly clutch at the chance of a row. It is the result, therefore, of the speaker's own action in giving the order to eject the questioner instead of according the same courtesy

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he would show to any man present and answering the question. The remedy, therefore, lies in the speaker's own hands.

We must not forget, too, that this policy on the part of the Suffragettes has only been resorted to after all other methods have been tried and found useless. Women have had meetings without number, gigantic processions, demonstrations, petitions year after year. The longest list of signatures ever appended to a petition, sent up by nearly half-a-million women to the House of Commons, was treated with silent contempt, not only by the legislators, many of whom went to look at it in the Lobby just as a curiosity, but was passed over in absolute silence by the Press.

Again and again women have attempted to go in an orderly deputation to the House of Commons, but whereas such deputations of men have been received with courtesy and their grievances listened to, women have been arrested while still walking peaceably along the street because they were known to have the intention of presenting a petition to the Prime Minister. Mrs. Pankhurst and her twelve companions, though it was proved they complied with every order of the police, were marched off to gaol and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment as common criminals immediately on leaving Caxton Hall last February 13, long before they even reached Victoria Street. Asked by Mrs. Pankhurst on what grounds she was condemned, the magistrate replied that it was no concern of hers! Two days before a woman was brought before this same tribunal charged with being drunk and disorderly in the street, and was sentenced to one week in the second division. The magistrates refuse to treat the Suffragists as political prisoners, for this would oblige their being placed in the first division, so they are condemned on the grounds of "street brawling," and though they cannot be accused of being either drunk or disorderly, are sentenced to six weeks! One can only trust that a "Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid" awaits all such administrators of justice.

As for the Suffrage cause, nothing could more effectually serve its promotion than the meting out of such treatment

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to the devoted and self-sacrificing women who are fighting for the cause of their working sisters. For though all women will reap the fruits of their labour and suffering, it is certainly not for those ladies who have already in abundance all the world can offer, that this fight for political freedom is being waged. The working-man is beginning to appreciate this fact, and now it is not only women who are ejected for asking at public meetings what is going to be done about Women's franchise. The working-men see that women are willing to suffer as well as to work and to talk. Those who call to mind some of their own fights for political liberty, and how the women stood by them and fell with them in the famous "massacre of Peterloo" at Manchester in 1819, cannot but sympathise warmly with their cause. There were present among that vast assembly of 80,000 people in St. Peter's Square, two clubs composed entirely of women reformers, besides many women who, with their babies in their arms, had accompanied their husbands from all the neighbouring villages. Seeing this happened just on ninety years ago, women can hardly be accused of impatience in their present attitude. Men are coming to recognise that women care for liberty and feel injustice even as they once did, and perhaps with even more desperate cause to do so. They know from their own past experience that every extension of the franchise has been gained by forcing the Government, never by an act of voluntary justice on the part of those in power. Why then should they range themselves with those who condemn the only methods they themselves found effectual? Dr. Cooper, the Liberal M.P. for South Bermondsey, says in a letter to the *Daily News*: "It is in my recollection that in 1867 and also in 1884 very few public speakers who were opposed to the extension of the franchise to men, whether members of the Cabinet or otherwise, could utter a single word at a public meeting. Meetings were broken up, platforms stormed, and their occupants had to escape the best way they could. In 1884 every Tory speaker used against any extension of the franchise the same arguments now being used by some Liberal speakers and newspapers against the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women. . . ."

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He goes on to say: "There is one fact which cannot be denied—the activity of the Suffragettes has lifted the Women's Franchise Bill out of the category of amusing and profane debate into that of a serious political question, and has done more to bring the cause to the front than all the five o'clock tea-meetings held in the West End during the last twenty years by society ladies."

In the words of one of the leaders of the Suffragette movement: "After all these years of quiet and patient agitation, we have in power a Liberal Government which is opposed to votes for women. Although the Prime Minister says he is in favour of the measure, and although 420 out of 670 members of Parliament have pledged themselves to support Women's Suffrage, the Government¹ refuses to introduce a Votes for Women Bill. It is because we know that the Liberal leaders are determined not to give us justice that we have to a certain extent followed the example of the men who fought for the vote in by-gone days. We wish that the Government would give us justice for the asking; but as they will not, we are prepared to fight for it as our forefathers did. This is why scores of women have already suffered imprisonment for marching to the House of Commons to claim their rights. This is why women protest at the meetings of Cabinet Ministers. If Cabinet Ministers will not give women a hearing at the ballot-box, how can they expect women to give them a hearing at their meetings? The Prime Minister has publicly admitted that the only way to get the vote is to 'go on agitating and pestering people,' and no one should complain because we act upon his advice. . . . If the Liberal leaders do not like our tactics, let them give women the vote, and these tactics will be heard of no more."

The women of Norway, following on the example of Finland, have lately obtained their political enfranchisement without any difficulty or opposition. When asked why this measure had been passed so easily, the reply was, "We did

¹ This has been proved up to the hilt by the motion which relegated the Women's Suffrage Bill, passed February 28 by a majority of 179 members, to a Committee of the whole House, thus shelving it for this session.

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not wish to see our women driven to the expedients of those in England in order to obtain their rights."

Thus, indirectly, we see it was to the methods of the Suffragettes the women of Norway owe their vote.

How those women of the sturdy, vigorous north intend to use their newly-acquired power was well voiced by a Finnish peasant woman, whom Mrs. Fawcett quoted in a letter the other day. When asked if she intended going to the election, she answered, "Certainly ; now I have a vote, I want to use it as a means to protect the things I esteem as the highest good in this world—my religion, my fatherland, and my home."

Are we to think less well of the intentions of English women ?

Strong as the Women's Suffrage Party is to-day among the most distinguished and able women of London, the life-sap of this movement, as Mr. Zangwill says in one of his recent brilliant and convincing speeches in favour of Women's Parliamentary Vote, "the life-sap comes from the provinces. Were it only a metropolitan exotic, a society luxury," he goes on to say, "it would soon pine away. But its roots go deep into our national soil, and draw their sustenance and vitality from all those myriads of obscure underground working-women. These working-women are not 'womanly'—they are not 'domestic.' True they still weave and spin for man, but no longer by their own hearths. They must leave their homes and their babes and become machines in a world of machinery. And we men who prate so much of womanliness and domesticity, what care have we had for these ? No vote can make them so unwomanly as not having a vote has made them. Perhaps, on the contrary, the vote may be the only means of bringing them back to womanliness. For only since the working-men in these dismal towns have had a vote has their lot become at all human. What religion cannot do, what charity cannot do, what all the thunder of your Carlyles and your Ruskins cannot do, a simple vote does. And so to these myriads of tired women who rise in the raw dawn and troop to their cheerless factories, and when the twilight falls return, not to rest, but to the labours of

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a squalid household—to these the thought of Women's Suffrage, which comes as a sneer to the man about town, comes as a hope and a prayer."

These are the women, so truly painted by Mr. Zangwill, for whom the women of the Social and Political Union are giving their time, their money, their talents, their health, and are ready to give their lives if need be. The methods and the tactics they are resorting to after infinite thought and deliberation are not those that many of these working-women will be found to censure.

When the peasant girl of Domrémy rose up, and, flinging down her shepherd's crook in obedience to the Voice, put on a soldier's uniform and went forth to deliver her country and obtain freedom for her people, her "methods" were at first judged to be both crazy and unfeminine. Twenty years after her martyrdom, which took place in spite of her unprecedented success, the greatest generals and statesmen of the day pronounced her tactics and generalship to have been beyond compare greater than those of all contemporaries.

Two of the most distinguished of our British generals have lately been to the head-quarters of the Suffragettes at Clement's Inn, and their verdict, after careful investigation and discussion of the question with the leaders of the W.S.P.U., is that these tactics of harassing the enemy at public meetings and by-elections are, from the military point of view, absolutely sound. In conducting a campaign there must always be instances where the general, though acting to the best of his ability, has failed to manifest omnipotent wisdom; but when he returns to us, having won his Waterloo, we gladly overlook the small and inevitable human errors in judgement, and rejoice at the generalship which achieved the victory.

CONSTANCE ELISABETH MAUD

RELIGION AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGY

ONE of the most significant signs of the times in the religious world at present is the advent of the so-called New Theology, and the welcome (or hostility, as the case may be) with which it has been received. The tinder of the public mind was evidently waiting only for the spark, and Mr. Campbell's book merely started a blaze which in any case must have come ere long. Primarily, the movement is spiritual and ethical rather than philosophical or theological. It is a revival of Hebraic thirst for righteousness, and a turning away from the Greek word-defining, creed-constructing element which for so long has dominated official Christianity. It is of the heart, not the head ; yet the latter must make some attempt, however weak, to supply what we call a rational basis for the feelings of the former. The first excitement being now perhaps over, or in course of subsiding, it may not be uninteresting to ask what it all means, from a psychological point of view.

Mr. Campbell is a pioneer of forces which are doing an unsuspected and for the most part hidden work. Almost alone among the Nonconformist ministers of this country—not quite alone, for Mr. Meyer and Mr. Ballard are with him—he is alive to the tremendous importance of the work that is being done by the advance guard of modern psychologists. The clergy of the Church of England, being for the most part of greater culture and of less *doctrinaire* inclination than their Nonconformist brethren—and being therefore less firmly fixed in the cast-iron mould of inherited beliefs concerning the nature of man—are apparently acquainting themselves with the results of modern discovery

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to a considerable extent. In the membership list of the Society for Psychical Research, the Church seems to figure more prominently than the Chapel. But this may be because the prosperous vicar can afford his guinea subscription better than his more hard-working but generally worse-paid Nonconformist neighbour; and it may be that, notwithstanding the apparent indifference of the latter, he is really as interested in these matters as the former. However this may be, it certainly seems to some of those who study these things that modern psychology is having, and will continue increasingly to have, an importance for the statement of religious doctrine which can hardly be exaggerated; and that Mr. Campbell is the first prominent religious teacher to recognise that fact with sufficient vividness to compel him to mould his views accordingly, and to expound systematically the resultant philosophy of religion to which he finds himself driven. What, then—it may be asked—are these wonderful discoveries of the new psychology, which are having, and will have, such an uncomfortably disturbing influence on our religious convictions?

I have already referred to the Society for Psychical Research, of which the three reverend gentlemen mentioned are members. It is to be feared that the reader may at this point begin to smile, anticipating that the present article will shortly show by unmistakable signs that the writer is a full-blown, eighteen-carat crank. It is usual to suppose that the Society in question is composed entirely of people who—like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*—delight in making their friends' flesh creep; their method being the narration of stories of apparitions and "haunts." They are supposed to dote on ghost stories, and to be epicures in fear-sensations of the type associated with Christmas Eve gatherings round a roaring fire, with a skilful *raconteur* in full swing, and the lights down. It is hardly worth while to combat this mistaken idea, though a few citations from the membership lists would be sufficient to suggest that either our leading scientists are very credulous and easily-deluded men, or that, after all, there must be "something in it"; and I will therefore content myself with saying that, though the Society in question is the chief engine of this research, the

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most important part of its work is, in my opinion, by no means that part which gives colour to the sceptic's joke. Further, that by the new psychology I do not mean the work of any one member, or of all the members, of the S.P.R. ; for a great deal of useful work is being done by investigators who not only stand outside that Society, but who are bitterly opposed to some of the opinions which many of its members harbour concerning certain alleged phenomena, and to the Society for being so foolish as to condescend to examine the evidence for such palæolithic views. By modern psychological discoveries I mean the discoveries concerning certain hitherto scientifically unrecognised phenomena of the human mind, which modern methods of inquiry have brought about ; and the theories concerning human personality which these phenomena seem to render necessary. Let us first glance at the recent history of psychology ; then we can consider its bearings on religion.

It has, of course, long been known that mental functions are not confined to the normal state of waking consciousness. Some part of the mind is frequently busy in sleep, when the waking self is entirely in abeyance ; and the product of this sleep-personality's activity is often of extremely *bizarre* character, consisting of beliefs which the waking self knows to be false. In other words, our dreams are frequently absurd ; yet, while asleep, we accept the most absurdly untrue things as quite natural. But, though the phenomena of dreams were known, there seemed no *nexus* which might link up the waking and the sleep state ; and, consequently, no scientific study of this puzzling phase of mental activity seemed possible. It is only recently that the researches of psychologists have to some extent—only very partially and vaguely, so far—shown in what direction we must look for a theory of the mind which shall at last include all known forms of mental faculty.

We all know that we can concentrate our minds on only one thing at a time. The more intent we are on what we are doing, the more oblivious we are to everything around us. Dr. Zukertort, meditating on a chess problem while gazing into a shop-window, was requested to move on ; his

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reply was, "Your move!" At that moment, nothing existed, for him, but a chess-board; the concentration of his mind was so complete that he was almost unconscious of his surroundings. If the policeman's request had not struck a responsive chord by the word "move," it is probable that he would not have heard him at all. This "absent-mindedness"—as we call it—is a phenomenon which every one notices in himself at times, in greater or less degree. A man will hunt for a pen which is behind his ear—for a cap which is on his head; he may begin to undress—from force of habit—if he goes into a bedroom during the day. These, and other facts of similar kind, lead us to represent the mind as a sort of landscape, on which the search-light of attention plays here and there. Where the beam rests there is brilliant illumination; this is the normal consciousness. For some distance around this spot there is a region of diffused illumination, decreasing in brightness as we go outwards; this corresponds to the dim awareness of our surroundings which we have, say, when reading or writing intently—we are thinking of our book or work, but are dimly conscious of the objects and people around us. Outside this area of diminishing brightness there is a vast extent which is practically unilluminated; this corresponds to things which we are not even dimly perceiving or thinking about, but which we are able to think about if we wish to.

So far, we are on ordinary ground with which every one is well acquainted. But the next step introduces a curious feature. It is found that the mind may notice something—may experience a perception—in this absent-minded way, without the normal consciousness being aware of it at all; and it is only perhaps by something happening which through association calls up the memory of the perception, that the normal consciousness becomes aware that the perception was experienced. In these cases, however, it may be argued that the perception *was* consciously registered at the time—that the search-light did fall on it for an instant—but that it was "forgotten" until something happened which drew it up into the illuminated area once more. Let us therefore take another step forward.

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There are many cases on record in which a problem that has baffled the waking personality is solved in sleep. Professor Hilprecht, the well-known Assyriologist, had been puzzled by the inscription on a Babylonian cylinder ; the interpretation came to him in a dream, with descriptive detail of which he had not consciously thought!¹ Of similar nature are the feats, while awake, of some of the "calculating boys" and mathematical prodigies ; they do not consciously work out the lengthy problems bit by bit, but rather attain their results by some almost instantaneous process which they themselves cannot describe. And they are frequently very far from being geniuses in other lines ; in fact, sometimes they are rather stupid. The celebrated Dase, "who in twelve years made tables of factors and prime numbers for the seventh and nearly the whole of the eighth million—a task which probably few men could have accomplished, without mechanical aid, in an ordinary lifetime,"² was of very low general intelligence, and an absolute dunce at mathematics, the elements of which he could never master. "He could not be made to have the least idea of a proposition in Euclid. Of any language but his own he could never master a word." Evidently the feats were done by some part of his mind which never came within the lighted area of his consciousness. Similarly with the arithmetical feats accomplished by uneducated persons in the hypnotic trance. Dr. J. Milne Bramwell has made many elaborate and instructive experiments in this branch, which go to prove the existence of hidden and hitherto hardly suspected faculty ; as when the post-hypnotic suggestion was given to a patient that she should perform a given action at the expiration of 20,190 minutes.³ The suggestion was given during hypnotic trance, and never entered into the field of the normal consciousness ; it was carried out—during sleep, as it happened—at the end of the time suggested. In many of these experiments the patient was unable to calculate, in the waking state, the date

¹ *Proceedings S.P.R.*, vol. xii, p. 13 *et. seq.* Quoted by Myers, *Human Personality*, vol. i, p. 375.

² *Human Personality*, vol. i, p. 83.

³ *Proceedings S.P.R.*, vol. xii, p. 186.

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and time at which the commanded action would fall due; but there was *some* part of the mind which was able to make the necessary calculation (or to count the minutes as they passed) and to see that the order was duly carried out.

These phenomena, and many others of similar nature which could be described and cases cited, seem to point to the existence in us of hidden faculties of immense extent and power. The chief problem of modern psychology is to find out the nature and reach of these faculties. The late F. W. H. Myers, for long the chief worker in this field, invented the term "subliminal" ("below the threshold") for those mental activities which do not take place within the area of the normal consciousness; and the intelligence manifesting itself he calls the "subliminal self." Professor William James remarks that, whatever may be the judgment of the future on the genius of Myers, and on the importance of what at present seems to us an epoch-making work, there is at least no doubt that the exploration of the Subliminal is the main task for the psychologist of the immediate future, and that this may well be termed "Myers' problem."

And here we reach controversial ground. Up to this point we are within the safe limits of what is recognised as fairly orthodox psychology; but we here part company with the conservatives, and even with Professor Joseph Jastrow, whose interesting work—*The Subconscious*—deals, to some extent, with the matter under discussion. The question is, what is the Subliminal?—what are its powers? and in what way must the recognition of those powers affect our conception of human personality?

Before any one can decide for himself these momentous questions, he must acquaint himself with the evidence in support of many phenomena which some investigators believe do actually occur, but which are usually regarded as impossible by the average uninstructed man. The latter may, perhaps, admit that "telepathy"—communication between mind and mind through some channel other than those of the known senses—may be a fact, for he is somewhat prepared for it by the apparently similar fact of

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wireless telegraphy ;¹ but he will begin to smile when clairvoyance, apparitions, automatic speech and writing (purporting to give messages from deceased persons) are brought before his notice. And, indeed, in the present paper the writer is not concerned to argue for his own personal views, which, for the rest, are far from being firm convictions, at least on the more recondite points ; but it may be remarked that it is at least interesting, and perhaps enough to give pause to the hasty critic, to find so many of our leading scientists convinced of the reality of some of these phenomena, and even inclined to believe (in a few cases) that there actually is communication from "the other side." Many of us at least are reasonably sure, from our own experience, that certain things do happen which are not explicable on orthodox scientific lines ; and that though telepathy may account for some of them, there are others which seem almost inexplicable without invoking—at least as a tentative hypothesis—the agency of consciousnesses which are no longer in the flesh. But we need not discuss the question of spiritism, which does not fall within the limits of this article ; and there would be no need to mention it, or its special phenomena, but for the fact that it is to some extent bound up with this question of the Subliminal, which is the matter under consideration. For the phenomena stretch, by insensible gradations, from happenings which are obviously and almost undeniably the work of the incarnate subliminal, to happenings which *may* still be the work of that mysterious entity, but which certainly seem *prima facie* spiritistic. The question as to where the activity of the Subliminal ends, and where the activity of an extraneous spirit—or of some unknown form of intelligence—begins, or whether the Subliminal is responsible for *all* the phenomena, is a question which each inquirer must settle for himself, after due examination of the evidence. The spiritualist admits subliminal activity as

¹ I say *apparently* similar ; for the analogy is far from close. There is reason to believe that telepathy is not a physical process—*i. e.*, that it does not depend on ethereal vibrations, but operates between *pneuma* and *pneuma* in the spiritual world. This was the view of Mr. Myers, and is shared by Mr. Gerald Balfour.

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a *vera causa*, but attributes to spirit-agency such phenomena as are most easily explicable on that hypothesis, or are *primâ facie* spiritistic in appearance. Sir Oliver Lodge, who may be cited as occupying a middle position, believes that some communications through mediums do really come from discarnate consciousnesses, but attributes to the unknown powers of the incarnate people concerned, many of the phenomena which spiritualists interpret as evidence for their own theory. Mr. Podmore, who is the apostle of the "irreducible minimum" of supernormality and supernaturalism, struggles gamely to explain by fraud as much as possible, and by the Subliminal all that fraud will not cover. He is not fond of the Subliminal, and spirits he will have none of ; consequently he works the normal explanations for all they are worth, or perhaps sometimes for rather more. As to Mr. Myers, he comes about half-way between the spiritualists and Sir Oliver Lodge ; and, as he was probably the most instructed man in the research, and was certainly one of the most able, we may, perhaps, take him as our authority on the question of where to draw the line between subliminal action and the action of something—whatever it is—which hypothetically lies outside the consciousness (supraliminal or subliminal) of incarnate minds.

In the opinion of Mr. Myers, a human being is a spirit who is temporarily functioning (for the most part) through the material organism which he calls his body. The spirit itself is not limited by time and space, and its knowledge and power are unthinkably great. But it is cabined and confined by the body, which has been moulded by the needs of terrestrial existence, and is not adapted to express the spirit's higher forms of activity. Another way of looking at it is to suppose the spirit to be only partially incarnated. The unincarnated part (the *pneuma*, as it was anciently called, as against the bodily *psyche* or *psyche-soma*) must be conceived as stretching upward into unimaginable realms of being. Perhaps all subliminals are in some incomprehensible way in contact—are even perhaps merged or united. Some such idea might help us to understand telepathy and many other things which are still more in need of explanation. We are dipped into matter, for educative purposes,

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at our lower end, and are really, perhaps, in some sort of potential or actual connexion higher up. However this may be, the theory at least regards man's real being as greater than his incarnated portion. With Wordsworth we may say that "we are greater than we know"; and not only that, for we can now add that a scientific theory, built upon facts, can be brought forward in support of the intuition. The soul's true being is in a spiritual world—perhaps a timeless, non-spatial existence. It exists in this spiritual world before, during, and after its temporary and partial incarnation in gross matter. The incarnation may be for purposes of purging away selfishness, and for the learning of the Christ-principles. The Kingdom of God is within us; but we need to train the *psyche* to realise it by living our life on this plane in accordance with the dictates of the Inner Monitor—the still, small voice—the "God within the breast."

And here we seem to arrive naturally at the point of contact between the new psychology and the so-called New Theology. The latter, however, is not new, and Mr. Campbell himself expresses dislike of the name which has been thrust upon it; the former is not new, for its chief idea is lucidly stated by Plutarch, and is also found underlying much of the ancient philosophy of Hinduism. Not, however, that we have returned to old positions, with no gain in the interim; it would be truer to say that we have come round to an old point of the compass, but that we are on a higher round of the spiral. We know much that Plato did not know concerning the detail of the universe and the mechanism of its working; and, though we have perhaps in some sense returned to his philosophic teaching, it is with minds enriched by knowledge acquired since his day—and not only with knowledge, but with heightened feelings of the solidarity of mankind—the brotherhood of man—which bring with them the seen duty of practical love to our fellow-traveller on life's way. Mr. Campbell, then, as a student of the new psychology, no doubt accepts the theory that man is a spirit only partially incarnated. He is greater than we know. Functioning and manifesting through gross matter which clouds and blinds his spiritual

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vision, he is fighting his way upwards towards his true self. In the mystic vision, when he is most truly and fully himself—in moods of exaltation when the veil becomes thin and he almost sees the spiritual world which in reality enfolds him—in these gleams, says the mystic, he has the revelation of his own identity and of its oneness with God, so far as such a reality is comprehensible to his flesh-swathed mind. Is Christ Divine? Yes, and so is man. “Is it not written in your law, I said, ‘Ye are gods’?” It is no blasphemy—as the Jews asserted—no derogation from Christ’s grandeur—as many say now—to claim our Sonship to the Father; God has made us, and we desecrate His handiwork if we imply other origin, denying our Father’s authorship. And what of God Himself? Is not a humble silence wiser and more reverent than presumptuous theologising? The problem transcends our understanding; here, a higher faculty is required. Dost thou believe in God? Can we give any wiser answer than Faust?

“Who dare express Him?
And who profess Him
Saying, I believe in Him?
Who, feeling, seeing,
Deny His being,
Saying, I believe Him not!
The All-Enfolding,
The All-Upholding,
Folds and upholds He not
Thee, me, Himself?
Arches not there the sky above us?
Lies not beneath us, firm, the earth?
And rise not on us, shining
Friendly, the everlasting stars?
Look I not, eye to eye, on thee?
And feel’st not, thronging
To head and heart, the force,
Still weaving its eternal secret,
Invisible, visible, around thy life?
Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,
And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,

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Call it then, what thou wilt.
Call it Bliss ! Heart ! Love ! God !
I have no name to give it,
Feeling is all in all ;
The Name is sound and smoke,
Obscuring Heaven's clear glow."

*" Wer darf ihn nennen ?
Und wer bekennen :
Ich glaub' ihn ?
Wer empfinden
Und sich unterwinden
Zu sagen : ich glaub' ihn nicht ? "*

Does the rationalistic theologian cry "vague sentimentalism" ? Let us remind him that mere Intellect does not exhaust the potentialities of man's spirit ; that the result of exclusive exercise of this Intellect—this mere Understanding—is irreligion, even though it may be exercised on Divine things, and may happen to support belief. It seems even arguable, then—terrible thought !—that a theologian may be very irreligious. *Mephistopheles* is pure intellect, with no feelings, ideals, or aspirations ; and, as Carlyle said, he is a very real Devil. Religion, being a matter of Feeling—emotion-response to the total known—rather than of mechanical ratiocination, will obviously resist full explanation on rationalist lines. Truth is reached by other paths as well as by the intellective. We love, and fear, and will, as well as reason ; and the loving heart is greater than the logical intellect. For sentiment, then, we need make no apology ; while as for vagueness, we may be content to admit the soft impeachment. It would seem fairly clear, to a modest mind, that nothing but vagueness is possible on such high themes. For, to use an old phrase which is perhaps not completely defensible, but which is true enough as illustration, How can the Finite comprehend the Infinite ? The man who, as Arnold said, will describe his God as if He were a man in the next street, is assuredly deceiving himself. The thing is not so simple as all that. "Words are the counters of wise men, they do but reckon by them ;

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but they are the money of fools." The rationalist theologian who has God's attributes so well defined that he seems to know all about him, is in danger of falling under Hobbes' condemnation. The Hindoos of three thousand years ago had already found that no human predicate was applicable to God. And now comes Goethe—repeating the Neo-Platonists—with his "Who dare *name* Him?" Finally, Mr. Campbell and his followers, preaching a social gospel, and caring little for theological niceties. Vagueness, yes! But vaguely expressed Truth is better than clear-cut Untruth. And the very vagueness of the dogmatic teaching of this New Theology is in some sense—particularly in view of its very definite spiritual and moral tendency—a voucher for its possession or inclusion of a further portion of that ocean of Truth, whose "mighty waters" we hear—though vaguely and confusedly—"rolling evermore."

J. ARTHUR HILL

FROM A POOR MAN'S HOUSE

I

SOME critics assert that, since educated people cannot really follow the workings of an uneducated mind, it is worse than useless to write about the psychology of the poor man. You must, they say, confine yourself to his actions ; beware of trying to unravel his mixed motives ; treat him objectively, picture-wise, and let the psychology of him follow by implication, if it will. Certainly the ordinary novel about the poor man either sentimentalises him on this side truth, or brutalises him on the other. But I fancy that the main differences between the educated and uneducated are first of expression and secondly of the diverse sets of experiences on which the two types of mind have to work. The actual workings of the mind, the operations which result in action, are not so different. The critic's *exquisite* and the poor man's *proper fine*, the critic's *inevitable* and the poor man's *can't be helped, 'tis the way o' it*, mean much the same thing.

Astonishment at, and zest in, these Under Town lives ; the discovery of so much beauty hitherto unsuspected and, indeed, not to be caught sight of without exceptional opportunity, sets one watching and waiting in order to find out the real difference of their minds from the minds of us who have been through the educational mill ; also to find out where and how they have the advantage of us. For I can feel rather than see, here, the presence of a wisdom that I know nothing about, not even by hearsay, and that I suspect to be largely the traditional wisdom of the folk, gained from contact with hard fact, slowly accumulated and

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handed on through centuries—the wisdom from which education cuts us off, which education teaches us to pooh-pooh.

Such wisdom is difficult to grasp ; very shy. My chance of observing it lies precisely in this : that I am neither a sky-pilot, nor a district visitor, nor a reformer, nor a philanthropist, nor any sort of “ worker,” useful or impertinent ; but simply a sponge to absorb and, so far as can be, an understander to sympathise. But it is hard entirely to share another people’s life, to give oneself up to it, to be received into it. They know intuitively (their intuitions are extraordinarily acute) that one is thinking more than one gives voice to ; putting two and two together ; which keeps alive a lingering involuntary distrust and a certain amount, however little, of ill-grounded respectfulness. (Respectfulness is less a tribute to real or fancied superiority, than an armour to defend the “ poor man’s ” private life.) Besides which, these people are necessary to, or at least their intimacy is greatly desired by, myself, whereas their own life is complete and rounded without me. I am tangential merely. They owe me nothing : I owe them much, and if I gain my object, shall owe more. It is I who am the client, they the patrons.

We are told often enough now-a-days that capital fattens on labour, naturally, instinctively, without much sense of wrong-doing, and has so fattened since the days when Laban tried to overreach Jacob. What we are not so often told is that the poor man no less instinctively looks upon the gen’leman as legitimate sport. “ An ’orrible lie ” between two poor people is fair play from a poor man to a wealthier, just as, for instance, the wealthy man considers himself at liberty to make speeches full of hypocritical untruth when he is seeking the suffrage of the free and independent electors, or is trying to teach the poor man how to make himself more profitable to his employer. It is stupid, at present, to burke class distinctions. Though they do not, perhaps, operate over so large a segment of life as formerly, they still exist in ancient strength, notwithstanding the fashionable cant—lip-service only to democratic ideals—about the whole world kin. There is not one

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high wall, but two high walls between the classes and the masses so-called ; and that erected in self-defence by the exploited is the higher and more difficult to climb. On the one side is a disciplined, fortified Gibraltar, held by the gentry ; then comes a singularly barren and unstable neutral zone ; and on the other side is the vast chaotic mass. In Under Town, I notice, a gentleman is always *gen'leman*, a workman or tramp is *man*, but the fringers, the inhabitants of the neutral zone, are called *persons*. For example : "That *man* what used to work for the council is driving about the *gen'leman* as stays with Mrs. Smith—the *person* what used to keep the greengrocery shop to the top of High Street afore her took the lodging-house on East Cliff." It is, in fact, strange how undemocratic the poor man is. (Not so strange when one realises that far from having everything to gain and nothing to lose by a levelling process, he has a deal to lose and his gains are problematical.) I am not sure that he doesn't prefer to regard the *gen'leman* as another species of animal. Jimmy and Tommy have a name of their own for the little rock-cakes their mother cooks. They call them *gentry-cakes* because such morsels are fitter for the—as Jimmy and Tommy imagine—smaller mouths of ladies and gentlemen. The other afternoon Mabel told me that a boat she had found belonged not to a boy but to a *gentry-boy*. Some time ago I begged Tony not to *sir* me ; threatened to punch his head if he did. It discomfited me to be belaboured with a title of respect which I could not reasonably claim from him. Rather I should *sir* him, for he is older, and at least my equal in character ; he has begotten healthy children for his country and he works hard "to raise 'em fitty." Against my book-knowledge he can set a whole stock of information and experience more directly derived from, and bearing upon, life. I don't consider myself unfit to survive, but he is fitter, and up to the present has done more to justify his survival—which after all is the ultimate test of a man's position in the race. At all events he did cease *sirring* me. Except on ceremonial occasions. At ordinary times the detested word is unheard, but it is still : "Gude-morning, sir !" "Gude-night, sir !" And sometimes : "Your health, sir !" At that

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the matter must rest, I suppose, though the *sir* is a symbol of class difference, and to do away with the symbol is to weaken the difference.

But at the same time, I am lucky enough to possess certain advantages. A militant Westcountry man, at home in no other part of England, prouder of being a Westcountryman than of being an Englishman, receives more confidence hereabout than an up-country man would. Again, I have managed to preserve the ability to speak dialect in spite of all the efforts of my pastors and masters to make me talk the stereotyped, comparatively inexpressive compromise which goes by the name of King's English. Tony is hard of hearing; catches the meaning of dialect far quicker than that of standard English, and I notice that the damn'd spot *sir* seldom blots our conversation when we talk in dialect. Finally there is the great problem of self-expression. There, at any rate, I am well to windward.

The cause of the uneducated man's use of the word *like* is interesting. He makes a statement, uses an adjective, and—especially if the statement relates to his own feelings or to something unfamiliar—he tacks on the word *like*, spoken in a peculiarly explanatory tone of voice. What does the word mean there? Is it merely a habit, a “gyte,” as Tony would say? And why the word *like*?

When a poet wishes to utter thoughts that are too unformulated, that lie too deep, for words—

Break, break, break

On thy cold grey stones, O sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me—

he has recourse to simile and metaphor. Take, for example, the transience of human life, a subject on which at times we most of us have keen, vague thoughts that, we imagine, would be so profound could our tongues but utter them.

Blake's *Thel* is a symbol of the transience of life.

O life of this our Spring! why fades the lotus of the water!
Why fade these children of the Spring, born but to smile
and fall?

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"Thel, the transient maiden, is. . . . What is Thel?" says Blake, in effect. Thel cannot be described straightforwardly. "What then is Thel *like*?"

Ah! Thel is like a watery bow, and like a parting cloud,
Like a reflection in a glass, like shadows on the water,
Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infant's face,
Like the dove's voice, like transient day, like music in the
air.

Shakespeare, in a like difficulty, uses one convincing simile:

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Drummond of Hawthornden exclaims:

This life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath. . . .

Lord Bacon speaks more boldly and concisely. He forsakes simile for metaphor, leaving the word *like* to be understood.

The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man
Less than a span. . . .

Were Tony to try and express himself by the same means, he would say: "The world's a bubble, like, and the life of a man less than a span, like."

Like, in fact, with the poor man as with the poet, connotes simile and metaphor. The poor man's vocabulary, like the poet's, is quite inadequate to express his thoughts. Both, in their several ways, are driven to the use of unhackneyed words and simile and metaphor; both use a language of great flexibility;¹ for which reason we find that after the

¹ The flexibility and expressiveness of dialect lies largely in its ability to change its verbal form and pronunciation from a speech very broad indeed to something approaching standard English. For example, "You'm a fool," is playful; "You'm a fule," less so. "You're a fool," asserts the fact without blame; while "Thee't a fule," or "Thee a't a fule!" would be

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poet himself, the poor man speaks most poetically. Witness the beautiful description: "All to once the nor'easter springed out from land, an' afore us could downhaul the mainsail, the sea were feather-white an' skatting in over the bows." New words are eagerly seized; hence the malapropisms and solecisms so frequently made fun of, without appreciation of their cause. *Obsolete* has come hereto from the navy, through sons who are bluejackets. Now, when Tony wishes to sum up in one word the two facts that he is older and also less vigorous than formerly, he says, "Tony's getting obsolete like." A soulless word, borrowed from official papers, has acquired for us a poetic wealth of meaning in which the pathos of the old ship, of declining years, and of Tony's own aging, are all present with one knows not what other suggestions besides. And when *obsolete* is fully domesticated here, the *like* will be struck off.

In short, every time Tony uses *like*, he is admitting, and explaining, that he has expressed himself as best he could, but inadequately notwithstanding. He has felt something more delicately, thought upon something more accurately, than he can possibly say. He is always pathetically eager to make himself plain, to be understood. One knows well that touching look in the eyes of a dog, when, as we say, it all but speaks. Often have I seen that same look, still more intense, in Tony's eyes, when he has become mazed with efforts to express himself, and I have wished that as with the dog, a pat, a small caress, could change the look into joyfulness. But it is just because I am fond of him that I am able to feel with him and to a certain extent to divine his half-uttered thoughts; to take them up and return them to him clothed in more or less current English which, he knows, would convey them to anybody, and which shows him more clearly than before what he really

spoken in temper, and the second is the more emphatic. The real difference between "I an't got nothing," "I an't got ort," and "I an't got nort"—"Oo't?" "Casn'?" "Will 'ee?" and "Will you?"—"You 'm not," "You ain't," and "You hain't"—are hardly to be appreciated by those who speak only standard English. In parts of Devon, again, *thee* and *thou* are used between intimates, as in French. *Thee* is usual from a mother to her children, but is disrespectful from children to their mother.

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was thinking. That seems to be one of my chief functions here—thought-publisher. Obviously grateful, he talks and talks, usually while the remains of a meal lie scattered on the table. “Ay!” he says, at the end of a debauch of *likes*. “I don’ know what I du know. Tony’s a silly ol’ fule!”

He does not believe it; nor do I; for I am often struck with wonder at the thoughts and mind-pictures which we so curiously arrive at together.

II

THE old feudal class-distinctions are fast breaking down. But are we arriving any nearer the democratic ideal of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*? In place of the old distinctions, are we not setting up new distinctions, more powerful to divide because less superficial? There is to-day a greater social gulf fixed between the man who takes his morning tub and him who does not, than between the man of wealth or family and him who has neither. New-made and pink, the “gentleman” arises daily from his circle of splashes, a masculine Venus from a foam of soap-suds. (About womenfolk we are neither so inquiring nor so particular.) For the cults of religion and pedigree we have substituted the cult of soap and water, and “the prominent physician of Harley Street” is its high-priest. Are you a reputed atheist? Poor man! doubtless God will enlighten you in His good time. Are you wicked? Well, well. . . . Have you made a fortune by forsaking the official Christian morality in favour of the commercial code? You can redeem all by endowing a hospital or university. But can they say of you that somehow or other you don’t look quite clean? Then you are damn’d!

The cottage where the heroine of the “nice” book lives, is always spotlessly clean. A foreigner who adopts the bath habit, is said to be just like an Englishman. It is the highest praise he can earn, and will go further in English society than the best introductions.

Cleanliness is our greatest class-symbol. In living with people who have been brought up to a different way of life,

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a consideration of cleanliness is forced upon one; for nothing else rouses so instantaneously and violently the latent snobbery that one would fain be rid of. Religiously, politically, we are men and brothers all. Yet still—there *are* men we simply cannot treat as brothers. By what term of contempt (in order to justify our unbrotherliness) can we call them? Not *poor men*; for we have *Poor but honest* too firmly fixed in our minds, and we would all like a colonial rich rough diamond of an uncle to leave us money. Hardly *men of no family*; for men of no family are received at court. Not *workmen*; for behold the Carlylese and Smilesian dignity of labour! Not *the masses*; for the masses are supposed to be our rulers. What then can we call these people with whom we really cannot associate on equal terms? Why, call them *The Great Unwashed*. O felicitous phrase! O salve of the conscience! That is the unpardonable social sin. At the bottom of our social ladder is a dirty shirt; at the top is fixed not laurels, but a tub! The bathroom is the inmost, the strongest fortress of our English snobbery.

Cleanliness as a subject of discussion is, curiously enough, considered rather more improper than disease. Yet it has to be faced, and that resolutely, if we would approach, and approaching, understand, the majority of our fellow-creatures.

Chemically, all dirt is clean. Just as all the paints in a box, when mixed, produce a dirty grey, so, conversely, if we could separate any form of dirt into the pure solid, liquid and volatile chemical compounds of which it is composed, into pretty crystals, liquids and gases, exhibited in the scientific manner on spotless watch-glasses and in thrice-washed test-tubes—we might indeed say that some of those chemicals had an evil odour, but we could not pronounce them unclean. Prepared in a laboratory, the sulphuretted hydrogen gas which makes the addled egg our national political weapon, is a quite cleanly preparation. Dirt is merely an unhappy mixture of clean substances. The housewife is nearest a scientific view of the matter when she distinguishes between “clean dirt” and “dirty dirt,” and does not mind handling coal, for instance, because, being clean dirt, it will not harm her. Cleanliness is a process

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by which we keep noxious microbes and certain poisons outside our systems or in their proper places within. (It has been shown that we cannot live without microbes, and that there exist usually, in some parts of the body, substances which are powerfully poisonous to other parts.) Rational cleanliness makes for health, for survival. It is, ultimately, an expression of the Will to Live.

Far, however, from being rational, our notions on cleanliness are in the highest degree superficial. We make a great fuss over a flea ; hardly mention it in polite company ; but we tolerate the dirty housefly on all our food. We eat high game which our cook's more natural taste calls muck. We are only just beginning to realise the indescribable filthiness of carious teeth, than which anything more unclean, a few diseases excepted, can scarcely be found in slums. Even in this great age of pseudo-scientific enlightenment, we do not have a carious tooth extracted until it aches, though we have a front tooth cleaned and stopped on the first appearance of decay. What the eye doth not see. . . . Yet we presume to judge men by their deviation from our conventional standards of cleanliness.

My lady goes to the doctor for her headaches and *crises des nerfs*. "Dyspepsia and autotoxæmia," says the doctor. "Try such-and-such a diet for a month, then go to Aix-les-Bains." But how would my lady be ashamed did he tell her plainly, "Madam, though I observe that you bathe frequently, your cleanliness, like your beauty, is only skin-deep. You are fair without and foul within. Your alimentary canal is overloaded and your blood is so unclean that it has poisoned your nervous system. Eat less, take more exercise and drink plenty—of water. Try to be as clean as your gardener." It has been remarked that the labourer who sweats at his work is, in reality, far cleaner than the bathing sedentary man, for the labourer has a daily sweat-bath, whereas the other only washes the outside of him : the cleanliness of the latter is skin-deep, and of the former blood-deep. Once stated, the fact is obvious. Moreover, the labourer has the additional advantage of being self-cleansing, whereas the sedentary man, for his inferior kind of cleanliness, requires a bath and all sorts of

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apparatus. No doubt in time we shall learn to value both kinds of cleanliness, each at its worth. Mr. H. G. Wells' Martians, when in a fair way to conquer the earth, succumbed before earthly microbes to which they were unaccustomed, against which they had not acquired immunity. If by antiseptics they could have kept these microbes at bay, they would have done well, but if, like mankind, they had possessed self-resistance against them (that is, if they had been self-cleansing), it would have been still better. There is no paradox in saying that, practically, it is very difficult for a healthy person to be genuinely unclean ; and that ideally, in the surgeon's eyes, we are all, gentleman and tramp, so unclean that there is little to choose between us, and every one of us requires a comprehensive scrubbing in an antiseptic tub.

But just as the habit of aiding nature by eating pre-digested food is bad, so too rigid a habit, too great a need, of cleanliness is a positive disadvantage in the struggle for existence. Harry Stidston says fleas are lovable little creatures. I have had to learn to put up with one or two, sometimes. Tommy makes his mother undress him in the middle of dinner to find one. In other words, Harry Stidston can do his work and live under conditions which would put me to flight, and I have a like advantage over Tommy. Again, Tony can do with an occasional bath and can eat his food with fishy hands, while I am a worm and no man without my daily bath, or at least a wash-over, and, except at sea, turn against the best of food if I can smell fish on my fingers. The advantage is Tony's. It is good to be clean, but it is better to be able to be dirty.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS

CURRENT EVENTS

THE retirement of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, followed so soon by his death, has thrown a dark shadow over the past month. Years must elapse before a complete and impartial view can be taken of the

Sir Henry
Campbell-
Bannerman

political achievement of this simple and straightforward, but bold and determined man. For he died in the very midst of violent controversies in which he had only just ceased to play a vigorous part. His opponents, with the traditional English desire to be generous in the hour of loss, have nevertheless given accounts of his career which consist of hostile verdicts on almost every one of his actions. It is enough for his followers, without attempting to reconcile the fundamental difference between the political outlook of Unionism and Liberalism, to put on record the dogged tenacity with which he upheld the supremacy of the moral law in politics, whether national, international, or imperial. He was proof, not only against the malice of enemies, the idle chatter of London clubs and drawing-rooms, but against something much harder to resist—the doubt and hesitation and compromise of friends. To the belief in liberty which he inherited from an older generation, he added an openness to new ideas, and a strong sympathy with the younger men of the progressive parties. He rendered a great and distinct service to Liberalism. He proved, at a critical hour, that there is no hope of survival for a Liberal Party which attempts to compromise with Imperialist Conservatism; that if the electorate wants a Liberal policy at all, it wants a definite and courageous one. The General Election of 1906 justified his view so abundantly that there has even been a tendency to exaggerate his position in the party, and to take too

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personal a view of political life. From being an object of hatred or contempt to his opponents, and of suspicion or faint praise to some of his friends, he became "the one man who could hold the party together." As a matter of fact, Mr. Asquith's accession to the leadership finds the party as united as it was before. It is, of course, a well-known fact that, a few years since, the new Prime Minister would have been regarded with some distrust by the advanced section of the party, as belonging too definitely to the right wing. It would be premature to say that this feeling has been replaced by complete confidence. One thing, however, is quite certain. Ever since Mr. Chamberlain launched his Tariff Reform campaign, Mr. Asquith has become more and more alive to the essentially anti-popular character of the Unionist Party of to-day, to the impossibility of compromise with such a party, and to the need of a really vigorous counter-attack. His sense of the momentousness of the issues at stake in modern politics has steadily increased. His mind is practical and constructive, and is bent to-day upon schemes for the assertion, or reassertion, of popular control in all departments of the national life. His Licensing Bill, his Death Duties, his Old Age Pension policy, and more conspicuously still his Ministerial appointments—which are discussed above by Mr. P. W. Wilson, M.P.—clearly illustrate the working of his mind. He has never failed in ability and knowledge; his possession of the more intangible qualities which make for success in his new post—the power to appeal to men's emotions, to follow or even anticipate the broad currents of opinion—is now to be tested.

Mr. Burns's Housing and Town Planning Bill will be heartily welcomed by those whom some other features of his reign at the Local Government Board The Housing Bill have disappointed. The scope of the measure is wide, and its execution workmanlike. To begin with, it thoroughly overhauls the existing law. Part III of the Act of 1890 (the adoptive part, under which local bodies may provide addition

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housing) is extended to every "place for which it has not been adopted, as if it had been so adopted." Most important of all are a number of clauses, whereby the Local Government Board can, if it sees fit, compel the authority for any locality to use practically any of its powers under this or previous housing legislation. Next we are taken to Town Planning—a phrase new to the statute-book—though the reform which it stands for has been long overdue. It is widely and boldly defined, and local authorities are given power to make town planning schemes with reference to any land within or in the neighbourhood of their areas; they have to be submitted to the Local Government Board, and when approved by it, become law. In town planning no less than in housing the Bill empowers the Local Government Board to compel defaulting local authorities to act. For the general lines of this Bill all housing reformers should be grateful, and should strengthen Mr. Burns's hands against the outcry which is sure to rise soon from the less intelligent property-owners. The point which seems to us most open to fair criticism, is the extent of the powers and responsibilities heaped on the Local Government Board, and particularly those of a judicial character. Much might be said for devolving many of them upon *ad hoc* Commissioners. If the Bill goes through in its present form, the initial administration of the Act by the Board during, say, the next three years will be of quite extraordinary and incalculable moment for the whole future of England. The appointment of Mr. Masterman, a specialist on the subject, has perhaps this significance. We take this opportunity of congratulating one who has been associated with this REVIEW—to its great advantage—ever since its foundation.

Sir Edward Grey does not relax the strenuousness which marks his new "forward" policy in Macedonia. A most significant feature is the publicity which
**England, Russia
and the Balkans** now marks his diplomacy. Some of the Powers love darkness rather than light, for reasons not themselves obscure, and the Foreign Secretary

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is deliberately employing a powerful weapon which we can only wonder that he did not resort to long ago. On receipt of the British proposals for giving executive powers to the Gendarmerie officers, the Powers with one consent "began to make excuse." Thereupon the Minister, nothing daunted, penned a despatch which will bring him nearer to a place in history than anything that has yet marked his tenure of the Foreign Office. One by one he exposed the hollowness of the excuses, and calmly proceeded to put forward a programme reaching far beyond the rejected proposals, and involving the appointment of a special Governor, irremovable without the consent of the Powers. At the same time he invited any counter-proposition, and in grave language made the unmistakable declaration that if he again received a purely negative reply the Concert would, as far as he was concerned, no longer exist. Russia, as he had doubtless anticipated, responded to Sir Edward's invitation and produced a scheme of her own, quite unsatisfactory as it stood, but most significant as definitely marking the end of the Austro-Russian obstructionist *entente*. On April 3rd Sir Edward Grey replied in friendly language to Russia, but trenchantly criticised the details of the scheme, more especially on the financial side, and revealed another weapon by declaring that unless the Porte fulfilled its engagements, British consent to the Austrian surtax would be withdrawn. In effect he offered to accept a compromise between his own and the Russian scheme, which should provide for the retention of Hilmi Pasha as Governor—independent of the Porte and with a guaranteed pension—executive control for the European Commissions, and the making of the civil expenditure the first charge on the Macedonian budget. This serious public discussion of reform between Great Britain and Russia was not welcome in Berlin and Vienna, and seeing Russia being rapidly detached from them, they hastily declared that they accepted the Russian scheme.

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SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN : IN MEMORIAM

“Such then, was Campbell-Bannerman—a combination of many remarkable political gifts with few of the ordinary and besetting weaknesses of the political life; with no disordered ambition, nor irritable vanity, no lasting hatreds; brave in adversity, modest in triumph; the plain, honest, kindly man who added lustre to even the mighty position of Prime Minister by the simple virtues which brighten and adorn millions of British homes, and are the best and truest elements of the nation’s honour, strength and fame.”—Mr. T. P. O’Connor’s sketch. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

“I am not prepared to erase from the tablets of my creed any principle or measure, or proposal, or ideal, or aspiration of Liberalism.”—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Feb. 20, 1902.

IT is related by those who should know, that, at a critical Cabinet Council in the early days of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s Government, the future of South Africa hung in the balance. It was still undecided whether to give full responsible, or merely “representative” government, to the conquered colonies of the Transvaal and the Orange River. Though, in the light of subsequent success, it seems difficult to realise this, there were many forcible arguments in favour of moving step by step to the final consummation of self-government. Those arguments had been strenuously urged by able exponents. The Cabinet peared to hesitate on the brink of an irrevocable decision; and it seemed possible, as so often happens in such cases, that the spirit of compromise might prevail. At that moment, it is related, the late Prime Minister rose from his chair, and delivered to the Cabinet one of the most powerful

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and touching appeals that ever proceeded from his lips—an appeal for oblivion of the past, peace in the present, hope for the future. When he concluded, a dead silence prevailed. Then, without any further hesitation, the Cabinet voted unanimously for granting complete self-government to the new colonies in South Africa.

It is well that such things should be known to the world, in order to keep a great memory green. Fate deprived Campbell-Bannerman's Premiership of its full fruit of achievement; and there is some danger in these hurrying days lest posterity should judge him solely by his brief record of Parliamentary achievement. We can imagine the historian of the future gravely wondering why it was that this Prime Minister was so greatly loved and so deeply mourned. "After all," he will say, "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was Prime Minister for only two years. Few laws were passed during that period—he was largely thwarted by the House of Lords, whom he defied in vain." If, as we have every reason to hope, the next few years of strong and driving leadership should give a new lease to British Liberalism, there will be an inevitable tendency to look on the Bannerman Premiership as a period of lovely intentions rather than splendid achievements. It is not amiss, therefore, to place it on record that to him, and him above all others, is due the settlement of South Africa.

Alas, that the settlement of South Africa should remain without that companion act of conciliation which Sir Henry would surely have effected if life had been spared to him! The very delicate and charming memoir of the late Prime Minister which has been produced by Mr. T. P. O'Connor with such extraordinary rapidity,¹ reveals to the world how the last working days of the late Prime Minister were spent; and Mr. John Redmond's interesting narrative² has filled in the picture. It is a revelation which is of some interest to those who have been watching closely the great national drama that has lain behind the fleeting scenes of the recent by-elections. Sir Henry's last endeavours, to put

¹ *Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman*. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Hodder and Stoughton, 1908.

² In *The Nation*, Saturday, May 16.

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it briefly, were given to produce the same peace for Ireland that he had already produced in South Africa. His last Parliamentary activities—so we now know—were given to negotiations with Mr. John Redmond over that Home Rule resolution which ultimately came on when he was too ill to take part in it. If Sir Henry had lived, things would have gone differently. That strange, sinister attack by Mr. Healy on Mr. Asquith would, it is clear, never have taken place. Mr. Asquith's speech, so careful and yet so misunderstood, would never have been made. We now know, for the first time, that Sir Henry's last act was a fresh effort for peace for Ireland :

“ Before the opening of the session there had been an interview between Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Birrell, the new Chief Secretary, and two Irish members, at which it had been agreed that there should be two Irish Bills in the coming session—one dealing with the question of Irish University Reform, and the other with the still unsolved and still menacing question of the Congested Districts. In some respects a subject even more important had been discussed—namely, a resolution in favour of Home Rule.”¹

The resolution was drawn up, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as we now know from Mr. Redmond, had decided to wind up the debate. The event might have produced a change in the relations between the two countries :

“ The debate was looked forward to by the Irish leader accordingly with great hope ; it was certain that a speech from the Prime Minister, couched in the strong and unmistakable terms of his previous utterances, would have rallied the entire Liberal Party, and have brought to Home Rule a majority so decisive as to have marked a great step in advance.”²

Sir Henry, in short, was on the eve of one of his greatest triumphs. Alackaday!

¹ Mr. T. P. O'Connor, p. 155.

² *Ibid.*, p. 157.

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“But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life.”

What is the characteristic that emerges from any reflection on these two episodes in the life of this man? Surely, the amazing staunchness of his nature. Since Sir Henry died, there has been a great deal of talk about the superiority of character to intellect. Such talk is largely beside the mark. Sir Henry was not in any sense a man whose intellect was inferior, either to his heart or his will. He possessed a brain of singular acuteness, and was endowed with a culture which few Prime Ministers, except, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone, have possessed. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, for instance, bears witness to his amazing knowledge of French literature; and he certainly was an admirable classical scholar. It was not that his brain was inferior, but that he kept it in a better state of discipline. Superficially a wit, and often a cynic, Sir Henry was, fundamentally, extraordinarily faithful and serious in his politics. It was he who uttered during the Home Rule crisis the famous phrase that he had “found salvation.” The word expresses the nature of his convictions. Moreover, having once found salvation on any question, he never became a backslider. Having once made up his mind on the Boer War, and on the proper settlement of South Africa, he was not to be shaken from it by all the clever critics in the world. Having once been persuaded by Mr. Gladstone that the only cure for Irish discontent was Home Rule, he never tired or flagged in his devotion to that conviction. His principles had no moods. His beliefs were arrived at slowly; but, having once been established, were built on the rock.

It is not, perhaps, a trivial thought that this amazing staunchness of political faith was reflected in the touching personal devotion to which, in very deed, he sacrificed his life. I have been told by many that Lady Campbell-Bannerman was a wonderful house manager; and it was always clear that she was a good hostess. Perhaps here lay

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some of the secret of her hold over her husband. But these things are unfathomable. Suffice it to say, that the late Prime Minister was her faithful slave. They were inseparables. Every politician will remember how, during his leadership of the Opposition, at critical moments towards the end of the session, Sir Henry would suddenly disappear, leaving the conduct of the battle, just when it was raging most fiercely, entirely to his lieutenants. For a few days every one would ask, "Where is Bannerman?" and then a little notice in the *Times* would reveal that he had eloped, with his wife, to Marienbad. They were always doing that. It was one of the permanent troubles of Liberal politics in those days.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor¹ gives a delightful description of the late Prime Minister at this Austrian watering-place :

"There is no place where Campbell-Bannerman and his wife will be so much missed as Marienbad. They were among the first to discover that delightful health resort in the mountains of Bohemia, and they stuck to their first admiration for it through upwards of twenty years. Their coming, indeed, was one of the events of the place ; eagerly expected by the chief hotel proprietors, and regarded as marking an epoch of the season. It was under the blue sky, and in the easy and unconstrained atmosphere of Marienbad, that Campbell-Bannerman was seen at his best. His good-humour, his equableness, his freedom from all prejudice, his quaint and cynical wit—all these things made him a favourite companion of everybody. He rarely took the cure ; but he walked every morning with the other guests, and with the characteristic and universal glass of the Marienbad invalid ; but the glass, in his case, contained, however, whey or some other non-medicinal draught, and none of the severe waters which the other cure-guests were taking."

It is told of Amasis, the Egyptian King, that in the height of his sudden prosperity he was advised to propitiate

¹ Mr. T. P. O'Connor, p. 122.

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the gods by throwing a ring into the Nile. It is sometimes difficult, even in these days, to avoid some touch of this old superstitious feeling when one sees how often a man raised to sudden fortune is buffeted on the morrow by an equal stroke of tragedy. Scarcely had Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman become Prime Minister, when the health of his wife finally broke down, and practically the whole of those two strenuous years—years in themselves of arduous, unceasing public toil—were shadowed and tortured by this slow sorrow. Mr. T. P. O'Connor gives a pathetic account of it:¹

“It is impossible to exaggerate what mental anguish all this caused to Campbell-Bannerman; at times it so unnerved him that he was not able to speak to a friend for any time without bursting into tears. And the very closeness and fervour of the affection which bound this couple together, rather aggravated the sadness and the torture of the situation. Accustomed to tender and constant care from her husband throughout their married life, and perhaps counting with the greed of affection the few moments that were left of their almost lifelong companionship, the dying wife insisted that he should be near her during most of the hours of the day, and often during many hours of the night. Sometimes she was kept alive by oxygen; and it was by the hands of her husband—or at least in his presence—that the oxygen had to be administered; and this sometimes happened twice in the same night. Rushed to death during the day, with a thousand and one demands on his time, his work, his temper, the Prime Minister, in 10, Downing Street, was less happy than the cottager that tramps home to his cabin to healthy wife and joyous children. He was visibly perishing under the double strain, looked terribly old, and some days almost seemed to be dying himself; and there was little doubt in the mind of anybody who watched him that if the double strain were prolonged he would either die or resign.”

Lady Bannerman died, as all who saw her during those

¹ Mr. T. P. O'Connor, p. 124.

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days knew was inevitable ; and the anguish of Campbell-Bannerman's last year might be summed up in those two simple lines of the bereaved poet :

“ But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me ! ”

Mr. T. P. O'Connor gives some very touching stories of this last year.¹

“ If Campbell-Bannerman had been a younger man, or if he had been in strong health, it is possible that he might have recovered in time from such a dreadful blow as the loss of a wife so profoundly loved. But he never did recover. The cessation of the nightly calls to her bedside, of course, helped to restore something of his bodily vigour; but his mind never did resume its habitual gaiety. When spoken to once by me, he put his feelings in this pathetic phrase : “ It used to be always ‘ we ’; now it is ‘ I ’—which is very different.”

It was indeed a mortal blow.

“ C.-B. said that when he had anything special to tell or interest his wife in reference to the news in the morning's papers, he used to rush off to her room. And even still, when he awoke in the morning, he found himself starting out in the same way to go and speak to her; he had not yet realised that he would never again have to take that little journey from his room to hers—that there stretched between them the long and dark journey between one world and another. I have little doubt that the death of his wife had much to do with the death of Campbell-Bannerman, too.”²

Shallow observers, who had deplored the strain upon the Prime Minister's strength involved in the necessity of actually sick-nursing a dying wife—the strain by night of

¹ Mr. T. P. O'Connor, p. 128.

² *Ibid.*, p. 129.

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giving her her food and her oxygen, as well as the terrible work for the Empire by day, prophesied that the death of his wife would prolong Sir Henry's own life. But they had failed to gauge the staunchness of the man. It was like some cleavage of a physical ligature, which leaves an incurable wound behind—a wound that, slowly bleeding day by day, at last drains the victim of his life-blood. So the faithful old man, sitting in the seat of the mightiest, and dowered with the greatest prize that political ambition craves for, sickened in the midst of that blaze of light and power, and gradually passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

I have dwelt on this personal story because, after all, you cannot separate the private from the public life of a man, and because it reveals how very intimate a part of the late Prime Minister's character was this fidelity to all that had won his regard. As it was in domestic affairs, so it was in public. There was never any flinching from the utter consequences of conviction, never any trimming of the sails. Even when success came, it was because in the course of nature the wind changed to suit the sails, and not because the sails were changed to suit the wind.

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I turn from Mr. T. P. O'Connor's sketch to the very valuable collection of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speeches which have been opportunely reprinted by the *Times* after a fashion which every publicist will hope to see followed by that great organ in other cases.

What impression do we gain from re-reading these speeches? There is no severer posthumous test. Few speeches have survived the hour of utterance. Even in reading Gladstone's great Midlothian speeches we now feel the loss of that inspiring, personal presence, that engaging power of gesture, that silvery voice. Bright's, perhaps, are more readable; because he was a rarer speaker, and trusted less to the power of his personality. But perhaps the only great speeches of the modern world that will survive are those of one who, in uttering them, is said to have uniformly emptied the House of Commons :

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“Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing when they thought of
dining”—

the great Edmund Burke.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speeches will not, to say it frankly, mount into that fine companionship. They will not be read as oratory, for the speaker was no orator. His mastery of even such arts of exposition and address as he arrived at, was only achieved by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at the cost of much labour and sore pain. I remember seeing Sir Henry in his earlier days address a great meeting of some 5,000 people at Bradford. It was one of those great gatherings which thrill the real orator, just as the sight of an organ thrills the real organist—eager, enthusiastic, and patient. It was at one of the most difficult moments in Sir Henry's long effort after party unity, when any chance phrase might have shattered the fragile fabric once and for all. He could not afford to let himself go; and so through a whole hour he read to that crowded hall little sentences written on small pieces of paper which he held very close to his eyes, and which effectually divided him from his audience. At the moment it seemed almost a tragedy. That great gathering gradually cooled, slowly tired, and in the end saw its leader sit down with obvious relief. How often have I seen the same drama in the House of Commons! The wonder is that a man so little gifted with the elementary arts of eloquence could in the end command and hold the ear of the public at all.

The explanation probably is, that, in these days of verbally reported speeches, the actual physical arts of oratory are less important for the government of men than in times when the audience was smaller, and was immediately within the range of the orator's voice. The speech of a Prime Minister, apart from debating efforts in the House of Commons, is practically now a dispatch to the nation. Except for the sake of form, it might almost as well be written. The great majority of the people who were affected by Bannerman's speeches saw nothing of those little pieces of paper and that shaking hand. They did not know

that Sir Henry's voice was weak, and that his physical presence had no magic hold over the eyes of any assembly. They read his words in speech after speech. They felt that this man was not playing with them or indulging in what are known as "fireworks," but held steadily to one broad faith in season and out of season. The British people soon tire of mere cleverness ; though they are, like other people, very much fascinated and attracted by it. But when they want a man to rule them, they must have something more.

This is what explains the gradual hold which these speeches attained on the public mind. Turning back to them now, one is amazed at the steady courage and bluntness of Campbell-Bannerman's speeches during the South African War. Take one speech, which I have not read since I heard it, nearly seven years ago at the Holborn Restaurant—the speech in which Sir Henry applied to the Tory methods of campaigning in South Africa, that stinging phrase—"methods of barbarism." I shall not easily forget that gathering. It came at a period of great weariness, when some of us were heavy with the accounts that we had heard from the lips of those who had visited the Concentration Camps in South Africa; while we yet were at a loss to know how to bring home these things to the nation. We knew Sir Henry's difficulties—we realised the necessity that compelled him to moderate his indignation, lest he should once and for all destroy the Liberal Party. But some of us also knew that Sir Henry had that morning given an audience to Miss Emily Hobhouse, the intrepid lady who, at the cost of much personal suffering, witnessed the slow dying of many hundreds of women and children in those camps; and yet we had no knowledge that he would break the conspiracy of silence which seemed the only condition of Liberal unity. Sir Henry opened his speech quietly, with a few complimentary expressions to the Liberals around him—Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley and others. Then suddenly he turned to the war—the spectre of this terrible war. "He had been taken to task," he said, "because he had said that there could only be an insignificant fraction of the Liberal Party who approved that policy." Sir Henry then paused. "What was that policy?" he asked. He answered his own

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question in a scathing description of that form of warfare, then popular in a certain section of the Press, the warfare of farm-burning, devastation, and general destruction. Then he paused again, and suddenly, like a pistol-shot came that terrible utterance—"When was a war not a war? When it was carried on by methods of barbarism in South Africa."

The word had been spoken; and it was the boldest word that he ever spoke. It went out through England like a sword, dividing parties and families, defining the issue of those years, and bringing with it the cure of the very evil it condemned. Never was the power of bold speech more dramatically revealed; for within six months of the utterance of that phrase, the "methods of barbarism" which had been sanctioned or tolerated by the authorities in South Africa, were stopped by orders from home, sent by the very people who outwardly expressed the bitterest indignation at the phrase.

After all, the British people likes courage in its leaders; and perhaps the daring of those words was not wholly unconnected with the high honour and affection afterwards heaped on the man who uttered them.

HAROLD SPENDER

OLD-AGE PENSIONS AND THE BUDGET

AFTER nearly thirty years of discussion, the United Kingdom is to fall into line with France, Germany, Denmark, New Zealand, and other countries, in making honourable provision for the aged poor; and soon it will be recognised by law in this country that (to quote the eloquent words of the preamble to the New Zealand Pension Act of 1898) "it is equitable that deserving persons, who, during the prime of life, have helped to bear the public burdens of the State by the payment of taxes, and to open up its resources by their labour and skill, should receive from the State a pension in their old age."

It is a new principle in British administration; and its statement in an Act of Parliament is a landmark of the first importance on the long march of social reform. For the first time in the history of England, it is to be decreed that the citizens shall have a guarantee from the State of a minimum level of subsistence in their old age—a level which will not fall below that represented by a sum of 5s. a week. However poor a man may be when he arrives at his seventieth year, however precarious his prospects for the future may seem, he knows that he can reckon with certainty upon receiving thereafter from the State an annuity of £13 a year. This is a notable effort of a movement which is gathering force in this country—the movement towards securing a guaranteed minimum of subsistence for all classes of the community; and it is in this sense that the Government's old-age pension proposal is to be regarded. It is not so much a reform of a section of the Poor Law, as a beginning (one of several) of a newer

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social policy with an infinitely wider horizon—a policy which, for better or for worse, takes a more kindly, a more sympathetic view of life. In presenting the scheme to the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith stated that it was the desire of the Government “to take the care of the aged, and place them, once for all, outside both the machinery and the associations of our Poor Law system.” In undertaking this task, the Government is performing one of the most notable social services which could fall to the lot of any body of Ministers in this country.

In adopting a non-contributory pension scheme, the Government is following on lines laid down by expert opinion, and endorsed by the populace. The story of the evolution of the Government’s scheme is short and interesting. It opens some twenty-five years ago, when great interest was roused throughout England by the publication of Canon Blackley’s proposal for the compulsory insurance of all persons, of both sexes and of every class, by the payment, between the ages of 18 and 21 years, of the sum of £10, or thereabouts, into a National Friendly or Provident Society, with a view of securing to the wage-earning classes 8s. per week sick payment, and 4s. per week superannuation allowance after the age of 70 years. Nothing came of that proposal ; but some years later there was great enthusiasm over a contributory pension scheme which was associated chiefly with the name of Mr. Chamberlain. Under this scheme, however, the payments to the pension fund were entirely voluntary ; the scheme being altogether free from the element of compulsion. So great had the public interest in pension schemes become, that in 1893 a Royal Commission was appointed to consider the question generally. Contributory schemes of both kinds, those based on compulsory and those based on voluntary action, were examined, and almost ruthlessly condemned. “I have never seen how you could apply compulsion to any but persons who are in regular employment,” said Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. “It is very easy in their case to deduct their contributions from their wages through the employers ; but in the case of persons who are their own employers, or who are in casual employment,

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a very large part of the population, I have never seen that it would be possible to apply this compulsory provision." The Royal Commissioners quoted this opinion with approval, and endorsed it. They also added other destructive criticism of their own. They were equally emphatic in their condemnation of pension schemes based on voluntary contributions. They declared that "those who would avail themselves of the advantages of the scheme would be limited in numbers, and would be mainly confined to the higher strata of the working classes." The great regiments of casual labourers would scarcely benefit at all; and women would be almost excluded.

The Royal Commission did not suggest the adoption of any scheme; but, afterwards, public opinion began to declare itself more and more in favour of a non-contributory plan, and it was speedily discovered that there were only two serious rival schemes—the one the universal scheme associated with the name of Mr. Charles Booth, under which a pension would be granted to every old person, and the other, the restricted scheme of the Chaplin Committee of 1899. The chief feature of this restricted scheme was the rejection from the benefits of pensions of all persons in receipt of incomes exceeding 10s. a week, and of all persons who had been in the receipt of poor relief during the twenty years prior to the application for a pension. It was soon discovered, however, that the latter condition could not be enforced; and as the universal scheme of Mr. Charles Booth became more and more excluded from the sphere of practical politics on account of the huge cost which it would entail, the way was left clear for the adoption of the modified Chaplin scheme, namely, a scheme retaining the major exclusion of all persons with incomes in excess of 10s. a week, and the minor exclusion of lunatics and criminals. And this is the scheme which the Government has adopted to-day. It is important to observe that it is no hasty production of overwrought administrators; it is no plan put together in a few weeks in order to meet the needs of an exacting political situation. It is a practical product, evolved gradually in a highly painstaking manner, and often wearily, throughout a long term of years.

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There is an important question which relates to the manner of admitting persons to the benefits of the pension scheme. It concerns the imposition of certain hard-and-fast conditions, namely, that a man, to be admitted to a pension, must have attained to his seventieth year, that his income must not exceed 10s. a week, and that the amount of the weekly pension will be a uniform sum of 5s. Nothing is easier than to point to results apparently ridiculous, which follow at once from the hard-and-fast application of these rules ; and no task is more simple than to multiply examples such as the following. A vigorous agricultural labourer in Cornwall, 70 years of age, hale and hearty, confident and optimistic, fit to work for another twenty years, and in receipt of a steady income of 10s. weekly, will receive the pension of 5s. a week ; whereas a sickly London artisan of 69 years, weary of life and broken with labour, earning almost nothing, but struggling hard to keep out of the workhouse, will receive no pension. Then, after the lapse of another year, if the artisan still survives, the two men will both be on the pension list ; the sickly Londoner receiving no greater pension than the man in Cornwall—they will both receive the same amount of 5s. a week, no more and no less, although in London the rent of a room is much higher, and every one of the necessities of life requires to be purchased in cash. Or, again, to take the case of three men of 70, living in the same district and earning respectively nothing, 5s., and 10s. a week. Each will receive the same amount of pension, namely, 5s. a week ; and their neighbour, earning 10s. 1d., will receive no pension at all. It is little wonder to discover people declaring that there is neither sense nor equity in such an arrangement. It is easy, very easy, to multiply such cases, and to appear to cast a heavy load of ridicule on the measure. But this is to mistake the object of those limits ; it is to approach the pension proposals from the wrong point of view. At the very best, it is nothing more than one half of the truth ; and it entirely ignores the weighty reasons which exist for imposing such limits, in spite of their obvious disadvantages.

The truth is, that all these supposed absurdities are the

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direct result of one thing—the imposition of fixed, hard-and-fast limits in the pension scheme; and before this system can be denounced it must first be asked whether the alternative method of varying those limits to suit individual cases offers a better solution. If one is prepared to adopt this alternative, he must then be willing to place the administration of the pension scheme in the hands of authorities which exercise a discretion—authorities which are endowed with the power of picking and choosing between the aged, of conferring a pension on one man and refusing it to another. He must agree, too, to place in the hands of this pension authority the right to vary the amount of the individual pensions, and the power to determine, after complete inquiry into each case, what is the amount of weekly earnings which should be sufficient to maintain the pension claimant in the district and in the manner in which he is used to live; and to vary the amount of the pension accordingly. All this might be very good in itself, and it is an arrangement which has some advantages over the other; for it appears, in theory at least, to admit, if ideally carried out, of securing the administration of a more perfect, a more exact justice. But it has a serious disadvantage. It approximates closely to the ordinary administration of out-door poor relief; and it has most of the disadvantages which accompany that administration. The sentiment of the country is opposed to any such approximation. The labouring classes, in particular, are extremely unwilling to leave any discriminatory power with a local authority, for they dread the resultant uncertainty; they are suspicious of the fairness with which the discretion will be exercised, and they have visions of denominational, social, and political bias intruding. They believe, in short, that the more discrimination there is the more the pension scheme will have the “taint of pauperism” about it; and it is this taint of pauperism, above everything else, which the labouring classes are desirous of removing utterly from the pension scheme. If, then, discrimination is to be avoided, there must be inserted in the scheme the various limits which the Government have proposed.

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Why not abolish the income limit altogether, and give every old person an equal right to claim a pension? No demand could appear to be more natural or more democratic; and, if only there was money enough, there is little doubt that the wish would be indulged. It is not on account of lack of logic that it fails, but on account of want of means. Mr. Asquith's scheme is estimated to cost £6,000,000 a year; the cost of a universal scheme giving similar pensions to the population over the same age (70 years) would be £16,000,000. It is not the easiest thing in the world for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to provide the necessary six millions; but his task would be infinitely more difficult if he had to provide sixteen millions—a figure declared by Mr. Asquith to be "obviously prohibitive." This, indeed, is recognised by the able advocates of universal schemes; and Mr. Charles Booth has proposed to exclude the wealthier classes, not by the imposition of an income limit, but by the method of making payment of the weekly pension, namely, by requiring all the pensioners to attend weekly, at a stated hour and day, in a long *queue* at the nearest post-office, and await the receipt of the pension. The idea is, that the indignity of the proceedings would drive away all but the really necessitous; and it is obviously not a very practical proposal. If an income limit has then to be imposed, 10s. a week is a very suitable figure at which to place it. Anything less is commonly regarded, in this country, as being below the level of necessary subsistence.

The two other main factors of the pension scheme, the amount of the pension and the age at which it should begin, are provocative of more criticism. It is easy, very easy, to assert truly that a pension proposal giving 5s. a week at 70 years of age is inadequate, in many cases, on account of the smallness of the pension and the great length of the qualifying age. It is true that it is extremely difficult for an old person to subsist in a large town on so small a sum as 5s. a week; and it is equally true that it is exceptional rather than the rule among city artisans to discover men who are 70 years of age or more. When Radical and Labour members insist that the pension ought

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to be increased to a sum of 10s. a week, and the pensionable age reduced to 65 or 60 years, they are stating nothing more than the results of the experience which they have gathered among the working classes; nothing more than the actual facts that obtain in their own Trade Unions. In some of the Trade Unions, the qualifying age for a pension is as low as 50, *e.g.*, in the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners; in others it is 55, *e.g.*, in the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Steam Engine Makers' Society, and the Operative Bricklayers' Society. In these societies, too, the superannuation benefit payable, after long periods of membership, is as high as 10s. a week; and in the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, for example, the average superannuation allowance paid during 1906 was as high as 9s. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. a week.

It may be mentioned, too, that the pensions granted in the Army to privates, gunners, drivers, or sappers, who are discharged as unfit for further service on account of wounds, or injuries, or sunstroke received in the performance of military duty, range from 7s. 6d. to as high as 17s. 6d. a week, when the men are considered to be incapable of earning their livelihood. In the Navy, also, an ordinary seaman, petty officer, or boy, discharged from the service on account of severe wounds, is entitled to a pension varying from 7s. 6d. to 14s. a week; and nobody asserts that the War Office or the Admiralty is lavish in its pension payments. These examples are cited in order to show that in all these large organisations dealing with men and the disabled—Trade Unions, the Army, and the Navy—the minimum sum that is considered necessary for the maintenance of a man who can do nothing for himself is nearer to 10s. a week than to 5s. And when it is remembered, too, that the rent of a single room in a large town is 3s. 3d. or 3s. 6d. a week, and that fuel can scarcely be had for less than another 1s. 6d. a week, it is easy to see how quickly the pension of 5s. may be spent, and many of the recipients' wants still remain unsatisfied.

The facts, too, about the average age at death of the members of some of these Trade Unions, are no less instructive. During 1906, in the Amalgamated Society of

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Engineers it was 54½ years, in the Steam Engine Makers' Society it was 54¼, and in the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners it was 52 years. In other Trade Unions it was lower still.

But the credit of the Government's scheme is in no way impaired by a statement of these facts. It is not the intention of the Government to supersede every agency which hitherto has lent a hand in assisting the aged, but to augment, to strengthen such effort. And any Government pension, however small it may be, is of genuine assistance in this respect. Every person over 70 years of age may not be able to subsist outside of a workhouse on 5s. a week; but with this assistance, added to what he can otherwise command, many an individual who, without the intervention of the Government's scheme, would be compelled to seek relief from the Poor Law, will now be able to maintain himself in a state of independence. The amount he receives from the State pension is not in substitution of his other sources of income, but in addition to them; and 5s. a week at the age of 70 is a not unsubstantial grant.

The same consideration of common sense applies to the number of the pensioners. Every old man will not benefit under the Government's proposals; every man over 70 years of age, even, will not benefit; but a substantial proportion of those over 70 years of age will benefit. The estimated population of the United Kingdom over 70 years of age is a million and a quarter; and as many as half a million are reckoned as likely to satisfy the conditions of Mr. Asquith's scheme. This may not be everything that could be desired; but it is something. It is a great deal; it is an excellent beginning; and the Government has never claimed more for its scheme. "I believe you will have to proceed more or less tentatively, and by stages," Mr. Asquith stated in his Budget speech; quoting a remark which he had made on several previous occasions.

Mr. Asquith's proposal is a sound commencement and a substantial beginning of a national pension scheme; and the lines on which it should develop in the future are obviously those of the reduction of the age limit from

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70 to 65 years, and the increase of the pension from 5s. to 10s. a week. But to recognise this is not to detract at all from the merit of conferring pensions of 5s. a week at the age of 70.

As to lesser details, on which there might be modification of the scheme at present proposed, probably no suggestion would receive a larger measure of support than a proposal to admit the sick to the benefits of the pension scheme at an earlier age than the healthy. There are precedents for this in the pension schemes of other countries. In France, for instance, under the Pension Law of July 14, 1905, the age limit in ordinary cases is 70 years; but in cases of infirmity, or maladies considered incurable, there is no age limit at all. In Denmark, also, the age limit in ordinary cases is 60 years; but a person who is totally disabled is admitted to the pension scheme at the earlier age of 55. In the Australian colony of New South Wales, too, the age limit in ordinary cases is 65 years; but persons over 60 years of age are entitled to pensions if they are incapacitated by sickness or injury from earning their livelihood. Some such provision might well be adopted in a British system of old-age pensions.

Doubtless, also, it would not weaken the main structure of the scheme very much, if the pensions were to be reckoned according to a sliding scale which gave the largest pension to the man who had no income, a smaller pension to a man with an income of 5s. a week, and a still smaller pension to a man with 10s. a week—which is the system in operation in Denmark. But there is this solid objection to such a sliding scale: its introduction would interfere more with the practice of thrift than does the fixed limit; the working of the scheme would become more inquisitorial, resembling more the administration of poor relief; and much dissatisfaction would arise through cases in which some old persons managed to conceal the major portion of their income, and so received a larger pension than other persons who were equally poor but less evasive. The method of omitting paupers from the pension scheme is not very clear; but its general operation is to make it easy for persons who have recently been paupers

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to become pensioners. And this is good; for it is desirable that people who are at present in the workhouses should be given every reasonable facility for leaving them and becoming pensioners.

As regards the actual machinery for working the scheme, there may be greater trouble in getting the local committees to work well than at first appears to be likely. As the Government is bearing the whole of the cost of the scheme, the Government's representative on the local committee, the exciseman, will be by far the most important member. As it is, practically the only duties which the committees assist in performing are in determining the age and the wealth of applicants for pensions; and this is scarcely the class of work that is likely to prove very attractive to local representatives. Had it been possible to throw a fraction of the cost of the scheme on to the localities, the strength of the local members of the committees would have been much increased; for they could have threatened to withhold their fraction of the pension money unless their wishes were reasonably considered. And it is a common opinion also, that local committees are more economical in administering moneys that are raised out of the local rates, than in spending the proceeds of imperial taxes. But to charge a part of the pension to the locality would be to impose a very unequal burden on different places. It would press most severely on agricultural districts, where, in proportion to the total population, the number of the aged is greater than in crowded urban areas; and there are advantages in following the simpler proposal adopted by Mr. Asquith.

From whatever point of view it is regarded, whether in its larger aims or in its detail, the Government's pension scheme is a great instalment of social reform; and it will make lighter and happier the declining years of many hundreds of thousands of respectable British citizens.

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND

THE GOVERNMENT AND THREE-CORNERED CONTESTS

WITH the close of the current session, the present Parliament will have completed a full half of its working career ; and the eyes of all politicians will begin to turn towards the next General Election and the conditions under which it may be fought. Moreover, the advocates of particular reforms will press their claims with renewed vigour in the hope of carrying them before the dissolution ; and the Government, in its own interest and in the interest of the nation, will be compelled to map out the time at its disposal, and to make a careful and considered selection of the problems awaiting attention.

There is, however, one reform—the reform of our electoral system—which recent by-elections have rendered so urgent, that the Government will have no alternative but to include it in the list of selected and starred measures. The personal experiences of the new President of the Board of Trade at North-West Manchester and at Dundee, and of the new President of the Board of Education at Dewsbury, ensure for this reform full consideration within the Cabinet itself ; but, apart from these experiences, the great increase in the number and virulence of three-cornered contests presents a problem the solution of which it is the Government's bounden duty to attempt before the present Parliament closes. Indeed, so far-reaching are the issues involved in the next appeal to the country, that it is unthinkable that the Government will incur the responsibility of allowing those issues to be determined by the chance working of our present electoral methods, rendered still more uncertain by the probable election of a considerable number of members of

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Parliament by a minority of the voters of the constituencies for which they are returned.

What, then, is the nature of the problem presented by three-cornered fights—or, in other words, the problem presented by the rise of a new political organisation, with ideals and ambitions which differ in some respects from either of those of the older parties? Continental and Colonial experience warns us, if any warning was needed, that the appearance of the new Labour Party is no transitory phenomenon ; and it therefore becomes the privilege of Liberal statesmen to prove that democratic government does not depend for its successful working upon the maintenance of the political conditions which have hitherto obtained, but that democracy is capable of adapting itself to such new conditions as may arise. Happily, the present Prime Minister was one of the first to realise the full significance of the coming of the Labour Party. Speaking at St. Andrews in the course of the last General Election, he welcomed its advent in these words :—

“ It was infinitely to the advantage of the House of Commons, if it was to be a real reflection and mirror of the national mind, that there should be no strain of opinion honestly entertained by any substantial body of the King’s subjects which should not find there representation and speech. . . . If real and genuine and intelligent opinion was more split up than it used to be, and if we could not now classify everybody by the same simple process, *we must accept the new conditions and adapt our machinery to them, our party organisation, our representative system, and the whole scheme and form of our government.*”

The new political conditions should cause no misgivings to true lovers of democracy. They are but a sign of the spread of political intelligence ; and, as such, must, in the long run, tend to the advantage of the State. Instead of deprecating this growth in political intelligence, we must, if needs be, reform our electoral methods, as the Prime Minister suggests ; so that there may not arise in the

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minds of any large body of citizens the feeling that they have no part or lot in the composition of that historic House which claims to be representative of the nation, and whose authority rests upon its ability to make good that claim.

In brief, the new problem is to make such adjustments in our electoral machinery as shall secure the fair representation of at least three parties within the House of Commons. No alteration of our electoral methods will give satisfaction which fails to secure this result ; and, in view of the required careful allotment of parliamentary time, it is imperative that study and discussion of the problem should at once be commenced, so that, when the occasion for the introduction of the parliamentary Bill arrives, the Government shall be able to produce an effective solution, and yet a solution which it is possible, in existing political conditions, to pass through both Houses of Parliament. Discussion of the problem has indeed already commenced ; and in the first session of the present Parliament Mr. John M. Robertson introduced a Bill providing for the use of the alternative vote. We shall refer to this Bill later ; but, before considering the various proposals to which the new conditions have given birth, it will be well to set forth quite briefly the essential characteristics of our present method of voting when only two parties are in the field.

The General Election of 1906, like its predecessors of 1900 and 1895, resulted in a sweeping majority in the House of Commons for the party which was victorious at the polls ; and it is still the general impression that this is a necessary result of a system of single-member constituencies. Yet, in the General Elections of 1874 and 1886, Mr. Gladstone failed to obtain a parliamentary majority, although he obtained the support of a majority of the electors. In 1874, the Conservatives had a majority of 60 in the House of Commons ; whereas the Liberals, who received 214,000 more votes than their opponents, should have had a majority of 52 members. Similarly, the General Election in 1886 yielded a sweeping victory for the Unionists ; but at the polls the Home Rulers were in a majority of more than 50,000. Again, in 1895, there were in Great Britain 481

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contested elections ; the Conservatives with 1,775,000 votes obtained 279 seats, whilst the Liberals with 2,000,000 votes obtained only 202 seats, or 77 seats less. Similar examples can be cited from the electoral statistics of all countries in which the single-member constituency system is in force ; and a simple illustration will suffice to explain how such results arise. At the last general election, the figures for the four divisions of the county of Warwickshire were as follows :—

<i>Electoral Division.</i>	<i>Conservative Votes.</i>	<i>Liberal Votes.</i>	<i>Conservative Majority.</i>	<i>Liberal Majority.</i>
Tamworth . . .	7,561	4,842	2,719	—
Nuncaton . . .	5,849	7,677	—	1,828
Rugby . . .	4,907	5,181	—	274
Stratford-on-Avon.	4,173	4,321	—	148
Total .	22,490	22,021	469	—

It will be seen that the Liberals obtained three seats out of the four allotted to the county ; although the Conservatives polled a majority of the total votes cast in the four divisions. Such a result was possible, because the representation of any one division falls to the party which obtains a majority in that division, however small or however large that majority may be ; and therefore victory rests with the party which obtains the largest number of majorities, and not necessarily with the party which, on the whole poll, has obtained the largest amount of support. The fact here pointed out is of overwhelming importance ; for, as a consequence, the result of an appeal to the country depends very largely on the way in which the strength of the various political parties is distributed. If that strength is evenly distributed, the victorious party can crush its opponents ; and a minority of even 38 per cent., as at the last election in Wales, or even a much larger minority, may fail to obtain a single seat. If that strength is unevenly distributed, there may still result an overwhelming victory for the majority ; but defeat, as in

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1886, is also possible. Nor is there any direct relation between the size of the majority in the House and the size of the majority at the polls. In 1892, a majority of 190,947 votes yielded the Liberals a majority of 44 seats only; but the enormous victory obtained by the Conservatives in 1895—a majority of 150—was won with a surplus of only 117,473 votes.¹ These anomalous results perhaps tell their tale more forcibly in tabular form, thus :—

<i>General Election.</i>	<i>Majority in Votes.</i>	<i>Majority in Seats.</i>
1886	54,822 (Liberal)	104 (Conservative)
1892	190,974 (Liberal)	44 (Liberal)
1895	117,473 (Conservative)	150 (Conservative)

In the discussion of the problem of three-cornered fights, these anomalies of our electoral system are usually placed on one side; it is considered sufficient that an effort should be made to maintain its essential characteristic—that the member for any given constituency should be returned by a majority of the electors voting. The question, however, at once arises, whether the problem of three-cornered contests can be solved by merely preserving this distinctive feature of the present system. A little reflection must convince the reader, that such a solution deals with the form of the problem rather than with its essence. For the essence of the problem is, that three parties instead of two are seeking representation in Parliament; and no remedy can be regarded as effective which does not provide for the realisation of their legitimate aspirations.

Let us examine in turn the remedies proposed—the second ballot, the alternative vote, and proportional representation. We will take the second ballot first because, at the meeting of the National Liberal Federation, held at Leicester in February last, the following resolution, after an

¹ These figures are taken from the paper "Recent Electoral Statistics," by Mr. J. Rooke Corbett, M.A., read before the Manchester Statistical Society on December 12, 1906.

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amendment in favour of the alternative vote had been defeated, was carried unanimously: "That the Government be urged to introduce a Bill at the earliest opportunity which will ensure, by means of the second ballot, that the views of the majority of the electorate be represented." What, then, would have happened in the case of the second ballot in the more important three-cornered fights that have taken place?

At Jarrow and in the Colne Valley, Labour and Socialist members were elected, in the Montrose Burghs the Labour candidate was second, whilst at West Hull and Dewsbury the Labour candidates figured at the bottom of the poll. What effect would a second ballot have had upon the fortunes of the Labour and Socialist parties? Take the simple case of Colne Valley for purposes of illustration. The figures are as follows:—

Grayson (Socialist)	.	.	.	3,648
Bright (Liberal)	.	:	.	3,495
Wheler (Conservative)	.	.	.	3,227

At a second ballot, the supporters of the Conservative candidate would have been compelled to choose between the Liberal and the Socialist; and in all probability the Socialist candidate would have been defeated. The Socialists would have failed to obtain representation. In the case of West Hull and Dewsbury, the Labour forces would at a second ballot have been compelled to choose between the Unionist and Ministerialist candidates; and, whether Labour headed the poll as at Jarrow and at Colne Valley, or whether Labour figured second on the list, as in the Montrose Burghs, or whether, as at West Hull and Dewsbury, it was at the bottom of the poll, the party could not, with the second ballot, rely upon obtaining representation in any of these five constituencies. *Its fate would depend upon the attitude taken towards it by the other parties;* and this fact is characteristic of the working of the second ballot. It does not rectify in the least degree the anomalous results of single-member areas, but introduces this new element of uncertainty, that the representation of any one party largely depends upon the good-will of other parties.

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This explains why the second ballot has fallen into such disrepute on the Continent. In the recent reports from British representatives abroad on the second ballot, the British Minister in Brussels, Sir A. Hardinge, tells us that :—

“The system of second ballots answered well enough so long as only two parties contested an election; but the moment the Socialist Party formed a distinct third party, after the establishment of universal suffrage in 1894, it began to act in a manner which produced unsatisfactory results . . . the overwhelming victory of the Clerical Party in 1884 was largely due to the fact that in every second ballot between Catholics and Socialists, the Liberals voted for the former, whilst in every second ballot between Catholics and Liberals the Socialists preferred the Catholics. . . . In 1896, the Socialists in turn were the victims. . . . Liberal electors . . . voted everywhere at the second ballot for Clerical . . . candidates, with the result that the Clericals won every one of the eighteen seats for Brussels, although the total number of Clerical electors in a total electorate of 202,000 was only 89,000. . . . It was the practical experience of conditions such as these which gradually convinced all the Belgium parties that, given a three-cornered fight in every or nearly every constituency, the only way of preventing a minority from turning the scales and excluding from all representation the views of nearly half the electorate, was to adopt the system of proportional representation.”

In Belgium the second ballot nearly extinguished the Liberal Party; and immediately prior to the establishment of proportional representation it had but eleven representatives in the Chamber, although it was the second largest party in the State. Similarly, the crushing defeat inflicted upon the Social Democrats in Germany at the last election was also largely due to the operation of the second ballots. At this election the Social Democrats were successful in winning twenty-nine seats at the first ballots, and were, in addition, the largest or second largest group in ninety-two other constituencies. Owing, however, to the combination

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of other parties at the second ballots, they only succeeded in obtaining fourteen additional seats; being defeated in the remaining seventy-eight constituencies. The experience of the Social Democrats in Germany was shared by their brethren in Austria. Professor Redlich, in the article "The Working of Universal Suffrage in Austria," which appeared in *THE ALBANY REVIEW* last year, makes this significant statement:—

"The Christian Socialists have 96 seats in the new House, the Social Democrats 86. . . . *The number of seats won by them weighs still heavier in the balance when we reflect that in many second ballots the majority of the opponents of social democracy joined their forces against them.* Not less instructive are the relative numbers of the votes recorded for each of the parties. *Over a million votes were given to the Social Democrats, as against 531,000 for the Christian Socialists.*"

The facts here cited place beyond question the statement already made that, with the second ballot, the success of any one party depends not so much upon its own strength as upon the attitude taken towards it by other parties.

In France, which has given the second ballot a long trial, its condemnation is universal and unequivocal. This article could be filled with denunciations of its shortcomings from the speeches of French public men. M. Deschanel, an Ex-President of the Chamber, says of the second ballots that: "Their perplexing coalitions falsify the character of the popular verdict." M. Jaurès proclaims that: "With the abolition of the second ballot, there would no longer be any need for questionable manœuvres, the confusion of issues." M. Yves Guyot declares that: "The second ballots result at the time of the election in detestable bargainings which obliterate all political sense in the electors." In the remarkable symposium on *L'Impuissance Parlementaire*, which appeared in *La Revue* of April 15, 1908, and to which so many prominent politicians and men of letters contributed, chastisement was once more meted out to the second ballots. The opinion of M. Poincaré may be taken as representative of the others.

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"The least," he says, "that one can ask of deputies is, that they should represent truly the nation which delegates to them for a time its sovereignty. At present the Chamber, thanks to the system of single-member constituencies, is but the broken mirror of which Gambetta used to speak. . . . It will avail nothing to replace one kind of constituency by another, if we do not suppress the gamble of the majority-system and the jobbery of the second ballots (*les coups de dé du système majoritaire et les maquignonnages des seconds tours*). Let us then establish the *scrutin de liste*, with proportional representation. We shall then have a Chamber that shall be a true picture, and not . . . a caricature of the nation."

To these expressions of individual politicians, must be added the more formal and official declaration of the *Commission du Suffrage Universel*, appointed by the Chamber of Deputies. In the report issued last year, it is stated that: "The abolition of the second ballots, with the bargainings to which they give rise, will not be the least of the advantages of the new system (proportional representation)."

If, then, Continental experience has demonstrated the futility of the second ballot as a remedy for the problem presented by the competition of more than two organised parties, can it be said that the alternative vote is likely to yield better results? The alternative vote has undoubtedly many and valuable advantages as compared with the second ballot. In the first place, its introduction into the English electoral system would keep English voters in touch with Colonial rather than with Continental practice. The alternative vote has been in use in Queensland during the last fourteen years; it was adopted last session by the West Australian Parliament, and was proposed by the Australian Commonwealth Government in 1906. Again, the alternative vote completes the election in a single ballot; and the fortnight that is wasted between the first and second ballots on the Continent would be saved. There has also been claimed for this method of voting this further

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advantage, that it would prepare the way for (perhaps by rendering inevitable) the more complete reform—proportional representation.

The principle of the alternative vote is extremely simple. It is embodied in two Bills which have been introduced into Parliament during the present session by Mr. John M. Robertson and by Mr. Dundas White; and also, in a modified form, in a Bill introduced last session by Mr. A. E. Dunn. Its purpose and mechanism are set forth in the memorandum of Mr. Robertson's Bill as follows :—

“The object is, to ensure that in a parliamentary election effect shall be given as far as possible to the wishes of the majority of electors voting. Under the present system, when there are more than two candidates for one seat, it is possible that the member elected may be chosen by a minority of the voters.

“The Bill proposes to allow electors to indicate on their ballot papers to what candidate they would wish their votes to be transferred if the candidate of their first choice is third or lower on the poll, and no candidate has an absolute majority. It thus seeks to accomplish by one operation the effect of a second ballot.”

Mr. Robertson's Bill, as originally introduced two years ago, was applicable to single-member constituencies only; but the amended form in which the Bill has been re-introduced this year provides for the use of the alternative vote in double-member constituencies as well, and, in doing so, still maintains the essential characteristic of the present system of voting—that each member returned shall have obtained the support of a majority of the electors voting. Mr. Dundas White, however, in applying the alternative vote to double-member constituencies, makes a first departure from this principle, and renders it possible for a candidate to be returned who has obtained the support of more than one-third of the votes. The practical effect of Mr. Robertson's Bill would be, that it would still be possible, in double-member constituencies, for the party finally victorious to secure both seats; whilst, with

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Mr. Dundas White's provisions, each of the two largest parties would in all probability obtain one seat each.

This difference between the two measures is, however, of no great consequence; as the number of double-member constituencies is not very large; and it is well to consider what in general the effect of the introduction of the alternative vote would be. Let us take the famous Jarrow election, in which there were not only three but four candidates, and apply to that election the possible working of the alternative vote. The figures for this election were as follows :—

Curran (Labour)	.	.	.	4,698
Rose-Innes (Unionist)	.	.	.	3,930
Hughes (Liberal)	.	.	.	3,474
O'Hanlon (Nationalist)	.	.	.	2,122

The electors would, with the alternative vote, have numbered the candidates on the ballot papers in the order of their choice; and, as none of the candidates had obtained a majority of the votes, then, according to the terms of the Bill, the votes of the lowest candidate on the poll would be transferred to the second preferences of his supporters. If, again, for purposes of illustration, it is assumed that the whole of the 2,122 supporters of Mr. O'Hanlon had indicated a second preference, that 1,000 had chosen Mr. Curran, 1,000 had chosen Mr. Hughes and 122 had chosen Mr. Rose-Innes, then the following table will show the effect of the transfer :—

	<i>First Count.</i>	<i>Transfer of Mr. O'Hanlon's Votes.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Curran . .	4,698	+ 1,000	5,698
Rose-Innes . .	3,930	+ 122	4,052
Hughes . .	3,474	+ 1,000	4,474
O'Hanlon . .	2,122	— 2,122	—
Total . .	14,224	—	14,224

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Only three candidates now remain for consideration ; and, as neither has as yet obtained a majority of the total votes polled, it becomes necessary that the votes given for Mr. Rose-Innes, who is now lowest on the poll, should be transferred in accordance with the next preferences of his supporters. It is conceivable that the larger proportion of these preferences would be for the Liberal candidate, Mr. Hughes, rather than for Mr. Curran ; and, if so, the final result would be the election of Mr. Hughes as member for Jarrow. When a single seat is being contested, it is doubtless sufficient if the member elected represents the average views of his constituents ; but a General Election based on such a system would yield results far from satisfactory. The party which is eliminated in one constituency may, exactly as in the second ballot, be eliminated in the remaining constituencies ; and, that being so, the alternative vote would obviously fail to solve the problem of providing for the fair representation of three organised parties within the House of Commons.

Little space has been left for the consideration of the third solution of the problem—Proportional Representation. Neither the second ballot nor the alternative vote survives after its true effects are understood ; and the more complete realisation of its probable working explains the failure of Mr. Deakin's Government to carry the alternative vote in 1906. Several of the seats held by the Australian Labour Party were won, like those of Jarrow and the Colne Valley, by a minority vote. The alternative vote would have placed these seats at the mercy of a combination of the other two parties ; and the Melbourne *Age* was already congratulating itself upon so excellent a result, when the Labour Party, although it had voted for the second reading of the Bill, secured its defeat on the first division in its committee stage. It is now stated that the Commonwealth Government, inspired by the example of Tasmania, has under consideration a measure in favour of proportional representation ; and this electoral method is the solution of the problem of three-cornered fights which democratic countries gradually, but surely, are being compelled to adopt.

The proportional system most in favour in English-

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speaking countries is known as the Single Transferable Vote. The method of voting is identical with the alternative vote ; but the single transferable vote implies, as all proportional systems imply, the abolition of single-member constituencies. Existing constituencies would be united into larger ones returning three or more members each ; and, in the formation of such constituencies, regard would be had to the natural divisions of the country, such as large towns, counties, or parts of counties. To each constituency so formed, there would be allotted a number of members proportionate to its electorate. For example, Birmingham, which is now divided into seven divisions, returning one member each, would be polled as a single constituency returning seven members. A candidate, to ensure election, need not poll a majority, but only a certain proportion of the votes cast ; and it is this provision which constitutes the great difference between the present method of election and proportional representation. With proportional representation, the result would be that, if four-sevenths of the electors in Birmingham were Unionists, two-sevenths, Liberals, and the remaining one-seventh, members of the Labour Party, then the Unionists, Liberal and Labour parties would be represented by four members, two members, and one member respectively. Proportional representation secures the fair representation of all parties ; and therefore effectually solves the problem represented by three competing parties.

There is no longer any need to argue the practicability of proportional representation. Its use in Tasmania, Denmark, Switzerland, Belgium, Finland, and Wurtemberg ; its adoption by the Swedish Parliament ; its recommendation by Dutch and French Commissions ; render the contention of the impracticability of proportional representation hopelessly out of date. Mr. Joseph King, in his recent work on *Electoral Reform*, gives the following testimony to the practicability of the single transferable vote :—

“ The experimental election on this principle organised by the Proportional Representation Society in November 1906, at which over twelve thousand

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persons voted, proved to all who took part in, or watched it, how simple, sensible, and successful is this method of electing representatives. The election is described in Pamphlet No. 4 of the Proportional Representation Society, which no one can read carefully without being convinced of the comparative ease and complete certainty of the proportional representation proposals."

The method of voting employed in the experimental election referred to has stood the test of parliamentary elections in Tasmania, where universal suffrage obtains ; and the reports on the working of the system, prepared by the chief returning officer of the Colony, completely dispose of its alleged difficulties. To those, however, who still hesitate as to the capacity of Englishmen to make use of a new electoral method, the following comment by *Der Beobachter* (a leading Stuttgart journal) on the first proportional representation elections in Wurtemberg should serve as an encouragement :—

"The new electoral system, which only a short time ago was unknown to the electors, worked without a hitch in the whole country ; just as it worked a few weeks ago in Stuttgart. The first feeling is one of surprise. The number of votes was enormous, the candidates were numerous, and the ballot papers from the different districts were in various forms ; and yet the whole machine, from the district officials to the employees of the Government offices, who collected the results, worked with promptitude and ease. The next feeling is one of pleasure at the complete success of this first experiment in proportional representation on a large scale in the German Empire."

At the commencement of this article it was suggested, that the solution of the problem of three-cornered fights must be attempted before Parliament closes ; and, in framing its solution the Government must take account, and rightly so, not only of the desires and wishes of the Liberal Party, but of the other parties in the State. Indeed, in present

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political conditions, it is practically impossible to carry an electoral reform of a partial character. The second ballot and the alternative vote may be regarded as measures specially intended to meet the immediate requirements of the Liberal Party; and, even if one or the other receives the whole-hearted support of the Labour Party, it is somewhat doubtful whether the reform can be carried. Should, as seems probable, many members of the Labour Party strongly object, the passage of any such partial reform would be impossible. Speaking at Caxton Hall, Mr. G. H. Roberts, one of the Labour Party whips, made this statement:—

“He well remembered his first entry into political affairs. He represented a small party in the city; and, although they might have demonstrated that the number of votes secured represented perhaps a third of the voters, nevertheless, by a coalition of the two historical parties, the new party was prevented from obtaining any representation at all. . . . For a time he, like many others, held a belief in the second ballot. *He had since come to the conclusion that the second ballot was a delusion and a snare, that it accentuated difficulties;* and now he had the advantage of making the acquaintance of the system of Proportional Representation, he felt that at last they had an organisation with aims and methods that could certainly lay claim to a better and more intelligent system of election.”

This statement is indicative of the growth of a feeling of hostility towards the second ballot in any form; and the words of the secretary of a northern branch of the Independent Labour Party:—“We used to be all for the second ballot, we are wiser now”—sums up the difference in attitude produced by an increased knowledge of the working of the second ballot.

Yet the Government cannot leave the problem of three-cornered contests unsolved; and a survey of the political situation makes it evident that it will be easier to carry a comprehensive measure of electoral reform than to pass

THREE-CORNERED CONTESTS

through both Houses of Parliament such partial measures as the abolition of plural voting and the introduction of the alternative vote. Proportional representation not only solves—in the only effective way—the problem of three-cornered fights; but it is not partial in character. It has the support of representative men of all parties; and, in addition, the House of Lords, in passing Lord Courtney's Municipal Representation Bill, has already approved of its principle. Proportional representation has, moreover, this further advantage; that it would greatly simplify the problem of redistribution, and would thus pave the way for the abolition of plural voting. No Liberal can deny that redistribution is long over due; but, then, redistribution with a system of single-member constituencies is always a difficult problem. It would once more involve the cutting up of our towns and counties into new arbitrary divisions; it would add to the confusion of boundaries which already exist for other purposes, and would once more destroy those feelings of local patriotism which arise from association in one political unit. Proportional representation would render redistribution in the ordinary sense unnecessary, and, instead of destroying such divisions as now exist, would restore to the cities, mutilated by the Act of 1885, their former unity.

As already stated, the issues involved in the next General Election are of such importance, that it is most essential that the next House of Commons should be a true reflection of public opinion. Will the Government then take the responsibility of allowing those issues to be determined by the chances of the present electoral methods, or, facing the situation boldly, will it endeavour to pass a comprehensive measure of reform which shall include not only an effective solution of the problem of three-cornered fights, but the abolition of plural voting and the redistribution of seats? If the latter, we may be nearer proportional representation than many think. "Are we," as *The Daily News* said in its comment on the Dewsbury election, "so hopelessly wedded to compromise, that among competing systems we must always choose the second best?"

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS

OLYMPIC GAMES, OLD AND NEW

WHEN Hesiod, that ancient of Greek poetry, sang that "sweat is the doorstep of manly virtue," he was thinking rather of the agricultural labourer than of the Olympian sprinter. In fact, Corœbus of Elis, who won the first foot-race at Olympia in 776 B.C., and was thus literally the precursor of this summer's victors of Shepherd's Bush by nearly twenty-seven centuries, came more than a century after the maxim. But Hesiod, honest Greek that he was, foresaw the proud roll of Olympiads. To be "in good condition" was essential to the Greek. The young man of Athens in the day of Marathon was a "Territorial" after Mr. Haldane's own heart. He might be wanted to take the field against the Persians, or to skirmish on the frontier; and, as Aristophanes somewhere says in one of his pantomimes, there was a close connexion between rowing-blisters and patriotism! It may be quite easy to think that the modern revival of Olympic Games is far-fetched, and that the tradition of the old sports is too remote. But, whether we know it or not, we owe the finest inspiration of most of life's activities to the wonderful folk who lived in ancient Greece so long ago. "Philosophy," "politics," "music," "mathematics" and "technics"—the very names as well as the things themselves are all Greek; it is the same with "athletics," for "athla" were just the prizes in their public games. As with us, their best athletics were devoid of professionalism; the professionals came in with a kind of decadence. As with us, some praised the athletes to the skies, and others cursed them. We may presently recall the hymns of Pindar; but only fifty years after his panegyrics, Euripides must have

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caused a sensation in the theatre, when (according to the extant fragment of a lost play) he made one of his characters say: "Of countless ills in Hellas, the race of athletes is quite the worst. . . . They are slaves of their jaw and worshippers of their belly. . . . In youth they go about in splendour, the admiration of their city; but when bitter old age comes upon them, they are cast aside like worn-out coats. I blame the custom of the Hellenes, who gather together to watch these men, honouring a useless pleasure." It is, of course, the language of the extravagant grumbler; and Sophocles, who in his youth was a considerable athlete, would have been less likely to utter the concluding scoff of his brother playwright: "Whoever helped his fatherland by winning a crown for wrestling, or speed of foot, or flinging the quoit, or giving a good blow on the jaw?" The truth of the early Olympic Games is that they were associated, not only with the political kind of religion which gave them an enduring sanction, but with genuine patriotic efficiency. It was long before the Greek athletes specialised. When Milo and Theagenes each ate a whole ox in a single day, we are not surprised to learn that they "slept all the day long, and if they departed from their prescribed system of training in the very slightest degree, they were seized with serious diseases." It is obvious that such an offence against the terse maxim of the best Greek time—"Nothing to excess"—marks an age of decadence and a falling from high standards. As we note the decline in literature, in sculpture, and in architecture, so we can detect it in athletics. According to Pausanias, cited by the late Mr. Kenneth Freeman in his admirable volume called *Schools of Hellas*, the first recorded instance of usurers lending money to gymnasts to bribe their opponents was early in the fourth century (B.C.). It is to the sixth and the ever-glorious fifth century that we must turn to watch the games at their best.

The traveller whom good fortune has taken to Olympia in Elis, when he stands under the Kronion Hill and faces the vaulted entrance to the Stadium, is a dull fellow if he does not feel such a thrill as stirs the blood when the Akropolis of Athens first shines against the violet mountains to the voyager on the waters round Ægina. If Athens stands

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as the mighty mistress of intellectual culture, it is Zeus of Olympia who claims homage as the lord of general human healthiness. It was in his high temple, the shrine of the masterpiece of Pheidias, that the victorious athletes were presented as the representatives of their parent-cities. It was upon images of the god, set upon bases which alone survive in their dumb eloquence, that the fines inflicted upon dishonest or cowardly competitors were expended. It is a spot called "the fairest of Greece" by Lysias the orator, who was perhaps thinking of what sculptors had added to definite natural amenities of mountain and river, climate, and vegetation. The distant tops of snow-crowned Erymanthos and Cyllene, the evergreen trees and bushes of the general landscape where it is not broken by corn and fruit fields (for vines and currants abound in Elis), and the broad stream of the Alpheios winding to the sea—these are composed into a scene of quiet beauty which, for at least twelve centuries, was the theatre of the quadrennial sports of the ancient world. The Olympiads survived the Greek, the Macedonian, and the Roman supremacies. "Olympia," as Sir Richard Jebb once said, "always remained a central expression of the Greek ideas: that the body of man has a glory as well as his intellect and spirit, that body and mind should alike be disciplined, and that it is by the harmonious discipline of both that men best honour Zeus."

Compared with the hundred and more competitions of the London Olympic Games of 1908, the "events" of the ancient sports will appear slight indeed. The umpires of the old Olympic Games kept careful lists, which we have, from 776 B.C. to 221 A.D. From these we know that the simple "dromos," or running foot-race of 200 yards, one length of the normal stadium, was the only event for fourteen Olympiads; the short distance was a sufficient trial of prowess on a course of loose or sandy soil. The double course, or "diaulos," our quarter-mile, with a sharp turn, was added in 720 B.C.; and from the next contest onwards the runners ran entirely stripped. The "dolichos," or javelin-throwing, was added in 716; and as early as 708 B.C. with "palé" (wrestling), "halma" (broad jump) and "diskos" (quoit), the "pentathlon," or "five events,"

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became complete. Of these wrestling was the chief, and seems to have been twofold—"jiu-jitsu," or scientific, and "as you please"; in 1908 it is also to be double—"catch-as-catch-can" and "Græco-Roman." For the jumping, "haltêres" or light dumb-bells were used; they frequently appear on the naïve and delicate designs of the Greek pottery which so admirably illustrate this corner of Greek social life. We are told to believe that Phayllos jumped 55 feet; and his momentum may have been further sped by the lively "send-off" of an attendant flautist. The bronze "diskos," as a rule thrown standing from a small mound, was a metal plate $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches across and nearly 4 pounds in weight; to judge from a specimen now at Berlin. A Sicilian "diskos" at our British Museum is slightly larger, and, like an Æginetan example at Berlin, is incised with the figures of athletes, engraved with consummate skill and precision of nervous outline. Upon a famous drinking-cup of the early fifth century, painted perhaps by Euphronios and now in the Old Pinakothek at Munich, is a lively representation of the whole "pentathlon"; a couple of Ionic columns and the gymnastic implements hanging on the walls declare the scene to be in a "palæstra," or private gymnastic-school. It is an outline of the spectacle which Pindar, in contemporary metres, loved to extol:—

"In the stadium best, To the goal that pressed,
Thy son, Licymnios! showed his speed,
Oïônos, leader of Midea's host: Tegea of Echemos made
her boast

In wrestling famed, and the boxers' meed
To Tiryns town Doryclos bore:
Mantinean Samos with coursers four.

In the chariots soon—Halirothios' son:
And all unerring flew Phrastor's spear:
With strength unrivalled Enîkeus flung The massy stone
in his grasp that swung,
And loud and long was his comrades' cheer!
Then o'er the lists with welcome ray
The fair moon glittered, and closed the day."¹

¹ Eleventh Olympian Ode, lines 64-75.

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The spear-throwing, unlike the "diskos"-hurling, was at a mark or target, figured as a kind of croquet-hoop on some of the vases. Boxing was introduced in 684, and was practised with ugly metal-weighted "gloves" or leather thongs; forty years later it was combined with wrestling in a contest called the "pankration." Meanwhile, the horse-racing, of which such exquisite drawings are extant on some of the best pottery, had come into vogue, both with and without chariots. By the beginning of the fifth century they assumed a prominent place; and Pindar (perhaps because the bays awarded by a patron like Gelon or Hiero were accompanied by a fatter purse!) devotes no less than thirteen of his twenty-six extant odes to this form of contest. Wrestling and running, with five odes each, come next; boxing and flute-playing victories have one song each; as also does the "Full-armour" race of the hoplites, which must have been a stirring and severe event. It was as though a string of Whitehall Lifeguardsmen sprinted for a hundred yards, in full panoply, across the "Horseguards' Parade."

Such was the athletic strife in which many a sturdy son of Greece

"by the glens of glorious Pisa
Crowned his young locks with plumes of victory."

One is not surprised to find that Aristophanes was the eulogist of athletics. Then, as now, the music-hall loved its Hackenschmidts. Plato, a little later, spoke with sobriety when he condemned such gymnastics as were not conducive to military efficiency. "Races in the ideal state are to be run in full armour; and the javelin and spear are to replace the quoit. It is exactly the position of some moderns, who would substitute shooting and field-days for cricket and football."¹ As good Xenophanes of Kolophon observed:—

"Not by good boxing, not by the pentathlon, not
by wrestling, nor yet by speed of foot, which is the
most honoured in the contests of all the feats of human

¹ Freeman's *Schools of Hellas*, p. 123.

OLYMPIC GAMES, OLD AND NEW

strength—not so would a city be well governed. Small joy would it get from a victory at Olympia: such things do not fatten the dark corners of a city.”

No: Olympia contests have little to do, it is true, with housing-reform and the rest of what we must all worry about. But, on the other hand, the revived international contests of Athens in 1896, Paris in 1900, St. Louis in 1904, and London in 1908, with their skilful programmes of clean and unpaid athletics, cannot but promote the amity of nations. It is a compliment to Great Britain that in 1908 every judge of the games is a Briton. Before it is all over, we may be overdone with the newspaper “results” and cheap photographs of the multitudinous competitions; but that is no reason for not wishing good luck to the whole enterprise and those responsible for it. It would be some gain if every exponent and every spectator of these virile, strenuous exercises could think of their ancient prototypes, and of the beautiful oath for manhood taken by many a youth who contended in the old Olympic games:—

“I will not disgrace my sacred weapons nor desert the comrade who is placed by my side. I will fight for things holy and things profane; whether I am alone or with others. I will hand on my fatherland greater and better than I found it. I will hearken to the magistrates, and obey the existing laws and those hereafter established by the people. I will not consent unto any that destroys or disobeys the constitution, but will prevent him, whether I am alone or with others. I will honour the temples and the religion which my forefathers established. So help me Aglauros, Enealius, Ares, Zeus, Thallo, Auxo, Hegemone.”

WARWICK H. DRAPER

THE 'RING' IN ENGLISH

THE recent performances of Wagner's *Ring*, or rather of portions of the *Ring*, in German at Covent Garden, have, for many people, served mainly to recall the performances in English which were given there a few months ago. Comparisons are "odorous" and (as there are almost always special features conditioning either term) generally misleading. Besides, the German performances have so long been established, that all musicians are perfectly familiar with the conditions. But a criticism of the English performances, and an analysis of the methods employed, may serve a double purpose: it may help to explain the immediate success of these particular performances, and may also help us to arrive at one or two general principles, the importance of which, if not previously acknowledged, does at last appear to be gaining more general recognition.

The first complete performance of the *Ring* in English, which took place at Covent Garden in the early part of this year, was greeted with a unanimous chorus of approval. Those who had made up their minds beforehand, and had gone prepared to jeer, came away converted; while those who had felt sanguine all along of success can hardly have hoped to have turned out quite such true prophets. Even so stern a critic as Dr. Richter has written to the authorities at Covent Garden to express his gratification at the result.

To a German it may seem strange that London, with all its wealth and its genuine enthusiasm for good music, should have had to wait so long before being able to hear in English what for years it has been hearing and admiring

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in a foreign tongue. But operatic conditions in England are very different from what they are in Germany; and no one who realises what it means to be dependent for opera on a private syndicate which is naturally conservative, and therefore disinclined to make experiments on lines that are not obviously profitable, and which also has to do its work without national or municipal subsidies—no one who realises this can be anything but grateful that the English *Ring* has come in this generation and not the next, or anything but gratified that its coming has been attended with such an unexpected degree of success. Paris, we may remember, has still to wait for the complete tetralogy in French; and Paris, though it has always been Chauvinistic in the matter of music, has a proverbially bigger appetite for opera than London, and, of course, is not handicapped, as we are, by having no subsidy.

Although the total result of the two cycles was, as we have said, unexpectedly successful, there were at any rate three features in the performance about which even the most pessimistic could hardly have been in doubt. In the first place, Richter was to conduct; and in this the wisdom of the syndicate's choice could not be questioned. There may be two opinions as to his reading of Mozart; but where Beethoven and Wagner are concerned he is universally acknowledged to be supreme. Indeed, the mere fact of his conducting the performances was by many people considered a sufficient guarantee of their success; and his high opinion of our singers and players, and his consequent ambition to present an English version of the *Ring* to an English audience, have long been widely known.

In the second place, the orchestra employed at the opera house contains some of the best material that is to be found in London. Many of the members belong to the London Symphony Orchestra; and there is hardly a player in it who is not also a capable musician. One reason why the band is so alert and responsive is, that it has obtained its operatic training in various schools. It has to play German opera under Richter, Italian opera under Campanini, and (until quite recently) French opera under Messager. Being worked up to a high pitch of excellence by three such

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different types of conductors, any band would become plastic where the players were endowed with any degree of musical intelligence.

Thirdly, in the matter of stage-management the reputation of Covent Garden has been increasing year by year. Herr Wirk in previous seasons, and Herr Hedmondts in this, have shown that it is possible to transplant Bayreuth traditions and make them flourish in an alien soil. In some respects they have even been improved; which is not unnatural, seeing how much the art of the mechanician and the scene-painter have advanced in recent years. It is true that the Rhine maidens at the beginning of *Rhinegold* swim in a somewhat circumscribed area; they do not come sweeping down head foremost from the top corner of the stage, as they do at Dresden. This is not because we cannot manage these things on the English stage; they do feats just as difficult at Drury Lane, and no children ever flew more realistically than those in *Peter Pan*. It is simply because singing head downwards, while you are being whirled about by four mechanicians, to imitate a mermaid, is apt to make you sick. The experiment may be tried any day at Earl's Court. Similarly, some purists have objected that when Wotan sends Brünnhilde to sleep at the end of *The Valkyrie*, he does not really surround her with fire; he only makes the flames come up behind, whereas in some of the theatres abroad the fire is actually surging up by the footlights and on the three sides of the stage in such a way as entirely to surround the sleeping figure. But the penalty one has to pay for so realistically representing what Wotan proudly calls his "Licht-Meer," is that one loses the marvellous beauty of the orchestration in the hissing and the spluttering of the accompanying jets of steam. So in the final scene of *The Twilight of the Gods* Covent Garden now prefers to let the house of the Gibichungs fall in comparative silence, like a pack of cards. The earlier and more realistic methods only distracted the attention from the music; and Wagner did not plan his catastrophe on the lines that we find Saint-Saëns adopting in *Samson and Delilah*, where the fall of the temple of the Philistines is accompanied by the clattering of tea-trays and the banging of

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gongs by as many of the stage-hands as can be spared. The only piece of stage-management of any importance that still leaves room for improvement, is the lighting and the grouping in Siegfried's funeral procession. Night should not fall quite so swiftly; and the procession should contrive, as it does in at least one theatre abroad, to wind in and out amongst the trees before the curtain falls; instead of merely walking up a few steps and then standing still. In the very difficult "business" of the ride of the Valkyries, the efforts are more successful than any one could suppose who has not seen them; the cinematograph is infinitely better than the old mechanical switchbacks, and infinitely safer than having real horses, as they used to do at Vienna. Horses, even when they come straight from the cab-rank, should be regarded as clumsy actors; and Brünnhilde at Covent Garden is wise not to try and emulate the example of Frau Vogl, who in the final cataclasm actually used to leap on to a horse which she had broken in herself, and plunge into an apparently glowing pyre.

To come to the last feature of the stage-management that calls for praise, it would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than some of the cloud effects. Particularly striking was the management of the rolling masses of mist in the last act of *Siegfried* at the moment of transition from the depths of the forest, with the fire flickering up in the heights behind to the clear, tranquil atmosphere at the summit of the Valkyries' Rock; and very few stage skies that have been seen in London (including even Hawes Craven's famous sunset in the scene of the Kelpie's Flow in *Ravenwood*) have been more poetical than the one which we are shown in the last act of *The Twilight of the Gods*, with its gradually-changing tints of orange, amethyst, and gold softly reflected from the bars and belts of cloud in the silvery-blue waters of the Rhine below.

In these three points, then—the conducting, the orchestral playing, and the staging—success was foreseen by every one; but against the success of the scheme as a whole there were at any rate two arguments, of which the most was made by the evil prophets. It was said, in the first place, that the tetralogy ought not to be sung in a translation; and in the

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second place, that, even if it were, no English people would be capable of singing and acting it.

Let us see what these two objections amount to. The first is undoubtedly a strong one; because from one point of view it is quite true. It is obvious that any opera in which the text has any literary and emotional value must be better when sung to that text than when sung to a translation, however good. In the operas of Rossini, and most of the older composers, the words are merely a peg on which the music is hung; and as long as one gets the music it matters very little what the peg is made of. But Wagner's text is an essential part of the opera: the words were written in the alliterative verse known as *Stabreim*; and the music was written with extraordinary care to fit these particular words, and will consequently not fit the words of a translation. The argument is very old, very familiar, and perfectly true. It is not combated by those who uphold the performance in an English translation. They do not maintain that an English translation is the ideal thing, or even that it may be as good as the German original; all that they maintain is that it is the best thing for an English audience. It may be true that the stalls at Covent Garden are sufficiently cosmopolitan, and the gallery sufficiently educated, to understand most of the current European languages; but it does not seem extravagant to suppose that it is better for the average Englishman to hear an opera sung in his own language, even if he has to lose something by having it translated. Let the translation be as good as possible, let it make sense, let it be poetry, let it be alliterative, provided that sense and poetry are not sacrificed to alliteration; and the average audience will not be conscious of the loss. In the translation by H. and F. Corder, and in that by Alfred Forman, everything was sacrificed to alliteration; and there can be little doubt that the publication of the vocal score of the *Ring*, with the Corder translation underneath the German, goes some way to account for the prejudice that has been felt against any translation at all of the text. In the new translation, however, by Frederick Jameson (who had some years previously published a literal translation in metre without either imitating the alliteration or adapting

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his words to the music) a great advance has been made ; it reads well, sings well, and sounds well, and, until the perfect translation has been produced, will serve its purpose admirably.

A good deal too much pother is sometimes made over this question of translation. A text which seems lame in the study will often sound well enough when sung on the stage—well enough, that is to say, when you have once granted that a translation is only a compromise. In fact, the old saw about singing what is too stupid to be spoken has a great deal more truth in it than is usually supposed. Precisely as the spirit of a passage becomes less declamatory and more lyrical, so is the mind of the listener content with more suggestion and less precision of detail. In lyrical passages, the emotional impetus of the music carries the imagination with it, so that general images and conventional phraseology may take fire at the moment of utterance ; declamatory passages, being closer in feeling to every-day speech, must rely more on their own merit, and therefore demand far closer attention on the part of the translator who would save them from bathos. Consequently, the more lyrical the opera, and the more intense the emotion, the easier will it be to translate successfully. The third act of *Siegfried* goes better than the first ; the first act of *The Valkyrie* goes better than the second. In *Tannhäuser* the same translation that sounds inadequate and bald for the meeting of the friends in the second scene of the first act, is not noticeably weak in such things as the minstrels' songs, or *Tannhäuser's* passionate outbursts to Venus.

The second of the two objections to which we have referred, namely, that English people were incapable of singing and acting the *Ring*, though fairly plausible on the face of it, has proved to be entirely false. With one exception, all those who took part in the performances were strikingly successful. Three of them, it is true, were foreigners : Herr Peter Cornelius, who was the best representative of the part of Siegfried that has been seen at Covent Garden since the days of Jean de Reszke ; Herr Hans Bechstein, who, with his broken English and pointed articulation, was perfectly clear and perfectly unintelligible

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as Mime ; and Mme. Borghild Bryn, who, in spite of her limited stage-experience, knew exactly how to make the most of her gifts and of her attractive personality as Brünnhilde in *The Valkyrie* and Fricka in *Rhinegold*. But in the case at any rate of one of these performers, an exceedingly able English understudy had been found ; and it must also be borne in mind that this was the first time that the entire *Ring* was being presented in English, and that consequently there was no school of English Wagnerian singers to draw upon for a cast. Besides which, several well-known English singers who have already had experience in Wagnerian rôles were, owing to engagements elsewhere and for various other reasons, unavailable.

Of the English (or rather English-speaking) performers, some had already made their name at Covent Garden. Miss Agnes Nicholls, for instance, has for several years been seen in Wagnerian and other parts ; so has Miss Edna Thornton ; while Mr. Whitehill has long been famous in England and America for his dignified acting and superb singing in the part of Wotan. But it was amongst the less-known singers that Richter's confidence was so unexpectedly justified. Mr. Meux, for instance, was one of the most impressive Alberichs that has ever been seen at Covent Garden ; and Mr. Walter Hyde, who up till now has been associated with that hybrid form of entertainment, the musical comedy, played the part of Siegmund as though he had been doing it all his life. His bearing, his gestures, and his singing were alike admirable ; and to those who had only seen him at the theatre round the corner, his performance was an intense surprise. Can it be that musical comedy is going to justify itself after all these years as the school for Wagnerian actors ?

The one exception to which we have referred was the case of Miss Perceval Allen ; who played Brünnhilde once in *Siegfried* (Miss Agnes Nicholls playing it the other time) and twice in *The Twilight of the Gods*. Her voice remained fresh and vigorous up till the last bar ; but there was no expression in it, and her acting was hopelessly inadequate—in fact, it was not acting at all. Although this seems to have been her first appearance in opera, she might have shown a little more intelligence in her methods. Heroic

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opera is not nearly so difficult to act in as comedy; and the gods and goddesses are easier to make effective than the heroes and heroines. This is sometimes forgotten, as the parts of Wotan and Brünnhilde are so often played by first-rate artists; but the way in which an actress of only average ability will make a good Brünnhilde and at the same time a poor Sieglinde, was illustrated by Miss Agnes Nicholls, who, although she had never played Brünnhilde before, was quite impressive, and rose at times to moments of pathos and eloquence, while in the more familiar part of Sieglinde her acting remained flat and unimaginative. In *The Twilight of the Gods*, Brünnhilde is of course a much more difficult part to play than in *Siegfried*; as the character, besides being the chief centre of interest, becomes more human and more complex. Still, even here she retains some of the glory of her divinity, and stands on an entirely different plane from Gutrune, the one other woman with whom she is brought into conflict.

The difficulty of interpreting the Wagnerian rôles would be a great deal lessened, if people would only remember what Wagner himself tried to din into the heads of his interpreters at the early Bayreuth festivals; that is, that emotion is better expressed by the voice than by the most elaborately-studied gestures. Very great artists like Ternina and Van Rooy are able to do both; their gestures synchronise with every pulse in the music, and at the same time their use of vocal colour would make them eloquent to the blind. The average singer, however, will find it easier and more effective to put the emotion into his voice; and, using only a few simple and conventional gestures, will leave swimming and pump-handle methods alone. Wagner understood how these things should be done, and made the orchestra give the cue to the emotions; at a crisis, the emotion in the orchestra is so acute that it generally requires only the simplest gesture, and sometimes hardly a gesture at all, to make the moment effective, provided the singer has the slightest control over the *timbre* of his voice. A good example of a singer not appreciating this occurred in the case of a certain Wotan at Covent Garden, who, to express his anger in the scene with Fricka in the second act of *The Valkyrie*, clenched his fists

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and stamped his foot, and went on singing with precisely the same vocal expression as before.

Striking as a good deal of the acting was at the recent performances, the singing was still more surprising. No one who heard Miss Agnes Nicholls' "Heil dir, Sonne!" when she is waked by Siegfried, or the way she took the great duet at the end, is likely to forget it; of Mr. Whitehill's superb Wotan we have already spoken. Amongst the others, all of whom sang well, though several, like some of the principals, enunciated indistinctly, the two who stood out as really accomplished singers were Mr. Walter Hyde, to whose Siegmund we have already referred, and Mr. Thomas Meux, who played the part of Alberich.

To hear the part of Alberich sung never occurred to many people as being a possibility; they have so long been accustomed to hearing it half bellowed, half grunted. Mr. Meux's reading of the part was a revelation; and he was only doing what one might have supposed that every one would be apt to do in an opera—he sang; he did not indulge in the abominable combination of talking and speaking which has become so fashionable under the name of *Sprechgesang*.¹ It was precisely this habit of singing on the part of the singers that differentiated the English performance of the *Ring* from any of the performances that have previously been heard at Covent Garden.

Why is it that the Germans, for all their traditions, are content to treat the *Ring* to their monstrous methods of *Sprechgesang*? It would be absurd, of course, to try and maintain that Germany has not produced fine Wagnerian singers; but the fact remains that the majority of those who have made big reputations at Covent Garden have not been Germans. It is true that the British public of to-day supposes that every Wagnerian singer must be a German; just as the British public of 1850 supposed that every singer must be an Italian. But Ternina, Litvinne, Von Mildenburg, Albani, Nordica, Destinn, Jean and Edouard de Reszke,

¹ It is impossible to find a precise English equivalent for this essentially Teutonic word. Perhaps the method may best be described as something half-way between a bark and a sneeze, something reminiscent of Pig and Pepper.

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Herold, Cornelius, Van Rooy, Lassalle, Plançon, and Van Dyck have come from almost every European country except Germany.¹

The German method seems to be the result partly of a mistaken theory, partly of incapacity. The mistaken theory is, that the more the singer approximates his tone to that of the speaking voice the more will be the gain in emphasis and dramatic effect. It is like the theory in vogue amongst some of our Shakespearian actors : that the right method of declamation is to make the verse sound as much as possible like the prose of every-day speech. Both singers and actors forget that there is no such thing as absolute realism in art. Even in Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, an actor cannot be entirely naturalistic ; for the two facts, that he is on the stage and not in his own study, and that he is speaking words selected with a purpose by the author, and not the first that would come into his own head in the same situation, are alone sufficient to constitute a convention. And when the convention goes a step further, and includes metre and rhyme, the absurdity of treating blank verse in the method of our Shakespearian actors becomes apparent. In Wagner the convention includes music written to be sung ; to treat it merely as verse written to be declaimed is equally absurd. The German *Sprechgesang* is abominable, and always was. Wagner himself could not endure it. He was constantly drawing attention in his writings to the deterioration of German singing ; and at rehearsals had to rail at his actors for speaking instead of singing, and urge them not to be so perverse, but to sing every note as he had written it.

The other origin of current German methods of singing Wagner, namely, the incapacity of the singers, is partly the result of this mistaken theory. Being brought up to sing Wagner in the approved fashion, they naturally find themselves unable to sing Gluck and Mozart and the other men of the old schools, who require pure vocalisation and are the best training for a singer who wants to learn to produce his voice well. Being unable to sing them, they naturally

¹ The list, if made to include Wagnerian singers in general, apart from those who have sung at Covent Garden, might be almost indefinitely extended.

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leave them alone;¹ and consequently never learn what beautiful voice-production means. A vicious circle is thus set up. On the other hand, those who (whether German or otherwise) have devoted themselves to music which necessitates beautiful singing, are precisely the very singers who have become most famous in Wagnerian parts. Lily Lehmann, for instance, is as much at home in Berlioz's *Faust*, or in a lyric by Brahms, as she is in the part of Brünnhilde; Ternina is equally great as Isolde, La Tosca, or the Countess in *Figaro*; and Scheidemantel has sung everything, from Orestes in Gluck's *Iphigénie* down to Kunrad in Strauss' *Feuersnot*.

A noticeable feature of the performances recently given by the Carl Rosa and the Moody-Manners Companies has been the beautiful way in which the Wagnerian parts have been sung. None of these people make any pretence, of course, to be more than good, sound, all-round singers. But they are alternately playing Balfe, Mozart, Wagner, and Verdi, and the result is that, having learnt how to sing "Dove sono" and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," they continue to sing when they come to *Tristan* and *Tannhäuser*. No one who has not heard her can believe how beautifully Fanny Moody can sing the entrancing airs of Mozart's Countess; and in a performance last January of *Lohengrin* the vocalisation of Miss Grace Nicoll as Elsa was far more perfect than that of many a foreign *prima donna* for the benefit of whose *Sprechgesang* exorbitant fees have disappeared into the maws of the box-office.

The old argument, that it is not the singers but Wagner who has ruined the voice, has time after time been shown to be false. A singer with faulty production who insists on employing *Sprechgesang* will, of course, ruin his voice as much in Wagner as in anything else. A good singer need not be afraid of Wagner, who was far too good a musician to spoil the voice or any other instrument. He required a big band for his purposes; but, with the real artist's eye for

¹ Ternina in 1900 said to an interviewer: "We have few singers in Germany now; and as time goes on there will be fewer. And where the new ones are to come from it is hard to see. Young ladies and young men at a given moment grow tired of practising and of being told that their production is faulty. Then they strike an attitude and protest that they are Wagner singers. In two years' time they have hardly a note left."

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general effect, he considered that the sight of a conductor and a number of instrumentalists was as superfluous for the enjoyment of the opera as the sight of the prompter or an army of stage-carpenters. Consequently the band was put under the stage out of sight of the audience; and the singers, instead of singing through the orchestra, sang over it. Until every theatre imitates Bayreuth and Munich, and sinks its orchestra, it is the duty of every conductor to see that his band does not produce more volume than it would if it were sounding from underneath. If he allows the players to make what noise they like, and so forces the singers to shout, it is he and not Wagner who is ruining their voices. In the matter of technique, too, Wagner was at great pains, even at a tremendous climax, to keep the scoring clear for the voice, which, being of a different *timbre* from any of the instruments, and not having the same phrases to bring out, can make itself heard without undue effort even through the loudest *fortissimo*. To see what really is hard on a voice, one has only to turn to the score of an opera by Bellini, or Verdi in his early period, where the soprano and the trumpet are shrieking in unison while the strings are thrumming out the conventional guitar accompaniment.

Looking back, then, upon this memorable first performance of the *Ring* in English, we see that the conducting, the orchestral playing, and the stage-management were, as usual at Covent Garden, excellent; while the acting and singing reached a far higher level than even the most sanguine had thought possible. That so much was accomplished at a first experiment, is due to many causes and to many excellent people; including (besides all the performers) the syndicate, Mr. Neil Forsyth, Mr. Percy Pitt, and of course the incomparable Dr. Richter, without whose energy and unquenchable enthusiasm the scheme could never have been carried through. When the Kaiser told Wagner, after the Bayreuth Festival of 1876, that he never believed that he would have brought it about, Wagner replied that he had got Richter, who had proved that he could do impossibilities. Having once got started, let us hope that Dr. Richter will continue for our benefit to do impossibilities. We are always ready to welcome a miracle.

LAWRENCE HAWARD

THE STATISTICS OF THE CHURCHES

NEITHER the Established nor the Free Churches of England and Wales can view with equanimity the returns of their membership and general strength during 1907 as compared with 1906. Every year there is a great increase of population. But in recent years the Churches have not obtained a fair proportion of such increase; and now a considerable number of the Churches have to face decreases. These are sufficiently large, both in respect to membership and to Sunday scholars, to cause misgiving. In the case of the Wesleyan Methodists, it is a decrease in 1907 following on a decrease in 1906. Just at a time also when an increasing number of electors are turning to the secular solution of the Education difficulty, we find a great decline in the number of children attending the Free Church Sunday Schools. If the Free Churches were holding their own, instead of a decrease of 35,000 Sunday scholars there ought to be an increase approximating to that figure.

In the following pages the statistics of the Protestant Churches in England and Wales have been collected and compared. At the close, some attempt has been made to set forth reasons for the decline. Though it is unwise, as well as unnecessary, to strike a note of ultra pessimism, all who value the religious forces of the nation will await with concern and deep attention the steps that may be taken for dealing with the present situation.

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COMMUNICANTS OR MEMBERSHIP

At Easter the Church of England counts the number of its communicants. This is now an actual reckoning of those attending the Easter communion. Formerly an estimate only was obtained. There were 2,103,902 communicants at Easter 1907, comparing favourably with the estimate in the previous year, then given as 2,053,455—an increase of over 50,000. No other Church makes a similar return; so that it is impossible to draw conclusions from the strength of the Free Churches in this matter. It may be taken as some test of membership, but naturally is not so complete as that of the Free Churches; for it does not include those who are sick, or otherwise prevented from attending the Communion service. Free Church statistics comprise all accredited members on the roll of membership. Therefore, in making comparisons, this point should be remembered. On this showing the respective figures for 1906-7 are :

	Communicants
Church of England	2,103,902
Free Churches	2,183,914

These figures give a lead to the combined Free Churches of roughly 80,000; but for comparative purposes they are useless, in view of the reasons mentioned above.

Analysing the Nonconformist statistics, it is observable that a decline of 17,934 communicants has taken place amongst some of the fifteen Churches represented in the total. This is especially marked in the Wesleyan Methodist, Baptist, Calvinistic Methodist, and United Methodist Churches. But a slight increase has been made by the Congregationalists and Presbyterians. In the case of the Primitive Methodists, the increase is, however, more pronounced. Before accounting for this position, it will assist to elucidate the position if we give the figures for the two years with the respective increase or decrease.

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	1906	1907	+ Increase - Decrease
Baptists	410,766	405,755	- 5,011
Congregationalists . . .	459,938	459,983	+ 45
Presbyterians	85,215	85,755	+ 540
Wesleyan Methodists . . .	628,693	618,580 ¹	- 10,113
Primitive Methodists . . .	203,128	204,053	+ 925
Calvinistic Methodists . .	189,164	187,768	- 1,396
United Methodists	166,206	164,071	- 2,135
Society of Friends (members)	17,910	17,767	- 143
Seven smaller bodies . . .	40,828	40,182	- 646
	2,201,848	2,183,914	- 17,934

The largest decrease, as will be observed, is that sustained by the Wesleyan Methodists; and then in order come the Baptists and United Methodist Church. To a considerable extent the loss of the Baptists may be traced to the inevitable falling away of many converts in Wales, as the result of the Revival. In the years immediately preceding, the Baptists made distinct accessions to their Welsh Churches; so that, in accordance with the experience of previous emotional revivals, this reaction may have been expected. At the same time, Wales cannot explain the whole of the situation. The Baptist Churches in London are only marking time. In the provinces they do not show an advance. As a denomination, the Baptists are much better organised to-day than ten years ago; and their resources are greater. But they have not in their pulpits now, as twenty years ago, two of the greatest preachers in the Christian Church—Charles Haddon Spurgeon and Alexander McLaren. The latter, who is now over eighty years of age, is living in retirement; and rarely preaches. Neither have Baptists attempted, on a large scale, either in the metropolis or the provinces, social work similar to that of the Wesleyan Central Missions, or that recently started in London and Manchester in connexion with the Congregationalists. Except here and there—as, for

¹ These are the figures supplied to the Wesleyan Conference, July 1907.

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instance, at Bloomsbury, under the Rev. Thos. Phillips—Baptists do not show any decided inclination to develop the social aspects of Christianity in their Church life.

Turning to the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, another set of facts has to be noted. The *Methodist Recorder* has published what may be described as the semi-official figures of Wesleyan Methodism for the year following the last given in the foregoing comparative Table. These are to be presented to the Wesleyan Conference held in July. Taking the same basis as in the Table, the latest return shows that the entire membership, including those "on trial" and in the Junior Classes, is 610,546. As will be seen, this is a decrease of 8,034. The statistics supplied by the *Methodist Recorder* include those for Scotland and Zetland, amounting in all to 621,382. The Connexional total of "full membership" on this basis is 492,038, or a decrease of 4,392—the largest decrease since 1854, when it was 6,797. Those "on trial" for membership number 30,839; being a decrease of 1,179 on last year, of 7,309 on 1906, and of 15,432 on 1905. The number of members of Junior Society Classes is 98,505; or a decrease of 2,345 on the year, of 4,492 on 1906, and of 1,326 on 1905.

The next decrease to be noted is that of the United Methodist Church, which was formed only last year by the union of the Methodist New Connexion, United Methodist Free Churches, and the Bible Christians. For a period of four or five years, the question of union has been agitating these Churches; and it is probable that the energy of the leaders of the respective Churches has not unnaturally been devoted to a greater extent than usual to the machinery rather than to the actual growth of the denominations. With less overlapping, better organisation, and the impulse of union, this decline should be arrested under normal conditions in the course of the next year or two.

Quite another reason operates in the case of the Calvinistic Methodists, whose home is principally in Wales. They are suffering, like the Baptists, through the falling away after the Welsh Revival. It is inevitable that, after a great religious awakening such as that experienced in the Principality, the test of time should prune the membership;

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but careful inquiries show that, notwithstanding these losses, the net gains to the strength of the Welsh Churches, both Anglican and Free, are substantial and satisfactory.

Unfortunately, the Society of Friends does not show any increase. It seems to be slowly dribbling away; and even the Adult School movement, which originated with the Quakers, has not stopped this leeway. The Friends pay small attention to organisation; so far as the membership of their Meeting House is concerned. Still, when one remembers some of the outstanding men and women bred in Quaker homes, the prospect of the decline of this noble body is disquieting. Never large in numbers, its simplicity and reality have assisted to preserve for English public life—especially a decade or two ago—the qualities of civic duty and lofty idealism.

I have already noted that the Church of England was able to show a better record of communicants at the Easter communion of 1907 than in 1906. There is a satisfactory increase of over 50,000. The stream of communicants, as we know, is augmented by the confirmation candidates. In 1907, these numbered 227,869; being an increase of 3,454 as compared with the previous year, but still 3,257 below those of 1905. The bishops in 1906 reduced the number of confirmation centres by 299; but in 1907 these were substantially increased, though not up to the standard of 1905. That this rearrangement affected the returns of the year 1906, cannot, I think, be doubted. For instance, the confirmation centres in the diocese of Canterbury were reduced from 116 to 78; with the result that the candidates declined from 8,187 to 5,456. In Salisbury, instead of 107 centres, only 66 were provided; and the numbers decreased from 4,225 to 3,606. Southwell also showed similar results. London is scarcely a fair test; inasmuch as the London parishes are so closely contiguous that it is an easy matter to meet at a common centre. The Bishop of London reduced his centres from 225 to 135; and his numbers declined by a little over 800. Taken as a whole, however, the deduction from the figures is, that the reduction of the confirmation centres reduced the number of candidates.

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SUNDAY SCHOOLS

In reckoning the number of Sunday scholars in attendance at its Sunday Schools, the Church of England makes a distinction with those scholars who are upwards of 15 years of age. These are included under the heading of Bible Classes. But, for purposes of comparison, these must be given in the total. Taking the two previous years, there is an increase both of scholars and teachers. The numbers are :

	1904-5	1906-7	Increase
Scholars	3,009,760	3,022,529	12,769
Teachers	206,873	208,608	1,735

A comparison of the Church of England figures with those of the Free Churches suggests that the latter are stronger in respect to the Sunday Schools, both in scholars and teachers, than the Establishment. For many years Nonconformists have given liberally in time and money to organise their Sunday Schools, which are considered an integral part of Free Church work. The comparative figures are as follows :

TEACHERS

Free Churches	405,391
Church of England	208,608

SUNDAY SCHOLARS

Free Churches	3,471,276
Church of England	3,022,529

Whilst, however, the Church of England has shown an increase on the year in the number of Sunday scholars, the Free Churches declined in this respect to the extent of 35,049. This affects practically the whole of the Churches, as the following Table shows :

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	1906	1907	+ Increase - Decrease
Baptists	569,785	565,503	- 4,282
Congregationalists	698,842	690,184	- 8,658
Presbyterians	89,758	88,609	- 1,149
Wesleyan Methodists	1,004,159	991,029	- 13,130
Primitive Methodists	468,892	470,095	+ 1,203
Calvinistic Methodists . . .	195,707	193,689	- 2,018
United Methodist Church . .	330,125	322,756	- 7,369
Society of Friends	65,678	65,032	- 646
Smaller bodies	83,379	84,379	+ 1,000
	3,506,325	3,471,276	- 35,049 net decrease

So far as I am aware, no official reason has been set forth in explanation of this general decline. There is no foundation for the statement that the children have been captured by the Anglican Church. Transference from one set of schools to another naturally takes place here and there; but not to any pronounced extent. How far the criticisms levelled against the syllabus of lessons provided by the International Lessons' Committee have represented actual discontent amongst the teaching staff, is again a difficult matter to analyse. In the main, however, the critics have carried the day; and the syllabus is to be rearranged in order better to suit the various classes of scholars, and also to meet the demands of Biblical criticism. But the loss on the year cannot be entirely placed to this account; for these discussions have proceeded for six or seven years, and are much less acute to-day than at their commencement. Again, the increase of Sunday amusements may be cited as a factor in the situation; but why this should have adversely affected the Nonconformist and not the Church of England schools, is a question difficult to answer. Does the curriculum or the method of teaching supply the solution? In the Church of England schools, there is probably more dogma taught than in those of Nonconformists. No creed is learnt in the latter Sunday

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schools. The teaching is mainly confined to an exposition of Bible story, parable or miracle.

Both in the Church of England and the Free Churches, the Sunday-school teachers come from all ranks and classes. You find, for instance, that Members of Parliament like Sir George White and Mr. A. E. Hutton are both regular Sunday-school workers in the Baptist and Congregational Churches respectively. Taking the average, one cannot discover any substantial difference in the ability or resource of the teacher to-day compared with the teacher of former times; yet the teacher must bear his full share of responsibility for the present statistics. No outside organisation—not even the Church—is entitled to control the Free Church Sunday school. The teachers form the committee of management; and therefore with them rests the explanation for the present position.

NUMBER OF CLERGY AND MINISTERS

In the ministry of the Church of England, there are 13,897 incumbents and 6,646 curates: a total of 20,543 clergy entrusted with the souls of 2,103,902 communicants, or one clergyman to every 102 persons. Of course in practice it does not work out in anything like this regular proportion. The inequalities are often the despair of individual clergymen, especially in crowded cities or densely populated manufacturing centres. Adopting the average as a general basis, the Church of England is better equipped by a regular ministry than the Free Churches. Taking the Nonconformist membership as 2,183,914, the ministers engaged in pastoral work number only 9,694, or one for every 225 members. Non-conformity could not accomplish its task but for its army of lay preachers; and this fact is especially true of the Primitive Methodists.

In nearly all the Free Churches there appears, up to the present, a steady stream of candidates for the ministry. The Wesleyan Methodists, however, are not maintaining their numbers in this respect. The number of candidates for the ministry of the Wesleyan Churches during the present year is 188; being a decrease of 15 on last year, and a still larger

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falling off from the two previous years. With this exception, no general decline is to be noted in connexion with the other Free Churches. Wales has for many years sent large numbers of its young men into the Free Church ministry; and the aspiration of many ambitious youths in humble homes of the Principality, is still that a "call to the ministry" may be extended to them.

Turning to the Church of England, the figures concerning ordinations are not encouraging. These have so often been made the subject of diocesan addresses and public discussion, that the point is not new. But for purposes of comparison it may be well to quote three or four figures. The number of ordinations for 1906 was 580, and for 1907, 587—a small increase of seven; but if we compare these with the figures for 1895 with 720 candidates, and 1896 with 704, it will be seen that the combined totals of the earlier and later periods show a decline of 257 in the latter.

Taken as a whole, the figures prove that, whilst the Free Churches have some advantage over the Church of England, there has been a more or less general decline amongst Nonconformists, both with members and Sunday scholars. I propose, therefore, to say something concerning the reasons for such decrease.

First, let me quote a leading Wesleyan minister, who was asked to account for the decline in the 1908 figures of his denomination. He said: "What is wanted is greatly increased energy directed into the ordinary channels through our pulpits and regular services. . . . I think one cause of the great decline in our full membership is to be found in the fact that far too much attention is, in some of our provincial Churches, paid to the secular side—to the provision of entertainments and so on. And I feel sure we have all been depending too much upon revivals and upon special missions." This expresses the view of many Free Church leaders with respect to the much advertised and highly organised missions which, during the past five or six years, have been common throughout the country. Too often such revivals have merely created a wave of emotionalism combined with a form of religious excitement that hinders rather than assists the real work of the Churches. Statistics

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are obtainable concerning places where crowded attendances, and numbers of professed conversions have been noted—but no subsequent additions to the roll of membership of the local Churches has taken place. In other cases, the revival has brought a number of new members whose membership lasts but for a short period. A few years ago, the Free Churches were pinning their faith to great mission efforts; but as the result of experience a change has taken place in their view-point. So far as the Free Churches are concerned, I question whether they will be prepared to join in any simultaneous revival effort for the next four or five years.

If the decline in Wesleyan Methodism is symptomatic of the other Free Churches, it seems evident that it is in the industrial and mining centres that the falling away has occurred. This will be seen by the following figures giving the largest decreases in Wesleyan Methodism :

Cardiff and Swansea	loss of 511 members.
Leeds	500 ”
Newcastle-on-Tyne	448 ”
Cornwall	439 ”
Hull	430 ”
Birmingham and Shrewsbury . .	367 ”
Nottingham and Derby	337 ”
Bedford and Northampton . . .	275 ”
Second North Wales	262 ”
Halifax and Bradford	232 ”
Manchester	227 ”
Whitby and Darlington	216 ”

On the other side, the five districts with an increase over one hundred are :

First London	increase of 412 members.
Third London	232 ”
Carlisle	131 ”
Scotland	128 ”
Kent	109 ”

In order that these figures may be properly appreciated, it should be explained that the districts of Methodism

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are somewhat arbitrarily arranged. For instance, the First London district of Methodism includes such places as Colchester, Harwich, and Clacton-on-Sea ; and the Third London district, Croydon, Dorking, Hastings, Brighton, and Worthing.

Comparing the districts where the increases and decreases have respectively taken place, it seems clear that, whilst the losses have occurred for the most part in great industrial centres, the increases are reported from districts that may be described—with the exception of the Central Missions in the poorer parts of the metropolis—as residential. If this is established—and the figures certainly point in this direction—the fact remains that the Free Churches are not maintaining the membership of the working classes.

So far as the Wesleyan Methodist figures go, one cannot trace any clear indication of the tendency that has been feared for some time ; viz. that the middle classes, who are the back-bone of the older Nonconformist Churches, have lost touch to any considerable extent with religious institutions. I note a decline in the membership of the Chislehurst Wesleyan Church—this is, I believe, a typical well-to-do suburban cause ; but Hastings and Tunbridge Wells, both of a similar character, show an increase. It is difficult to analyse the statistics on this basis. Still, on the whole, they seem satisfactory as to the Nonconformist middle classes.

Without pressing the point unduly, however, I may fairly ask whether the love of pleasure and the increase of wealth have not robbed the middle classes of some of their moral earnestness and religious zeal ? Do the families of Free Church standard-bearers to-day, as formerly, show similar interest in the spiritual concern of the Church to which they are attached ? Are they as willing to bear the drudgery, and conduct the details, of the work, as their fathers did ? Have not week-end visits in many cases deprived the Churches of regular workers, both in the Sunday school and on the lay preachers' plan ? The increase of wealth has not promoted a general rise in the rate of Christian giving. It is the complaint of a large number of organisations, that the regular subscribers are less ready than of yore to honour their annual promises. With larger personal resources has

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come a more expensive mode of living. Whilst the Dissenter of a generation or so ago was an unassuming man, with modest requirements, his successor to-day adopts an entirely different material outlook. He spends more on his own personal requirements, his home is elaborately furnished, his wife and daughters affect a style quite foreign to the previous chapel women, whilst his sons are sent to the older universities. The new conditions provide some compensations; but in the opinion of the Puritan leaders of Nonconformity do not assist in moulding that type of character associated with a by-gone period. To put the situation into a sentence—the sympathies and outlook of the prosperous Dissenter to-day are widened, but neither his spiritual life nor his principles are deepened.

A query of some importance may here be pressed. Do the Free Churches now take as much care in the reception of new members as did their forefathers? It may be urged, possibly, that such precautionary measures would produce a still further decline. But this argument only touches the surface of the whole question. You may, for instance, open your doors wide and admit those who make a profession of faith. But suppose that you allow those to enter who lower the whole character of your membership by materialised ideals, or a want of appreciation of the principles upon which the Church is founded; you possibly obtain higher numbers for a few years, but the Church life has been depreciated. The true mission of the Church is lost sight of in extraneous matters of organisation; and, whilst its activity may be maintained at fever-heat, the motion will prove that of the circle rather than that of true and effectual progress. I do not suggest comparisons in this respect between the Established and Free Churches, but simply deal for the time being with the latter; mentioning facts that I am aware are present to the mind of many Nonconformist leaders. That much may be said on behalf of this view, is apparent when one considers that the evangelisation of the masses by the older Churches is infinitesimal to-day as compared with the power they displayed in earlier times. The majority of the older Churches are content to minister to the people associated directly or indirectly with them. It is in vain

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that the well-dressed seat-holders are urged regularly to vacate their seats and go out into the "by-ways and hedges" to invite others to come in. Their pew is a freehold; and as Church members their duty is performed by hearing two sermons on the Sunday if these are good—and one only if bad or indifferent—and by subscribing more or less liberally to the organisations of the Church.

The pew-rent system works most prejudicially in securing the attendance of non-churchgoers at a place of worship. Presumably the best seats in the synagogue should be at the disposal of the stranger. But I do not know of a pew rent church where the free seats are so arranged. These are in the gallery or at the extreme end of the church; inconvenient for hearing, and usually uncomfortable in every respect. Some well-defined arrangement is of course necessary for the support of the ministry; but where a Church has been educated to its duty of supplying the needs of its minister by the weekly offering plan, no danger need be experienced in substituting this method for the antiquated and ill-conceived pew-rents which are inimical to the whole spirit of Christianity.

Still, after all is said, it must be admitted that the work of securing the attendance of non-churchgoers at a place of worship has seldom proved more difficult than to-day. This state of things relates to both ends of the scale—to the poor as well as the rich. For various reasons, the message of the Church is unheeded to a large extent. Sometimes it is the fault of the messenger; sometimes it is due to the form of the message. The great preachers of all the Churches can still command the crowds; but the "little" men preach to empty pews or discontented hearers. But, even when small, it is much preferable for a faithful minister—though a poor preacher—to accept with equanimity his small congregation, rather than to belittle the sacred things that should characterise the spirit of worship, and adopt the paltry and adventitious advertisement to secure the presence of the man in the street.

Another reason may be indicated. Do the Free Church ministers visit their flocks to the same extent as formerly? When the question is discussed in Free Church conferences, the plea is often raised that to-day the minister has not time

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to make regular and more or less periodical visitation of his Church members and congregation to the same extent as clergymen or curates. It would be impossible, if not invidious, to make a fair comparison. Granted for argument's sake that the Free Church minister is burdened with extra duties to a greater extent than his friends in the Establishment, it is somewhat surprising to discover the amount of time he spends in attendance at conferences, congresses, and union gatherings of one sort or another. There are many who attend every year three or four annual congresses held either in London or some large provincial centre. This is equivalent to the loss of a week for each fixture. In addition, there are the usual district or county gatherings of the denomination; monopolising not less than a week in the course of a year. So that with a month's holiday—usually meaning a layman's five weeks—two months of a minister's year is spent away from his work. I am not dealing with the poorer minister who has to drudge on, often without holidays, and the constant change incident to denominational rallies, but with the average town minister.

The multiplication of denominational and inter-denominational gatherings in all parts of the country is becoming a serious problem to the Churches, in the demand thus made upon the minister's time. What, for instance, would be thought of an ordinary professional man, with an income of three to five hundred a year, who spent one-sixth of every twelve-month away from his professional duties? If he were engaged by a business-like corporation or company, such absence would not be tolerated. But the work of the ministry is after all too sacred, viewed in its highest sense, to be compared with even a profession. If a man is a true pastor, it should engross his undivided attention; and his Church ought to be his first charge.

There are ministers who by their gifts as speakers or organisers are the accredited leaders of the Free Churches; and as a consequence are invited to all parts of the country on behalf of various organisations. To some extent they take the place of Free Church bishops, and have a distinct mission to serve the Churches in this way. But even in this connexion there is some danger that the Churches should

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play up to the person rather than the cause represented, and thus pander to a spirit of sensationalism, which is unhappily to be found in some religious circles.

Many Nonconformist leaders connected with the Baptist and Congregational Churches are turning to the policy of restricting the extreme "Independency," the survival of a former generation, in order to make the wheels of the denominational machine go more smoothly. How far this reform would affect the question under discussion is a moot point. The pivot is the minister. Given a cultured, godly man, who can preach, is acquainted with the duties of a minister, and is prepared to carry these out faithfully and zealously, and organisation will prove a secondary matter.

To a large extent we have been considering some of the elements contributing to the decline of the Free Churches during the past year. Turning to the Established Church, we find that, though she has reported an increase of communicants, illustrating a revival of the observance of religion at a special period of the Church's year, her difficulties are none the less serious than those of her Nonconformist brethren. She has yet to solve the points raised by the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, to provide for a larger measure of lay assistance and lay control, and to equalise her revenues in such a way that every clergyman may be sure of a living wage. But these are problems that do not come within the purview of this article.

Independently of the respective outlooks of Anglican and Nonconformist, surely they ought to possess a wider platform upon which to face the difficulties common to both. The divisions and contentions of the Churches are a source of peril at the present time. A spirit of thorough co-operation in meeting the foes of a common Christianity would probably do more to establish the reality of religion to the nation, and provide an irresistible appeal to the moral consciousness of the people, than sectional attempts along similar lines. One has only to refer to the unity of the Anglican Church leaders and the Free Church Council upon the questions of Sunday observance and temperance reform, to illustrate the effects of such combined action.

CHARLES T. BATEMAN

MR. MALLOCK ON SOCIALISM

A MERICAN audiences are proverbially polite ; and we can well believe that Mr. Mallock's hearers in the States listened with attention (not unmixed with wonder) to the remarkable addresses which he has collected in his *Critical Examination of Socialism*. But American audiences are also intelligent ; and we can therefore hope that those whom Mr. Mallock addressed did not regard him as a typical example of English thinkers, but only as a freak produced by the peculiar system of party politics which prevails in this country. As such, Mr. Mallock is harmless, and even amusing. His volumes are those selected by the Primrose Dame who wishes to acquire a little rapid culture for dissemination amongst the wealthy lower orders, and by the Stock Exchange plunger whose rudimentary conscience has been faintly aroused by a combination of a more than usually unscrupulous deal with a more than usually iridescent banquet. These persons are probably fortified and soothed respectively by Mr. Mallock's facile demonstration of the Gospel of Smugness. But every patriotic Englishman must feel a little ashamed of the part which his countryman has played before American audiences ; to whom, indeed, the once "bright creatures of Mr. Mallock's fancy" must have appeared as somewhat faded and very stiff-jointed puppets, only to be galvanised into action by a vigorous application of rather obvious wires and pulleys.

Mr. Mallock undertook, in fact, a Partingtonian task when he essayed to stem the tide of an ocean which is approaching with quiet but irresistible force. Still, there have been improvements in engineering since Mrs. Partington's time ; and it is, of course, possible that Mr. Mallock

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has the secret of them. But if this is the case, he has not shown it to his hearers or readers in this series of addresses. We find, indeed, the old arguments which were so common in omnibuses and second-class railway carriages twenty years ago, but which, curiously enough, are now seldom heard in those quarters. Of this last fact the significance is not inconsiderable. It suggests that the last practical bulwark of organised selfishness is rapidly crumbling away ; as those on whose passive bodies it rested so long have come to realise that the advancing flood has no terrors for them, but only for those who for generations have built upon the foundation of their endurance. No wonder that Mr. Mallock's melodious, if somewhat nasal, hymning of the Gospel of Grab rises occasionally into what sounds suspiciously like a shriek of terror as glimpses of this ominous truth flash upon him, and that his language becomes almost ducal in its fervid denunciations of the Accursed Thing. For Mr. Mallock's enemies have got a long start of him ; and he must be aware that in social developments, as in physical cataclysms, there is a point at which the momentum becomes irresistible. It is thereafter only a question of what direction it shall take.

One of the most striking proofs of the permeation of the ideas against which Mr. Mallock wages such unequal war, is to be found in the fact that a number of the most influential and energetic of those politicians who have, until recently, been of Mr. Mallock's way of thinking, have adopted, as their very banner against Socialism, a scheme which is, in effect, essentially socialistic. It is true that the Conservative Party has never been distinguished for logic or clearness of thought. But it may well be asked whether anything quite so humorous has ever before occurred in the history of English politics as an attempt to repel Socialism with the weapon of Tariff Reform. For if Tariff Reform is anything more than a thinly veiled attempt to secure illicit gains for a particular class of the community, it is in essence socialistic ; for its root principle presupposes a wholesale suspension of that free play of individual competition which is the antithesis of a socialistic *régime*. No doubt Tariff Reform is a very bad kind of

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Socialism ; for it is a recrudescence of the ideas which as nearly as possible made the country bankrupt at the beginning of the last century. But Socialism it is ; and if Mr. Mallock is true to his avowed principles, he must not only separate himself from the Tariff Reformers, but he must ally himself with Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Harold Cox, and other survivors of the individualistic or Manchester school—with whom the immediate future in politics can hardly be said to lie. Meanwhile, the Tariff Reformers would do well to enlighten the plain citizen who does not appreciate that necessity of high politics which demands a periodical redistribution of offices among groups of politicians, on the true differences between their principles and those which they so loudly denounce, but to which they seem to be daily approximating.

Our main concern here is, however, with Mr. Mallock ; and lest we should be accused of unfairness in our estimate of his reasoning powers, we will state the argument with which he conceives himself to have crushed for ever the doctrine known briefly as “equality of opportunity.” Now this doctrine is not by any means confined to Socialists ; it can be justified equally, though not, perhaps, as forcibly, on purely individualistic grounds. But it is certainly a fundamental principle of all Socialism ; and Mr. Mallock is therefore perfectly justified in regarding it as one of the weapons which, in his self-imposed task, he has undertaken to shatter. And this is how he proposes to do it. To the argument that every child should, in the interests of the community, be given an equal opportunity of developing what talents lie in him, Mr. Mallock opposes the following answer :

“ Let us suppose (he says) that there are two boys, equal in general intelligence, and unequal only in their powers of mental concentration, who start their study of German side by side in the same class-room. One boy, in the course of a year or so, will be able to read German books almost as easily as books in his own language, while the other will hardly be able to guess the drift of a sentence without laborious reference to the hated grammar and dictionary.”

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And from this undoubted fact Mr. Mallock draws the amazing conclusion, that it is a mistake to open to the proletariat opportunities of education which encourage in them ambitions which can never be satisfied.

There are some arguments which it is almost an insult to the intelligence either to offer or to refute. Presumably, however, Mr. Mallock has taken the former course in all good faith. It is a repetition of the case of the Lord Mayor of London who argued that Mansion House banquets were good for trade, and of the late Mr. Richard Seddon's "stream of golden sovereigns." The ideal answer to all such arguments is, doubtless, a "silence that might be felt." But it is only kind to Mr. Mallock to point out three simple facts which he seems to have forgotten; first, that if a knowledge of German is a good thing (as he himself argues) it ought to be imparted to as many persons as possible; second, that the fact that A learns German more quickly and completely than B, does not show that such acquisition as B's ability enables him to make is without profit to himself and the community; third, and most important of all, that Mr. Mallock is evidently contrasting in his mind the system of equal opportunities with the present system, by which the dullard son of a wealthy or privileged father is laboriously taught German by brilliant teachers, often at the expense of endowments bequeathed for the benefit of the poor, while the brilliant son of the dock labourer never gets a chance of being taught at all. Is this latter fact just? Is it good for the community? Is it humane? Surely, on Mr. Mallock's own reasoning, the privileged dullard would be much better employed in ploughing or bricklaying, than in being stimulated to a career which he can never fill with credit to himself or profit to the community.

It is, of course, obvious, that even Mr. Mallock would not have offered to his audience such a manifestly ineffective argument, had he not quietly assumed the existence of a fact which no careful student of mankind could possibly admit; viz. that the children of the privileged classes are more likely to be possessed of natural ability than the children of the unprivileged masses. Unhappily it is almost impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to generalise with safety

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on such a point. It may even be that the much derided democratic dogma, that men are born equal (*i.e.* with equal capacities), will prove, in the long run, a shrewder guess at the truth than most superior persons at present think. That we shall not know till the science of education has made vast strides. But at present it is more to the point, and easier, to discuss the capacity, not of the new-born infant, but of the youth or maiden who has arrived at the age when the great divergence in education between the privileged and the unprivileged in this country takes place. And here the *a priori* arguments give no countenance to Mr. Mallock's assumption. For if the children of the successful members of the community (always assuming the latter to have been the architects of their own fortunes) seem to be favoured by the somewhat doubtful working of the laws of heredity, the children of the struggling have enjoyed the inestimable benefit of the environment of struggle, while the children of the privileged have been softened by the environment of luxury. In fact, one cannot help entertaining a suspicion, which one trusts is not uncharitable, that, in many cases, the extreme anxiety of the representatives of the upper classes that the children of the proletariat shall not be "educated above their station," is prompted by the shrewd belief, that such education may result in a considerable displacement of "stations" in a world which is at present, to a considerable extent, organised on competitive principles. Which seems a trifle illogical in professed believers in the virtues of competition.

In fact Mr. Mallock's arguments, like those of many advocates, sound very well if you admit the premises upon which they rest, but crumble to pieces when you observe that these premises are assumptions, mostly unverified, and, in many cases, manifestly untrue. Much of his book is occupied with denunciations of the folly of depriving men, in the alleged interests of the community, of wealth which they have created. Now, putting aside the fundamental assumption that systems known as "socialistic" aim at depriving men of wealth which they have created—an assumption which would be resented by a good many socialists—it may be pointed out that the system which Mr.

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Mallock defends bestows upon men, in countless instances, vast wealth which by no straining of language they can be said to have created; and that it is precisely these cases which are the obvious points of attack by social reformers, and which are really the questions of practical politics. Let us look at one or two of these cases.

The most obvious is the case of inheritance. Even Mr. Mallock can hardly shut his eyes to the fact that, in this country and in the United States, enormous wealth comes every year by this means to individuals who have not done a hand's turn towards creating it. A glance at the "Wills and Bequests" column of any daily newspaper, or at the "Death Duties" figures in the Budget, will give the intelligent reader with a turn for arithmetic a fair idea of the importance of this fact; whilst the student of legal history is further aware that the institution of inheritance originated in conceptions totally different from the reasons which are now quoted in its favour, and in economic circumstances totally different from those of modern communities. It is, in truth, a striking survival of ideas which, if Mr. Mallock will forgive us for saying so, were essentially communistic. That fact does not, of course, in itself prove that it is unsuited to present conditions. But it will take a good deal more than Mr. Mallock's stock argument to prove that it might not with advantage be revised; even though that argument be mixed up with a laboured refutation of a doctrine which, so far as we are aware, no economist of repute ever advocated, viz. that it is allowable to inherit wealth, but not allowable to invest wealth when inherited. If it is allowable to inherit wealth, it is, of course, allowable, nay, meritorious, to invest it in legitimate industrial enterprises. And probably it is wise to allow inheritance to a moderate extent; especially by the young, the infirm, and the aged. But why the alternative should be, as Mr. Mallock assumes, that the family of the deceased, after his death, shall "be turned into the street, beggars," it is difficult to see; except upon the assumption that the children of wealthy people are all incapable of earning their own living, or too lazy to earn it—which is, unfortunately, not without truth in present conditions.

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Moreover, the stock argument that able men will not exert their powers unless they are given unlimited freedom of bequest to their children, is manifestly contradicted by the notorious facts that many of the keenest money-getters have been, and are, childless men, or even confirmed bachelors, and that no apparent weakness of the stimulus to industrial enterprise has been noticed since the introduction of the Death Duties. Your real money-grubber is seldom a very fond parent. If he is, why does he not give his money to his children in his lifetime?

But the really astonishing thing, even in Mr. Mallock's book, is the fact that, in discussing the title of the wealthy man to the wealth he has "created," the author does not, unless we are much mistaken, even allude to the vast values appropriated to individuals in natural resources. Now we do Mr. Mallock the justice to suppose that he does not believe his favourite millionaire to have "created" the soil of England or of the United States, with the coal and other minerals thereunder, and the streams and showers which fertilise it. Nor do we think, though of this it is difficult to feel quite sure, that Mr. Mallock believes that steady growth of population which, as each decade passes, adds steadily to the value of these natural resources, to be the creation of the capitalist. And yet it is tolerably indisputable, that the ownership of these priceless natural resources is appropriated by a comparatively small section of the community; which, of course, means that the rest of the community has to pay a vast annual tribute to these fortunate appropriators, because the use of these natural resources is absolutely essential to the maintenance of life. Mr. Mallock plumes himself, somewhat regretfully, upon the disappearance of chattel slavery in modern industrial communities. But is he not somewhat premature? For what, after all, is the meaning of slavery, unless it is that the slave-owner can appropriate the labour of the slave? And is there much difference between appropriating human labour in kind and appropriating it in the form of rent? The latter method is a trifle less direct, perhaps a trifle less galling, than the former. But it is equally effective, far less troublesome, and therefore more satisfactory to the appropriator.

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It is, in fact, not difficult for any one who has studied the economic history of England, to trace the connexion between serfdom and land-ownership in this country. The Great Plague which visited England in the middle of the fourteenth century suddenly sent up the value of labour by leaps and bounds, by diminishing the number of the labourers. The privileged classes grabbed at the "unearned increment"; just as they have since grabbed at the unearned increment in liquor licences. But they did it crudely and inartistically, by enacting a series of repressive statutes which attempted to fix the wages of labour at the old prices, and to compel the labourers to work at the statutory tariff. The labourers revolted; the struggle was short and sharp, and the labourers won—for a time. The fifteenth century was the Golden Age of the English labourer. But the employer bided his time. He found out the secret of the peasant's success; which was, that the latter had his ancient rights in the soil, by means of which he could support himself without taking the wage of his lord. In the next century, under the specious title of the "enclosure movement," the peasant was deprived of these rights wholesale; with the inevitable result that he was forced to come to heel and take his landlord's wage. It was, as we have said, an equally efficacious plan, and much less troublesome—for the landowner. But, so far as morality is concerned, it can only be justified by the somewhat curious plea, that an abuse long acquiesced in becomes a sacred privilege, and that the purchase of the labour of an existing generation also confers the right to appropriate the labour of all future generations.

Limits of space permit us to notice only one other of the great *lacunæ* in Mr. Mallock's argument. Let us grant, for the moment, his contention that the successful manufacturer, the typical head of a great producing agency, really creates the wealth which, under the present system, falls to his share. But what about the vast fortunes that are secured by the mere exploiters of other men's industry—by men who make gigantic hauls by gambling in mining shares, but yet would not know a piece of gold quartz if they saw it? who wreck railroads and then put them on

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the market at inflated values ? who float bubble companies with the savings of the clerk and the widow ? who sweat the home-worker by establishing a monopoly in the clothing trade ? who unload worthless quack medicines by means of gigantic systems of advertising ? who "drop off, gorged," from the spoils of a national agony like the South African War ? A cynic might answer, that if the public are d——d fools they deserve to suffer. But the reply is effective : that the public proposes not to be "d——d fools" in these respects much longer, by organising against its plunderers. For that is what Socialism largely means. And as we are sure that Mr. Mallock would not adopt this cynical attitude, we must ask him to explain to us how persons of the class we have alluded to have created the wealth which falls to their lot.

Severe restrictions on the laws of inheritance, resumption of the unearned increment in natural resources, and a stern repression of the practice of speculating in human infirmity, would go far to satisfy a good many reformers whom Mr. Mallock would condemn as "socialistic," and to provide a system of equal opportunities which, with all deference to him, appears to be far more conducive to the interests of the community as a whole, and far more satisfying to the claims of individual justice, than the existing system of privilege. But it is necessary to say a few words also about a problem which Mr. Mallock has really attempted to tackle, viz. the due share of labour in the dividend produced by legitimate enterprise, such as manufacture, engineering, commerce, and the like. Obviously this problem lies at the very root of social justice ; and its importance is only equalled by its difficulty. We cannot think that Mr. Mallock's argument, ingenious as it is, will prove very convincing.

He begins by frankly admitting that labour and capital are both essential factors in production ; and he alludes to Mill's famous illustration, that when two factors are combined in a product, you cannot say that the one contributes more than the other to the result. Thus, of the two factors 5 and 6, which, multiplied together, produce 30, you cannot say that the 6 contributes more than the 5. Most

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people would think that this illustration was undeniable. But Mr. Mallock describes it as a "profound error" on Mill's part ; and proceeds to argue, that if on occasion you find that the total product has increased to 40, and that the factor 5 remains constant, you must, logically, attribute the increase to the other factor, which has now risen to 8. Well, we should have thought not, and that the "profound error" did not lie with Mill ; for Mr. Mallock's reasoning reminds us of the famous nigger saying: "Pompey and Cæsar berry much alike ; specially Pompey." But this is, after all, mere preliminary skirmishing. It is the use to which Mr. Mallock puts his illustration which is interesting. For he has satisfied himself (by a rather hazy process of reasoning¹) that the effectiveness of the manual labourer is no greater than it was a century ago, while the share of the industrial dividend of the community which labour receives is greater. And therefore, he argues, the remainder, and (if strict justice were done) more than the remainder, of the enormous increase in the total industrial output during that period, properly belongs to capital ; *i. e.* to the men to whose increased efficiency it is (on the hypothesis aforesaid) attributable. And so labour gets more than its fair share at present ; but Mr. Mallock generously proposes, in terms which remind one curiously of Mr. Chamberlain's famous doctrine of "ransom," not to take any of this excess away ; because such a step might make the labourer discontented (as it probably would), and so unwilling to work.

But why should Mr. Mallock object if the labourer refused to work ? According to his argument, the only result would be, that the industrial dividend would be decreased by the amount now paid as wages, leaving the balance for capital, as at present. Is not this concession of his merely due to an unconscious attack of that emotional philanthropy, the insidious ravages of which he deplures ?

¹ Mr. Mallock says, for example, that the Greek gem-engraver and the makers of Roman surgical and mathematical instruments used in Nero's day, were equal to any modern craftsman. But (1) such persons can hardly be classed as "labourers," and (2) the civilisation of Western Europe to-day is not a later stage in Greek or Roman civilisation, but a comparatively less advanced stage of a totally different civilisation, which began in the fifth and sixth centuries after Christ.

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Mr. Mallock must be careful, or he will become a Socialist (big "S") without suspecting it. Why not have a complete severance of interests at once, and leave the misguided labourer to find out his mistake? According to Mr. Mallock, the capitalist is the magician who has shut up in his machine (we need not inquire who invented it) some part of the forces of nature, like an efreet in a bottle, whose services he can keep for himself or hand over to others. And any one who wishes to make use of these forces must pay, not the efreet (*bien entendu*), though that might appear to be most consonant with justice, but the magician; "just as a cab-fare is paid to the cab-man and not his horse"—we presume Mr. Mallock means "not to his horse." You have only got to change the efreet, which has already become a horse, into a labourer; and there you are. Was ever the doctrine of the exploitation of labour more nakedly stated?

But, in truth, Mr. Mallock has himself exposed the hollowness of this portion of his argument in the Table of Contents prefixed to his volume, in which he summarises his process. "Labour itself," he says, "produces as much as it would produce were there no ability to direct it." But when we come to the share of capital (or "ability," as Mr. Mallock prefers to call it), do we find a corresponding statement? On the contrary, the position is surprisingly shifted. "Ability produces everything which would not be produced if its operation were hampered or suspended." At the risk of being thought to insist on the obvious, we must give the true parallels.

Mr. Mallock.

"Labour itself produces as much as it would produce if there were no ability to direct it."

The answer.

Ability itself produces as much as it would produce if there were no labour to serve it.

On this reckoning, we imagine, labour would get decidedly the best of the deal. But again:

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Mr. Mallock.

The answer.

“Ability produces everything which would not be produced if its operation were hampered or suspended.”

Labour produces everything which would not be produced if its services were refused or less abundantly rendered.

Mr. Mallock cannot have it both ways, by the simple process of transposing the limbs of two equations. In sober truth, as he himself admits, labour could, and, in certain stages of civilisation, does live, after a sort, without skilled direction; provided always that the labourers are allowed access to natural resources. While ability, without labour, could not manage to exist at all—except by becoming labour.

But it is, of course, not in the divorce of labour and ability, but in their more intimate and harmonious union, that the future of civilisation lies. And it is thus that the last of Mr. Mallock's arguments which we have space to notice becomes of extreme importance. He argues, as many of his predecessors have argued, that the man of ability will not exert himself in a community in which he is not allowed to appropriate to his personal ownership the lion's share of the profits; and that, consequently, the industrial output would be immeasurably smaller in such a community than in a community organised on existing lines. This argument is, undoubtedly, worthy of serious attention; but there are more considerations than one which mitigate its force.

In the first place, it may well be that a substantial reduction in the aggregate industrial output of a community like England or the United States, *if accompanied by a better system of distribution*, would make for the happiness rather than for the real loss of the nation; especially if it were only temporary. The immense proportion of the intellect of the civilised world which, as Mr. Mallock rightly points out, was diverted during the first half of the nineteenth century from other pursuits, especially military pursuits, to the pursuit of material wealth, may have been so diverted

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at the expense of better things. All calculations as to the amount of the national income must, in the present condition of statistics, be more or less guess-work. But if Mr. Chiozza-Money's estimate of seventeen hundred millions¹ is even approximately true, there is an ample margin for temporary depreciation, if the residue were better distributed and more wisely expended. And if even a part of the strenuous ability thus set free were diverted into other channels—into local government, for example, or art, or hygiene, or especially into education, in which the supply of ability is at present notoriously deficient—it is probable that the nation would positively gain by the loss of part of its material income; a loss which would, in the nature of things, be only temporary. For one of the strongest counts in the indictment of the present system is its wastefulness; and, with improved education, this wastefulness would largely disappear.

But, if we understand Mr. Mallock aright, this consideration carries little weight with him; for he thinks that the man of ability, deprived of his present rewards, would not only cease from his industrial activity, but would cease to work altogether, or would relapse into what is often facetiously termed the "Government stroke." We think that the facts of history, and especially of social history, are against Mr. Mallock, and warrant quite a different belief. Over and over again, in the course of social development, with a persistency which almost suggests the operation of a social law, it has happened that an institution founded in personal greed has ultimately been moralised into a social service of inestimable value. Take, for example, such fundamental institutions as the family and the State. There can be little doubt that the former originated in the desire of the husband and father to appropriate the labour of his wives and offspring; and there can be no doubt whatever that the latter was but the organised expression of the desire of a military chief and his followers to aggrandise themselves at the expense of the labouring members of a community. Almost all the States of mediæval Europe were founded by successful *condottieri*. And it may also be, as Mr. Wells has

¹ *Riches and Poverty*, p. 28.

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suggested,¹ that the excessive development of private property from which we are now suffering, has been the essential preliminary to a better industrial organisation. But, just as we should now regard a father who exploited his children's labour, or a statesman who treated his office as a means of extortion, as a belated survival of barbarism, and an outrage upon civilisation, so in the near future we may come to regard in the same light an organiser of labour who appropriates the bulk of the dividend of his organisation to his personal use. And we do not think that the head of a household, or a statesman, is less happy under the modern conditions of his office, or less strenuous in the fulfilment of his duties, than his predecessor was under the old. Indeed the evidence points all the other way—unless Mr. Mallock is cynical enough to suggest that the recent decline in the birth-rate is caused by a decline in the material profits of fatherhood.

The truth is, that the man of exceptional abilities is not stimulated to exertion by material motives; for he is, by his very nature, far too gifted not to realise their inadequacy. It is only the essentially stupid man who amasses money for money's sake. The gifted man may strive to make a fortune, but only as a means to an end; and if he can secure the end by other means, he will gladly do so. Altruistic motives apart (though these, *pace* Mr. Mallock, do count for something), the exceptionally able man is stimulated to exertion, partly by sheer pleasure in the exercise of his faculties, partly by love of power, partly by desire for the approval of his fellow men. And just now the acquisition of a vast fortune is, unhappily, still a potent means towards the gratification of the two latter desires. A vast fortune is the hall-mark of success; and success means power and praise. But in a system which measured success by other standards, there would be no necessity to strive for the vast fortune. Just as a successful railway manager of the present day, or the secretary who has built up a big insurance office out of tiny beginnings, is admired and envied by his friends, and looked up to by his subordinates, though his personal income may be modest, so the clever

¹ *New Worlds for Old*, p. 71.

MR. MALLOCK ON SOCIALISM

director of industry in the socialist State will be envied and admired, and with no sense of grudge or resentment, such as too often attends the millionaire. Mr. Mallock has a happy knack in metaphors ; but Metaphor is a dangerous horse to ride, and in this connexion we think he has played his rider a shrewd trick. Mr. Mallock, harping upon the necessity of offering inducements to ability to exert itself, says : "If what we desire is to coax an invalid to eat, we can coax him only with the food he finds appetising." True. But the healthy man doesn't need coaxing to his dinner ; and in a more wholesome state of society the man of ability will be a healthy man, not an invalid. In truth Mr. Mallock is obsessed by the peculiar tradition of Government patronage acted on by the party to which he belongs. No doubt a system of patronage which places Lord Londonderry, for example, at the head of the Education Office, is not one which could safely be relied upon in a State which charged itself with the industrial welfare of its members. Happily there are alternatives.

The conclusion of the matter is, we believe, that what Mr. Mallock calls Socialism will not come by violence, but by general agreement. Labour is already practically converted ; the middle classes are, as we said at the beginning of this article, half won over. These, it may be urged, are stimulated by the prospect of material advantage. But it may come as a surprise to those who take a pessimistic view of human nature to find, in the not distant future, that, just as the father and the ruler have ceased to be the exploiter and the plunderer, and have become the guardians of their children and their subjects, so the captains of industry will become the trustees of their less gifted fellow men. So far from fearing that, in a socialistic organisation, the men of ability will sulk in their tents, we incline to think that the most serious danger to be apprehended in such a state of things is, that the men of ability will set too hot a pace for average humanity ; just as a conscientious father, out of his very anxiety for his children's welfare, will sometimes urge them too hard in their tender years.

EDWARD JENKS

VERSE ASCRIBED TO SHAKESPEARE

MANY persons will be surprised to learn that there are several pieces of verse ascribed to Shakespeare which have not yet been included in any collection of his writings. These fugitive remains have been found floating about in various out of the way places ; and, if not speedily gathered together, may eventually disappear. To garner these waifs and strays into one sheaf, where they will be readily accessible, is the purpose of this article. A few of the verses may be good, and may be Shakespeare's ; others, which are bad, have equal claims to the authorship imputed to them, and, in the circumstances, should be preserved.

To the indefatigable industry of Malone we are indebted for the preservation of several verses which were positively assigned to the bard of Stratford by contemporary evidence. These verses are of very unequal merit, as will be noticed ; but in some instances they should be regarded as merely impromptu utterances. In one place Malone refers to an epitaph, signed "William Shakespeare," contained in a manuscript volume of verses by William Herrick (of the same family as Robert Herrick, the poet), and others. The MS. was in the Rawlinson collection, in the Bodleian library, and runs thus :

"When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature pay'd his debt,
And here repositeth ; as he liv'd, he dyde ;
The saying in him strongly verefide,—
Such life, such death : then, the known truth to tell,
He liv'd a godly life, and dyde as well."

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In connexion with, but scarcely in elucidation of, this enigmatic epitaph, Malone furnishes some particulars of a family named James, living at Stratford, and contemporary with Shakespeare.

In 1664, a *Visitation of Salop*, the particulars of which are now at the College of Arms, was taken by Sir William Dugdale; and at the end of the work is a collection of epitaphs, two of which are stated to be by Shakespeare. In the *Visitation* book, Dugdale gives a description of "a very stately tomb" in "Tongue" (Tong) church, Salop, erected to the memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, who died about 1600. This Sir Thomas, better known as Lord Strange, kept a well-known company of players in his pay. Dugdale, who was a Warwickshire man, and well acquainted with all concerning his countryman, the poet, records: "These following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian":

"Written upon the east end of this tombe :
Aske who lyes here, but do not weepe ;
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe.
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones :
And his own goodness, with himself being gone
Shall live, when earthly monument is none."

"Written upon the west end thereof :
Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor skye-aspiring pyramids our name,
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble and defacers' hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

Dugdale's statement is explicit (and he is scarcely likely to have made it at random, or in such a place as a *Visitation*, without good authority): that the lines bear some resemblance to others in Shakespeare's writings, is not of much weight; seeing what a family likeness there is to one another in all the elegiac memorials of those days.

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In a manuscript volume of poems, formerly in the possession of Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer, were some lines said to have been written by Shakespeare "Upon the King"; the King being James the First. It is unfortunate that the opinion of experts, as is usual, differs as to the date of the handwriting in which the lines are written; Dyce deeming it to be "about the time of the Restoration," and Collier assigning it to "a coeval period" with Shakespeare. The verses read—

"Crownes have their compasse, length of days their date,
Triumphes their tombs, felicity her fate;
Of more than earth cann earth make none partaker,
But Knowledge makes the King most like his maker."

Amongst the Ashmolean MSS. (No. 38) is another of those epigrammatic epitaphs, so popular at the Shakespearean epoch, which is assigned to our bard. It states that Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, who, doubtless by the envious, are so frequently represented as "snacking" one another, were making merry together at a tavern. Jonson began his own epitaph thus—

"Here lies Ben Jonson,
Who was once one—"

whereupon his brother bard improvised the remainder—

"That, while he liv'd, was a slow thing,
And now, being dead, is *nothing*."

There is not much to commend in the wit, wisdom, or versification of these lines; but those which follow, recorded of the two rival poets in a manuscript volume of *Poetical Characteristics*, in the Harleian collection, are somewhat more worthy of their reputed authors. They are described as "Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre, *Totus mundus agit histrionem*"; and seem suggested by lines in *As You Like It*.

Jonson wrote—

"If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?"

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Shakespeare answered—

“Little, or much, of what we see, we do ;
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too.”

Thus far the epitaphs recorded as by Shakespeare have been of a fairly amiable tone ; but others ascribed to him are of a very different type—are, indeed, of a decidedly sarcastic and unfriendly nature. One of this character is frequently included in his biographies. Aubrey, Betterton, Rowe, Theobald, and others give variants of the incident connected with the lines ; but the tale they all tell is that a Mr. Combe, a wealthy acquaintance of Shakespeare, bearing the reputation of a miser, having suggested that the poet would probably write an epitaph upon him, should he happen to survive, wished to know what he would say. Whereupon Shakespeare gave him these words—

“Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd ;
’Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav’d :
If any man ask, ‘who lies in this tomb ?’
‘Oh ! ho !’ quoth the devil, ‘’tis my John-a-Combe !’”

“The sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.” But the whole of the legend and the imputed authorship of the lines may be ignored, as far as Shakespeare is concerned ; for there is very good evidence showing that he was not guilty of them. This doggerel represents, indeed, only one form of a common and popular epigram of the period. There was a Mr. John Combe, a friend of Shakespeare, who left a legacy of £5 in his will to the poet, a remembrance Shakespeare reciprocated by leaving his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe, nephew of this deceased friend. The Rev. Francis Peck, in his *Life and Works of Milton*, published in 1740, imputes another and somewhat similar epitaph to Shakespeare, but does not give his authority for it. It is on Tom-a-Combe, alias “Thinbeard,” brother to the above John, the usurer—

“Thin in beard, and thick in purse ;
Never man beloved worse ;
He went to the grave with many a curse :
The devil and he had both one nurse.”

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These epitaphs, or epigrams, are neither so generous nor so grandiloquent as might have been expected from the "gentle Shakespeare"; but they are positively charitable compared with the spiteful sarcasm of the ballads attributed to him in connexion with the Lucy family. There is, certainly, some probability of the attributed authorship of one of these pieces, when the hostility of the dramatist towards Sir Thomas Lucy, for some real or fancied wrong, is taken into account. This hostility is set forth in unmistakable terms in the portraiture of "Justice Shallow," in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Only one stanza has been preserved of a ballad which Shakespeare is recorded to have made and, in retaliation for what Sir Thomas had done to him, fixed copies of on the knight's park gates. It reads as follows :

"A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.
He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state,
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy be lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

Mr. Capell, who obtained the written record of these lines, said "the people of those parts" (*i.e.* Stratford-on-Avon) "pronounce lowsie like Lucy," and, says Malone, "they do so at this day in Scotland." George Stevens, too notorious a fabricator himself to have any testimony of his accepted without corroboration, cites two stanzas of a song supposed to have been written by Shakespeare upon the Lucy family, respecting the stealing of deer belonging to Sir Thomas. He states that the lines were extracted from a manuscript *History of the Stage*, "full of forgeries and falsehoods of various kinds, written, I suspect, by William Che-wood, the prompter." With so dubious a record, it would be imprudent to present any production; and as the lines quoted by Stevens cast imputations upon those no longer able

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to refute them, their repetition is not desirable. No man of honour would have written them.

Various other fragmentary verses of a facetious nature, ascribed to Shakespeare, are lying buried in the dusty archives of learned institutions. In a note to his *Historical Account of the English Stage*, Malone (to whom all Shakespearean students are deeply indebted for his labours in collecting every item of interest about the great dramatist) refers to a common sarcasm popular in early theatrical times of comparing a man's face with an apple. "There is," he states, "a tradition yet preserved in Stratford of Shakespeare's comparing the carbuncled face of a drunken blacksmith to a maple." "The bark of a maple is uncommonly rough," he cites from Evelyn; "and the grain of one of the sorts of this tree is 'undulated and crisped into variety of curls.'" Reverting to the blacksmith, we are told that he accosted the poet with—

"Now, Mr. Shakespeare, tell me, if you can,
The difference between a youth and a young man ;"

to which inquiry the poet immediately replied—

"Thou son of fire, with thy face like a mapple (maple),
The same difference as between a scalded and a coddled
apple."

Passing from this not too brilliant jest of the bard, Malone and other students are found preserving a somewhat less creditable effort of his genius. The story, as is usual with these legends, is variously related by Shakespearean editors; but is to the effect that the poet and some of his boon companions having accepted the challenge of the neighbouring Bidford toppers to a drinking bout, got the worse of the liquid warfare. In commemoration of the contest Shakespeare composed the following lines :

"Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hilborough and Hungry Grafton,
With Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

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The lines inscribed on Shakespeare's tomb and absurdly imputed to his own pen, have been more frequently repeated, and are more generally remembered than anything he did write. This epitaph, curiously composed of small and capital letters, is as follows :

“ Good Frend for Jesus SAKE forbear
To digg T-E Dust EncloAsed HERE
Blese be T-E Man ^T_y spares T-Es Stones
And curst be He ^T_y moves my Bones.”

This inscription has, apparently, had the effect it was intended to have ; has probably preserved Shakespeare's bodily remains from disinterment, and his tomb from being rifled by sacrilegious hands. It is strange, however, that people will insist in believing it to be the composition of Shakespeare. Somewhat similar funereal injunctions have been traced back to Roman days, and were certainly not uncommon in the poet's time.

It is not within the limits of this article to examine the authorship of the ballads, songs, and snatches of song, interspersed throughout Shakespeare's dramas ; but there is one song in *The Winter's Tale* calling for notice. It will be remembered that Autolycus sings a short piece about the “ Pedlar's Pack.” A much longer “ Pedlar's Song ” has been cropping up, from time to time, during the last two and a half centuries, in musical works and other publications, as “ By Shakespeare.” The first known publication in which it appeared was in 1673, in Playford's *Musical Companion* ; but the verses, or rather a portion of them, must have been known much earlier, seeing that they were arranged as a glee by Dr. Wilson in 1667. In 1824, three of the stanzas were given in Clark's *Words of Glees*, etc. ; and Douce, the well-known Shakespearean scholar, is stated to have subscribed to the belief that they were by Shakespeare, when he was shown, by the then organist of Chichester, an ancient manuscript of them, with a fourth stanza added. In *Notes and Queries* for November 10, 1849, a contributor stated that the complete song had been discovered in an old Commonplace Book, with Shakespeare's name attached to

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it ; but no elucidatory particulars were furnished. There are many verbal variations in the different publications ; but the longest, as given in *Notes and Queries*, is as follows :

“ From the fair Lavinian shore,
I your markets come to store ;
Marvel not I thus far dwell,
And thither bring my wares to sell.
Such is the sacred hunger of gold.

Then come to my pack,
While I cry
What d’ye lack,
What d’ye buy?
For here it is to be sold.

“ I have beauty, honour, grace,
Virtue, favour, time and space,
And what else thou would’st request,
E’en the thing thou likest best ;
First, let me have but a touch of thy gold.

Then come too, lad,
Thou shalt have
What thy dad
Never gave.
For here it is to be sold.

“ Though thy gentry be but young
As the flow’r which this day sprung,
And thy father thee before
Never arms nor scutcheon bore ;
First let me have but a catch of thy gold.

Then, though thou be an ass,
By this light
Thou shalt pass
For a knight.
For here it is to be sold.

“ Thou whose obscure birth so base
Ranks among the ignoble race,
And desireth that thy name,
Unto honour should obtain ;

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First, let me have but a catch of thy gold.
Then though thou be an ass,
By this light
Thou shalt pass
For a knight.
For here it is to be sold.

“Madam, come, see what you lack,
Here’s complexion in my pack;
White and red you may have in this place,
To hide an old and ill-wrinkled face.
First, let me have but a catch of thy gold.
Then, thou shalt seem
Like a wench of fifteen,
Although you be threescore and ten years old.”

Apparently this song was originally written in three stanzas for some drama. In the course of time, and through its transmission by so many singers, it has become not only different from the earliest version, but has evidently been greatly vitiated: the fourth and fifth stanzas seem comparatively modern additions, and the fourth is evidently redundant.

Sir John Suckling had an intense admiration for Shakespeare; but his vanity did not prevent him from challenging the greater poet’s superiority by embodying, in lines of his own, the following variations from some lines of the published version of *The Rape of Lucrece*. As the variations “from an imperfect copy of verses of Mr. William Shakespeare,” may be by the elder bard, they deserve notice:

“One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under;
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Which, therefore, swelled, and seemed to part asunder,
As angry to be robbed of such a bliss:
The one looked pale, and for revenge did long,
While t’ other blushed, cause it had done the wrong.

“Out of the bed the other fair hand was,
On a green satin quilt, whose perfect white
Looked like a daisy in a field of grass. . . .”

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In some of the *Sonnets* Shakespeare has reached the noblest heights, whilst in others he has, if, indeed, he be *their* author, sunk to a depth of bathetic ineptitude. It is well known that many of the pieces printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599, although ascribed to William Shakespeare, are not his; and it is quite probable that many of the sonnets issued in Thorpe's unauthorised volume of 1609, as by William Shakespeare, have no more right to the authorship claimed for them. Be this as it may, there is, also, great probability that similar pieces of verse, not bearing the dramatist's name, are by him; although they have not been included in his works.

A sonnet prefixed to John Florio's *Second Fruits*, a compilation of sayings and extracts from Italian authors, published in 1591, is believed by Professor Minto to be by Shakespeare. His reasoning is ingenious, and his arguments plausible; whatever the facts may be. Florio was on friendly terms with several of Shakespeare's contemporaries, if not with the poet himself; and, according to his own assertion, was under the patronage of Shakespeare's friend, the Earl of Southampton. So that there is no improbability in his having been presented by the Stratford bard with some commendatory verses for his book, after the custom of the period. The poem entitled *Phæton to his friend Florio*, reads thus:

“Sweete friend! whose name agrees with thy increase,
How fit a rivall art thou of the Spring!
For when each branche hath left his flourishing,
And green lock'd Summer's shadie pleasures cease,
She makes the Winter's storms repose in peace
And spends her franchise on each living thing:
The daisies sprout, the little birds do sing;
Hearbes, gummes, and plants do vaunt of their release,
So when that all our English witts lay dead
(Except the Laurell that is ever-greene)
Thou with thy Fruits our barrenness o'erspread
And set thy flowerie pleasance to be sure,
Such fruits, such flow'rets of moralitie,
Were ne'er before brought out of Italy.”

This sonnet, poor as it is for Shakespeare, is as good as

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others accepted as from his pen, and by the date of publication would have been even earlier in composition than his earliest known volume, the so-called "first heir of my invention," published in 1593.

Prefixed to the second edition, published in 1613, of a translation of Montaigne, by the same John Florio, is another sonnet, suggested by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt to be by the same hand as the preceding one, but in our opinion of higher calibre. It is styled, *Concerning the Honor of Books*, and runs as follows :

"Since Honor from the Honorer proceeds,
How well do they deserve that memorie
And leave in books for all posteritie
The names of worthy, and their vertuous deedes
When all their glorie else, like water weedes
Without their element, presently dyes,
And all their greatness quite forgotten lyes :
And when, and how they florisht no man heedes.
How poor remembrance are statutes (*sic*), toomes,
And other monuments that men erect
To Princes, which remaine in closed roomes
Where but a few behold them ; in respect
Of Bookes, that to the universall eye
Show how they liv'd, the other where they lye."

As an early experiment in sonnet writing, these lines may be deemed not altogether unworthy of the paternity ascribed to them. But it must not be overlooked that there is no trustworthy evidence of Shakespeare's authorship of them.

JOHN H. INGRAM

THE SECRET OF JAPANESE ART

IN no country is Art so truly a reflexion of life as in Japan. The salient characteristics of the nation's history are everywhere manifest in the works of the native artist. It is to the racial idiosyncrasies of Japanese civilisation, therefore, that we must look for an interpretation of the absolutely unique qualities of Japanese art.

To the Western mind, the art of Japan appears lacking in that note of universality which characterises the noblest æsthetic achievements of the world's great masters. The cause of this one-sidedness is found in the genius of Japanese civilisation. Catholicity of thought does not appeal to the Japanese mind; because for centuries the mind of the nation has not been permitted to follow the bent of nature and taste in matters of thought, but has been compelled to think along certain lines and within prescribed limits. The expression of thought was true to nature so far as it went; but it went such a little way. When the limits of a man's thought are fixed by laws which he cannot evade, he is not likely to develop any representative quality. Freedom, the soul of progress, is also the soul of Art.

It is not easy for an age like ours to realise the extreme narrowness of vision to which Feudal Japan for more than ten centuries subjected the mind of the whole nation. The individual was obliged to have permission even to think; and, even so, his thought must not be the expression of personality. He must think only as one of a combination; and any independence in this respect was viewed with the gravest suspicion. Multitudinous laws, rigidly enforced, were brought to bear on the minutest details of life; and the development of personal taste had to be under the prescribed

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conditions. If a man had a liking for a certain artisan calling, he could not enter upon that avocation, unless he belonged to the artisan class; in which case he could be a tradesman not different from his fathers. If the preference of the individual lay in the direction of war, he had to repress it; unless he happened to be of the samurai class, when he could become a warrior of an approved type. Should he aspire to the realm of art, his tastes could be gratified by devotion to the few subjects to which art was restricted; and then success depended upon fidelity to convention. Thus the vision of the individual was narrowed, by unalterable custom, to the petty sphere deemed appropriate to his profession and social standing. The expression of individuality was barred on every side save that which the law left open. To a large extent the laws regulating the proper subjects for thought, and the standard of conduct in relation thereto, were traditional—the accumulated moral forces of the nation's past; but they were thus all the more rigidly enforced upon every citizen.

Personal ambition being restricted, the sphere of the æsthetic faculty was limited to the point of least resistance. The mind of the nation was obliged to seek solace from the monotony of existence, either in amusement or study. The policy of the Tokagawa shoguns left the mind free only in the direction of literature and painting; and it was in these two directions that repressed personality found means to utter itself, and fancy became creative.

Following the line of least resistance, æsthetic taste turned its attention mainly to the interests of everyday life. The artist found his themes among the incidents that might be watched from a window or studied in a garden. He portrayed the familiar aspects of Nature in her various moods and seasons; trees and flowers, birds and fishes, reptiles real and imaginary, insects and the ways of them; all kinds of small details, delicate trifles, and amusing curiosities; any bit of impersonal fancy that revealed no trace of desire to take liberties with authority, or tamper with the morals of the nation.

Subsequently, under the influence of Buddhism, Japanese art became ascetic, as well as dainty and tiny, in its choice

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of theme. The masterpieces of faience and other ceramic wares, kakemono and works in ivory, that have come down to us, invariably inculcate seclusion, simplicity, and restfulness of life. The truly cultivated taste of the time loved to gaze at the moon from some lonely spot in the mountains, where, in a hut with a solitary companion, the artist was content to live on vegetables, nuts, and water. Thus Japanese art, indifferent to the industry and progress of real life, became devoted to leisure; till its hermit-like, stargazing influence chilled the heart of the nation, leaving it polished, but cold, and lacking the sublime aspiration of universal man.

It was during the Tokagawa period, too, that the race-genius of Japan brought forth most of that queer bric-a-brac that still forms the delight of Western curio-hunters and travellers generally. The painter was left free to revel in his fairy pictures, the ivory carver in his exquisite grotesqueries, and the decorator in his miracles of Lilliputian art in metal, enamel, and lacquer of gold. It was then, too, that the arts assumed that inexpensive form which placed æsthetic gratification within reach of the common people. Though the vision was narrow, it was beautiful, and it was shared by all. As in the cities of ancient Greece, so in the remote towns of old Japan, artistic form, which is always a power for culture, began to display itself in every household utensil—candlesticks, lamps, kettles, trays, lanterns—until even the most trifling object was, in respect of design, a piece of art revealing a sense of beauty and fitness unknown to the cheap production of the West.

Then it was that a sense of beauty spread out everywhere into common life; until love of art became the national characteristic that it still is. The possession and enjoyment of art ceased to be the right of the upper classes. The spirit of æstheticism began to pervade all departments of life. The art of illustration, producing those wonderful colour prints that still delight the eyes of the connoisseur and the wealthy dilettante, was freely developed, and literature in the shape of cheap popular fiction became possible; while a popular enjoyment of culture and social refinement characterised the age.

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Pleasure also came under the influence of art ; and those æsthetic amusements formerly confined to the top of society now began to permeate the body of the people, until the various diversions and accomplishments of the court circles became common property. Poetical contests, tea ceremonies, and the mysteries of flower arrangement, which indicate a high degree of refinement, are seen to be the accomplishments as well as the amusements of the lower orders. These diversions require years of training, and involve an exquisite sense of taste for their appreciation. The mere making and serving of a cup of tea may appear to the uninitiated a poor subject for art ; but to perform the act in the most perfect, most polite, most graceful, most charming manner possible, is a real art of an exquisite kind.

The restriction of the art of the nation to common things, and its popularisation under the Tokagawa *régime*, had a still more important influence on the life of the people; for then it was that came into vogue that spirit of courtesy and general politeness which is still so marked a feature of Japanese society. Social intercourse became an art in itself. It was a leading principle of the government of the day that the national ideal should consist in decorous behaviour ; when the people behave with propriety the government proceeds of itself. Etiquette was rigidly enforced among all classes; and politeness became the test of proper relationship between the individual members of the community. The taste, the grace, the nicety which characterised the artistic production of the country, entered into every detail of speech and action; until courtesy was a moral and æsthetic study, and manner became an art of beauty in life. Grace and charm grew to be instinctive, producing at last that masterpiece of the nation's art—the Japanese woman; in whom all that the art of her country stands for, in simple grace and comely beauty, finds its true representative. True it is that, like the art of her people, she is too dainty and decorative to stand for the universal or ideal woman. But what a magnificent decoration !

J. INGRAM BRYAN, M.A., M.LITT.

(Prof. in the Imperial College, Nagasaki, Japan)

OLD HUMPHREY'S WALKS IN LONDON

THE other day I had been reading Leigh Hunt's gossipy book about London, when I suddenly noticed among my books *Old Humphrey's Walks in London*, written, like the other work, somewhere about 1850. I had never looked at the little volume since it had been given to me as a boy on the death of an aunt. The book had been presented to my aunt in 1854.

The characteristic phraseology of a period is often better preserved by a popular than by a distinguished writer. Leigh Hunt would not, for example, have written: "St. Paul's, the most gigantic, the most elevated, the most celebrated, and by far the most conspicuous building in London, is a fit edifice to be visited by a perambulator." It takes a little time to realise that "perambulator" is here used to define not a machine, but a pedestrian; just as it once needed a little reflection to understand a startling postcard from the above-mentioned aunt. "Your old relation," she wrote from Brighton, "is not seriously indisposed, but is temporarily suffering from the effects of walking improperly."

She only meant, of course, that she had been walking to an improper extent; but this was not obvious at the first reading.

"Old Humphrey" preserves not only the characteristic phraseology, but also the characteristic ideas of his time. In this way he particularly entertains the modern reader who takes any historical interest in the ideas of the Victorian era. I make bold to say that Old Humphrey explains, as no one else can now-a-days explain, exactly what inspired Matthew Arnold's indignation against the middle-class, and exactly how Ruskin came to write a book like *Mornings in Florence*; while he also illuminates, by explicitly stating, a whole number of opinions and

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prejudices which linger in a dormant or moribund condition all over the country, and crop up when least expected—principally, perhaps, in the silly season.

Old Humphrey has the merit of extreme honesty. There is no *mauvaise honte* in his composition. We positively warm to him when he writes in his preface: "If, however, my mourning has been great, my mercies have been greater, and seldom do I pass an hour of any day without a Halleluia on my lip or in my heart." We are delighted to be assured that "habitual cheerfulness is no unfit attendant on healthy piety," and to know that it has "not been inconsistent with my years and my hopes to give some account of such places of public interest in London as may be visited by Christian people, in their hours of relaxation, without hampering them in their earthly duties, or hindering them on their way to heaven."

Old Humphrey's piety has, if I may say so, a good body to it; and it fits in very profitably with his pleasures. Thus he is genuinely fond of giving "copper coins" to the poor, but does not seem inclined to do much more for them. "What a comfortable thing it is," he writes, "that one can buy such a substantial gratification as that of lighting up the eye, and gladdening the heart of the poor, at the low price of twopence!" But the piety of the period was certainly robust enough to stand crucial tests. We are told of the terrible fire which destroyed the Grand Storehouse at the Tower. Our old friend then continues: "I have just spoken to a pious lady residing on Tower Hill, who, when told, on the night of the fire, that the surrounding neighbourhood would be blown up by the gunpowder in the magazine, was enabled calmly to reply that such an event could not take place without God's permission, and again went to repose on her pillow." This naturally leads on to some apposite quotations in connexion with the end of the world, and the "fervent heat" likely to supervene at such a time.

Old Humphrey's reflections are not, however, always so remote from mundane affairs. His conscience is considerably perturbed by a visit to the National Gallery.

"There are many splendid specimens of art," he writes, "magnificent triumphs of the pencil, in the gallery,

OLD HUMPHREY'S WALKS IN LONDON

which, on account of the freedom exercised in their design and execution, particular allusion cannot be made. One of two things must be admitted ; either that the general conception of modesty and propriety entertained by the Christian world is too strict, or that painters in their principles and practice are too free. Without any affectation, I am quite inclined to think that the latter is the more just, and certainly the more safe, conclusion of the two. The morality of a painting reaches the judgement only by passing through the lengthy avenues of reason and reflection ; while its immorality influences the passions instantaneously through the eye. Hardly can I persuade myself that my error is to be too precise and severe in judging of the thoughts, words, or deeds of my fellow-men." And so forth.

After this it is not surprising to find that "the pencil of Hogarth, like that of many other painters, was not so chaste as a Christian spectator might desire ;" although "in a picture where the artist's object is a moral one, the very appearance of evil, if not necessary to point the moral, should be avoided," or to read : "So long as Music is content to be the handmaid of devotion she is well worthy of regard ; but when she sets up herself to be worshipped, down with her, down with her, even to the ground !"

Old Humphrey gets his chance in Westminster Abbey of giving some public and appropriate expression to his feelings. "The conductor has hastened onwards," he tells us, "with a group of visitants, leaving me alone. I have written with my finger on the dust of a monarch's tomb : 'Sown in corruption.' This is a fit place for reflection. Here kings are crowned, and here they lie down in the grave, making corruption their father, and the worm their mother and sister (Job xvii, 14)."

This paragraph somehow reproduces a vivid image of Old Humphrey himself furtively inscribing his remark while no one is looking. I feel sure that he spoke very precisely, and with a particularly full and unctuous roll of syllables. It is gratifying to hear that he only used his finger and the dust for recording his reflections ; for the reader has occasional misgivings that "Christian spectators" not infrequently used their pencils on public monuments.

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We are pleasantly surprised, however, to find Old Humphrey not insensible to earthly dignities in the flesh. In the Thames Tunnel he is reminded of an illustrious personage. "Years ago I was cooped up in this place with a princess ; yes, Old Humphrey was standing on the same plank with the Grand Duchess Helène, sister to the Emperor of all the Russias, who happened to visit the tunnel when he was here. Had she been a peasant instead of a princess, this record of the event had never been made. What trifling circumstances puff up the heart !"

Old Humphrey, as befits his generation, has a righteous horror of war except when pursued for righteous ends. In the Tower he notes : "And now the implements of war, the instruments of destruction, thicken upon me. These are the prolific progeny of evil passions ; the scorpion brood of sin. There is a party of visitors before me, and their admiration and praise are unbounded. One timid female alone has whispered the word 'dreadful !' . . . and dreadful they are." . . . Here follows an enumeration of mediæval weapons. On the other hand, a grocer's shop suggests a different vein of reflection, which, after a dissertation on black and green teas, continues : "We are purblind beings at the best, and cannot fathom His almighty counsels, whose 'ways are not as our ways.' The tea trade, which we only regard as a source of luxury and temporal profit, may one day, by the Divine permission and blessing, be a battering-ram to knock down the wall of China, a key to unlock the hearts of the Chinese, and a channel through which a flood of gospel light may flow to illumine the three hundred millions of pagans which the 'celestial empire' contains." It is, however, to be feared that the writer might not have been too fastidious in his choice of a battering-ram in pursuit of these laudable aims.

His horror of war slightly flavours his unfavourable impressions of the pensioners at Greenwich Hospital, "most of whom must be treading on the brink of an eternal world." He notes that "now and then a thumb-marked Bible was visible, but more frequently a jest-box : and boasting ballad."

The "panoramas" of such places as Mont Blanc,

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Lima, or the Lago Maggiore, appear to have been a great feature of the time. We are conducted through all of them. At one point Old Humphrey finds that the Exhibition he came to see has for some time been removed, and quite incorrigibly remarks: "These little disappointments are not without their advantages; they prepare, or at least ought to do so, our tempers for greater trials." But we are rewarded by discovering, instead of the exhibition, a model of St. Peter's at Rome, which provokes the comment: "Amid all the goodly glory of St. Peter's, I cannot but remember that it is one of the strongholds of Popery—a temple wherein the mummeries of the Romish religion are practised with a high hand. Would that a purer faith and simpler religious ceremonies prevailed within its decorated walls!" "With a high hand" is certainly a splendid effort of rhetoric, but leaves rather a vague impression. A visit to Madame Tussaud's exhibition follows, which includes a colloquy with Madame Tussaud herself; and at which Old Humphrey is mistaken for an effigy by some of the visitors.

A long chapter on the "Cemeteries of London" shows our friend quite at the zenith of his powers. His curiosity is always quite inexhaustible, especially where horrors are concerned. As he remarks, when strolling in Kensal Green: "A cemetery should soothe sorrow, as well as call forth profitable reflection. Judging by my present feelings, this place is calculated to do both." After visiting Old Brompton and Kensal Green, he comes to Norwood, and is quite fascinated by the family vaults. "I have passed through the chapels, and descended to the vaults below them—the silent receptacles of the dead. The chapels are plain, and in excellent keeping. Many would like some stained glass in the large window, and *I should have no objection to a little drapery round it, to increase the solemnity of the place*; but these things are not important and can be dispensed with." The italics (needless to say) are not Old Humphrey's; I expect that he would have chosen festoons of a dark Indian red with a yellow fringe. But, later on, he makes an even more attractive discovery, namely, that coffins are lowered into some of the vaults by means of a

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piston working in water underneath the chapel. This invention is praised, not only for its mechanical skill, but also for its harrowing effect on mourners.

"While the mourners . . . are yet gazing, with eyes half-blinded with tears, on the coffin that contains the body of the departed, the elevated bier, or stand, on which it lies, begins slowly and noiselessly to sink, without any apparent agency. The astonished spectator can hardly believe his senses ; yet lower and lower the coffin descends until it altogether disappears. . . . I am told that at a funeral, a few days ago, in an assembly of at least a hundred persons, scarcely was a dry eye seen in the chapel."

Old Humphrey's delight in the success of this ingenious device is perhaps symptomatic of the delight in machinery for its own sake felt by his contemporaries. As it seems to me, his book is curiously typical, throughout, of the men who, in the hackneyed phrase, "have made England what she is." He has the great quality, which Goethe so highly valued in young Englishmen, of daring to be himself. In all his pharisaical and sanctimonious vulgarity he is quite as sublimely naked and unashamed as he is benevolent and courageous on the better side of him.

I have never been able to discover his identity¹ ; but I have no doubt that he was an honest citizen with a large family, who after "relishing his broiled ham or bacon" in the morning, and reading and descanting on the Holy Scriptures, sallied forth to do excellent work, and fulfilled all his obligations with unsparing zeal. His walks in London display an encyclopædic knowledge of all sorts of subjects, whenever it is allowed to emerge through the continuous mass of platitudes and moralities. If he hurls texts at the publican and sinner, he at least throws "copper coins" to the poor. His little book is, at any rate, an admirable collection of materials for what the Germans call the "culture-historian" of the nineteenth century in England.

E. S. P. HAYNES

¹ I believe that his real name was Moggridge.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS AND THE WOMAN'S PRESS :

AN ANSWER

THE writer of the article entitled "Woman's Progress and the Woman's Press" in the *Albany Review* for May, states that he or she has ascertained and investigated the chief arguments now advanced in favour of Women's Suffrage.

He (or she : but in future I shall use the masculine pronoun, simply for the sake of convenience, and not as claiming any credit for women)—he, then, "X," the writer, dismisses the first two arguments with a couple of contemptuous phrases.

The "engaging theory" of taxation and representation going hand in hand would, "X" says, be dispelled by the "most elementary knowledge of modern political history." Elementary knowledge may seem to show this ; but a slightly more advanced degree of knowledge makes it plain that the whole power of the House of Commons is based on the theory of the right of the people to dispose of their own money ; and that, though the payment of taxes is in no case the qualification for the franchise, yet that same payment has always been the moral justification of the citizen's claim to power.

The second argument "X" declares to be that, "since men have the vote, women ought to have it. "This," he says, "came under the heading of the Equality of the Sexes, and incidentally revealed that logic is not . . . a universally diffused study among women."

The illogicality of the argument only becomes obvious

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upon the assumption, either that the equality of the sexes is still unproven; or that, equal or not, they are so unlike, that the same laws cannot apply to both men and women.

This seems to be "X's" belief; for this theory alone can render valid such an argument against the enfranchisement of women as the statement that "it will add to the electorate hundreds of ignorant and non-cultured women." Since when has "culture" been a necessary electoral qualification in a man? And why—save for this assumed chasm between the sexes—should it be so in a woman? Even if women as a class are really inferior to men, it will hardly be assumed that every individual woman is inferior to every individual man. Why, therefore, should not some intellectual test be applied to all would-be voters of both sexes, and all be excluded who fail?

If, for instance, the inferiority of women's periodicals is a reason for refusing women the vote, why not disfranchise all men who also read inferior papers? If all women who read, say, *The Queen*, are to be disfranchised, why not all men who read, say, *The Pink 'Un*? If women are to be excluded from voting because a column in a daily paper is devoted to fashions, shall we exclude men, because not a column, but a page, is devoted to sport?

Obviously, however, if no common test can be applied to both men and women, it can only be because women are utterly dissimilar to men.

This dissimilarity is a curious thing; it does not preclude women from suffering the severest penalties, from paying the heaviest taxes, from submitting to the strictest laws. It does apparently preclude them from having any direct power of deciding what penalties they shall suffer, what taxes they shall pay, and to what laws they shall submit.

Such seems to be "X's" view. The third argument in favour of Women's Suffrage, he declares to be the belief in the superiority of women to men. And he proceeds to maintain its converse, still considering women as a class entirely by themselves, by pointing to women's journals as evidence of women's inferiority, and general unlikeness to the other sex.

Such an argument, however, rests on the assumption

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that these journals represent the entire interests of women ; but this is not the case.

Women's papers may be said to fall into two classes ; the domestic and the fashionable. *The Queen*—the special object of this writer's wrath—falls presumably into the latter ; but many of the penny and twopenny weeklies concern themselves with questions of health and economy, as well as with matters of fashion. The value of their advice may not be great ; but it is at any rate based on a desire to assist women to an efficient performance of their household duties ; and that it is at times useful, I have been assured by many of the readers of these papers. Trade organs may be considered as the masculine counterpart of these journals.

On the other hand, the parallel to the fashion journals may be found in the sporting papers. Here women and men seem to be much on a par. Advice as to false hair does not suggest any greater moral inferiority than advice as to betting odds.

But, it is argued, women have no papers but these domestic and fashionable journals ; therefore, their interests are bounded by these topics.

This argument is unsound for two reasons. In the first place, when a woman's interest is excited by any topic, her first instinct is to *do* something ; whereas a man's, apparently, is to incite some one else to do something. This is called 'forming public opinion.' The two processes were exemplified during the Boer War. Men wrote countless articles and made countless speeches ; women fell to work to alleviate the immediate misery. Miss Hobhouse, in her mission to the Concentration Camps, was backed up by hundreds of women all over the country, who gave time and strength and money to help the innocent victims of England's imperial ambition. Yet it is inferred that women took no serious interest in the war, because they did not write articles in *The Queen*.

But, as a matter of fact, *The Queen* and kindred journals are about as representative of women's opinions and interests, as *The Tailor and Cutter* of men's. The reason why an intelligent women's journal has so hard a struggle to exist is, because women's interests are so intertwined with those

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of men that the women's paper has to compete—not with *The Queen*—but with *The Daily News* or *The Morning Post*. It is to the ordinary political and literary journals—which “X” for some reason seems to regard as exclusively masculine—that inquiry into the real interests and opinions of women should be directed. Let “X” run down the Contents Tables of *The Nineteenth Century*, *The Fortnightly*, or *The Albany*; and he will find women's names attached to serious articles on subjects of social and national import. It is these, and not the fashion journals, which intelligent women consult, and through which they endeavour to exert their influence. In fact, it is only periodicals that concern themselves with matters affecting men and women alike, that touch the high-water mark of journalism. When periodicals endeavour to cater for one sex only, they sink to the level of the sporting paper or the fashion journal.

Indeed, the endeavour to separate the interests of men and women—of which the denial of the vote to the latter is only one aspect—generally results in the degradation of both; while the co-operation of the sexes, whether it be in domestic life or in administration, has been found to produce the highest forms of activity and beneficence. Why, then, exclude Woman from legislation, when her co-operation in other spheres of life has been found beneficial? To do so is to diminish the nation's strength by half.

The ignorant elector is indeed an evil; but he is an evil that exists already—six millions of him—and the exclusion of women from the franchise has proved no remedy. That remedy, if remedy there be, must be found in some completely new qualification for the franchise; but no ground has hitherto been shown for assuming that of that qualification, sex must form a part.

A. BEATRICE WALLIS CHAPMAN

THE IRONY OF SAMUEL BUTLER

MR. FIFIELD has taken over the publication of the works of Samuel Butler. He offers them all at reduced prices, with the exception of *The Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont*, which remains at ten-and-six, and of *Unconscious Memory*, which he does not intend, apparently, to reprint. *The Way of All Flesh* and *Erewhon*, which have been out of print for some years, are now offered to the public for half-a-crown.

Both these books are familiar to most readers who know what is worth reading; and there is no need to handle them as though they were new. If not already acknowledged as classics of their kind, they are on the way to become such, and to reach a green old age. Putting aside Butler's originality as a thinker and a moralist, and regarding him as writer only, he ranks among the few who have possessed a secure command of irony. On the side of verbal expression, irony, as he has said himself, depends upon tampering with conventional symbols, and making those that are usually associated with one set of ideas convey others which are entirely different. Of this "sleight of mind" he was a master. Irony must, however, be used very sparingly; or this tampering with associations becomes tiresome reading. In the writings of Rochefort, for example, an ironic invention of prodigious fertility has degenerated into perpetual *blague*, which tickles the reader at first, soon irritates him, and ends by establishing a raw upon his sense of humour. Butler, however, employs irony only as a variation upon direct satire in which every word is intended to keep its covenanted significance. One form of verbal irony which he often employs is to give a biblical

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or familiarly homiletical turn to sentences which express the most subversive opinions. He thus offends many who would be glad enough to overlook the trend of his meaning. For as scepticism spreads, reverence acquires an added value; for at least it masks the extent of the ravage, and much insistence is in consequence laid upon "good taste" when such matters are discussed. But of these prohibitions, when the business of writing was concerned, Butler took almost as little heed as Voltaire; though at the same time he insisted that a man was a wrong-headed prig who in private life could not hold his opinions lightly enough to modify them in the cause of charity, or to glose a difference for the sake of another's feelings.

On the other hand, he felt that the ideal writer, like the ideal scientist, "should know neither self nor friend nor foe—he should be able to hob-nob with those whom he most vehemently attacks, and fly at the scientific throat of those to whom he is personally most attached; he should be neither grateful for a favourable review nor displeased by a hostile one; his literary and scientific life should be something as far apart as possible from his social; it is thus, at least, alone that any one will be able to keep his eye single for facts, and their legitimate inferences."¹ Among the new pages added to the old edition of *Erewhon*, there are some in which the Professors of the Colleges of Unreason come in for an additional dressing on a similar point. "The fear-of-giving-themselves-away disease was fatal to the intelligence of those infected by it, almost every one at the Colleges of Unreason had caught it to a greater or less degree. After a few years, atrophy of the opinions invariably supervened. . . . No cure for this disgusting fear-of-giving-themselves-away disease has yet been discovered."

But Butler's irony lay deeper than devices for tampering with the verbal currency. All works which are pervaded by the spirit of irony are like those puzzle pictures, where certain lines by their combination suggest an object different from the subject which the picture as a whole obviously represents. We may not perceive

¹ Luck or Cunning.

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at once, say, the face of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in a sketch of a garden parterre; but when we have once seen it we can see it again whenever we like. There is, too, always something a little suspicious about the drawing here and there in ironical narrative which puts us quickly on the scent; and it is astonishing, therefore, that some reviewers of *The Fair Haven*, who presumably stood for many readers, should not have noticed sooner something a little odd about the drawing of John Pickard Owen and his arguments. But profound irony is always apt to puzzle people; for its characteristic—and it is this which distinguishes it from satire—lies in the author's showing that he feels there is much to be said for what he attacks or caricatures. Satire puts an advocate's case, setting down facts at their blackest, and emphasising one side with an intensity which precludes defence; or at its best it is a damning summing up from the Bench. But irony is the outcome of a mood, not necessarily impartial, but one in which two opposite judgements or sentiments are mingled. One may predominate, but both must be there. When one predominates emphatically, the result verges upon satire at once. When both are equally strong, it is often impossible to be certain whether the writer intends to be ironical or not. This is frequently the case with Disraeli's irony, which in his novels approaches sometimes the mysterious balance of a perfect Irish Bull. The Yahoos, for instance, are creations of pure satire; but Swift's attitude towards Gulliver himself is ironical. His preference for dining with horses on his return from the island of the Houyhnhnms, and for the society of a groom on account of the smell he contracts in the stable, is most sympathetic to the Dean; but the laugh goes against Gulliver too.

A comparison between Thackeray's and Disraeli's attitude towards the art of cooking brings out the same distinction. Mirabolant in *Pendennis* as a figure tips over into satire; for Thackeray, though at first sympathetic towards the poor man's claim to be a great artist, cannot stand such nonsensical claims for long, and only keeps up his sympathy by making him a little crazy. But the interview between the accomplished cooks on the eve of Tancred's coming of

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age is the work of irony. When the Napoleon of cooks informs his young visitor (who had turned a little pale in his presence) that he has already heard of the sauce he made at the Prince de ——'s dinner, and adds: "To be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods," the reader to his delight is made aware of the attractiveness as well as the grotesqueness of the cook's point of view, and of the element of truth in this startling sense of proportion. Disraeli's sympathies are always very much divided between common sense and the wildest romantic pretensions; and his irony springs from this conflict. Butler's irony, on the other hand, arises most often from constant perception of the conflicting claims of logic and common sense. Sometimes he attacks common sense from the point of view of logic, and more frequently the results of logic from the point of view of common sense. "Happily," he writes in one of the new chapters to *Erewhon*, "common sense, though she is by nature the gentlest creature living, when she feels the knife at her throat, is apt to develop unexpected powers of resistance, and to send doctrinaires flying, even when they have bound her down and think they have her at their mercy." Then follows an account of an old gentleman who, on the strength of his supposed inspiration by an unseen power, took it upon himself to disquiet the Erewhonians about the rights of animals, and persuaded them that they might not kill to eat.

After a period during which vegetarianism became the law of the land, and it was found that animals were more and more frequently dying natural deaths under suspicious circumstances, another philosopher arose who argued equally plausibly on behalf of the rights of vegetables; proving that they had an equal claim to be regarded as man's fellow-creatures. Thus the matter grew so serious, that the Erewhonians were driven to refer the question to an oracle, which replied as follows:

He who sins aught
Sins more than he ought;
But he who sins naught
Has much to be taught.

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Beat or be beaten,
Eat or be eaten,
Be killed or kill,
Choose which you will.

The two philosophers throughout these two new chapters present a very strong case; and nothing remains to be done except to burke their conclusions. The perception which directed most of Butler's irony, and was present constantly to his mind, is that men must live both by faith or instinct and by reason, but that neither guide must be followed too far. "We cannot serve the God of philosophy and the Mammon of common sense at one and the same time, and yet it would almost seem as though the making of the best that can be made of both these worlds were the whole duty of an organism." Thus too his moral doctrine may be summed up as an advocacy of the art of serving God *and* Mammon. The fault he finds with his contemporaries is not that their devotion to Mammon, namely, to money, health, and reputation, is very inadequate to the importance of these things; but that it is surreptitious and unacknowledged instead of frank and self-respecting. There is a continual jarring between their conduct and their ideals in consequence, which is destructive in many cases of honesty and consistency of purpose, and above all dangerous in the education of children, who, like Ernest in *The Way of all Flesh*, may at first take the teaching of their parents seriously, and only discover their mistake too late. In *The Way of All Flesh*, the case against Theobald and Christina is made as strong as possible, the descriptions are untinctured by sympathy for their side; what can be said for them being confined to occasional direct comments. It is pure satire and Butler's satirical observation at its best; while *Erewhon* is the completest expression of his irony.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

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WHILST it cannot fairly be said that recent changes in the *personnel* of the Ministry have resulted in any slackening of energy, it is difficult to escape the feeling that they have inaugurated a change of policy; and it is a matter of earnest reflexion for all vigorous reformers whether the change is likely to make for progress. The elevation (if that is the correct word) of Mr. Morley and Sir Henry Fowler to the Lords, is especially calculated to arouse misgivings. For it can hardly be supposed that the step, though conspicuously free from the sordid considerations attaching to many recent creations, can have any serious effect on the attitude of the hereditary House towards social reform; while it is eminently calculated to cast serious doubt upon the sincerity of the Government in its oft-repeated declarations of determination to curb the power for mischief of that august Chamber, which has lost no time in re-asserting its true character by contemptuously destroying the Scottish Land Values Bill. So far as Lord Morley is concerned, if it is really true that the change from the Commons to the Lords was the only way of securing to the country the continuance of that distinguished statesman in his most responsible and arduous office, we must, perhaps, be content to swallow the bitter pill; though it is hard to repress the suspicion that some alternative less open to misconstruction might have been found. But the case of Sir Henry Fowler presents no such excuses; and the immediate and unflattering result of the step may well give the Government pause, if the move really represents a change of policy. Doubtless

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the constituency which has long been represented by a popular member of exceptional local influence, is just precisely the constituency in which disaster is likely to occur when a new candidate appears to take his place. But we question whether Alderman Thorne would, for all that, have had such an up-hill battle to fight, if the cause of Sir Henry Fowler's retirement had not given a sharp shock to the democratic sympathies of Wolverhampton.

It is true that the Prime Minister, in disavowing any intention of taking any official step in the campaign against the Lords, was careful to limit himself to the present session ; but his answer in the House of Commons has aroused an uneasy feeling in the country, and is strangely reminiscent of Mr. Balfour's Government in its unwillingness to face the constituencies. No reformer who means business will be content to accept such flaccid and delusive instalments of reform as can be coaxed out of an avowedly hostile House, which is determined not to abandon a shred of its anti-social and oppressive privileges for the good of the nation. To exist indefinitely at the mercy of the selfishness and prejudices of a body of men whose very existence is a crying anomaly in a country which believes in popular government, is an impossible and contemptible position for a Cabinet which retains any sense of self-respect, or any honesty of purpose. And it would be an act, not only of the basest ingratitude, but of the greatest folly, to abandon the position so courageously taken up by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in this vital matter. If there is one lesson more than another which his career should drive home to the hearts of his successors, it is that the late Premier showed that he judged rightly when he made no pretence of shirking difficulties. He did not delude himself, or try to delude the country, into the belief that the opposition of the Lords could be overcome by smooth words, or clever diplomacy, or half-hearted compromises. The Lords laugh in their sleeves at such futile efforts to reconcile irreconcilables, and despise the men who pin their faith to them. If Sir Henry had been spared,

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we believe firmly that he would have sent up to the Lords, before the end of the session, two or three first-class measures of uncompromising directness, have awaited their inevitable rejection with equanimity, would then have summed up the position in a simple resolution expressive of the impossibility of the situation, and have gone boldly to the country upon a plain issue. If the present Government means to do anything less, it will merely recommence that unprofitable ploughing of the sands which proved so disastrous twenty years ago, and will be simply inviting all the progressive elements in the country to entrust the destinies of the nation to sterner and more resolute hands.

Meanwhile, the good faith of the Government in specific measures is undoubted. The Licensing Bill, though admittedly far from perfect in detail, is a bold attempt to grapple with a social evil of the first magnitude, and deserves the sympathy of every true patriot. It is hardly worth while calling the attention of the country to the logic which argues, in one breath, that the measure means ruin to an over-capitalised trade, and, in the next, that it will not diminish the consumption of beer. There is no need to suggest that the inconsistency might give rise to suspicions of a cynical character; the simple explanation is, that angry controversialists fling accusations broadcast, without thought or reflexion. The criticisms based on the partial operation of the measure are far more serious. It will not do to buy out the brewers that the distillers may wax mightier in their places, nor to close down public-houses that private drinking clubs may flourish and multiply, and grocers' shops spread the taste for secret drinking. But the courageous attitude of the Labour members warrants the belief that these dangers will be tackled boldly in Committee, and that the Bill, as it finally emerges from the House, will be a really workable measure. Mr. Burns's Town Planning Bill is an ambitious attempt to effect a sorely-needed improvement; but its proposals are so novel,

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and run so counter to deep-seated traditions, that it may well be doubted whether it will succeed at the first trial. Meanwhile, we trust that Mr. Burns has not forgotten the subject of the unemployed ; none the less urgent that it is not at present the sport of the hysterical Press. In this connexion we may call his attention to the very thoughtful and practical article of Mr. W. H. Beveridge in the April number of the *Contemporary Review*—by far the best contribution to the subject which we have seen. The Budget may well be a matter of legitimate pride to the Government, both for its achievements and its proposals. To have reduced the income-tax of a large and deserving part of the community without loss of revenue, and to be able to remit a source of indirect taxation which presses hardly on a still larger section, while setting aside a substantial sum as a commencement of a social policy which will bring relief to an even larger number of still more urgent claims, is a triumph of sound finance.

But we heartily agree with Sir John Brunner's well-timed suggestion, made at the Reform Club meeting on April 30, that there is a danger of assuming that Free Trade and Laissez-Faire are identical. Needless to say, the suggestion has aroused the hilarity of that section of public opinion which detected in Mr. Lloyd-George's successful attempt to clip the wings of monopolists a leaning towards the heresies of Protection. It is, apparently, true that there are persons constitutionally incapable of distinguishing between diametrically opposite ideas. But it might be hinted that if some of these persons, at least, would pull themselves together, and submit to the painful process of thought, they might, perhaps, realise that it is not quite the same thing to impose a restriction upon industry and to take one off ; while the admitted fact that Mr. Lloyd-George's Act, which removes a restriction, has given, or will give, increased employment to thousands of workers, suggests that Tariff Reform, which pursues just the opposite methods, is likely to lead to precisely opposite results.

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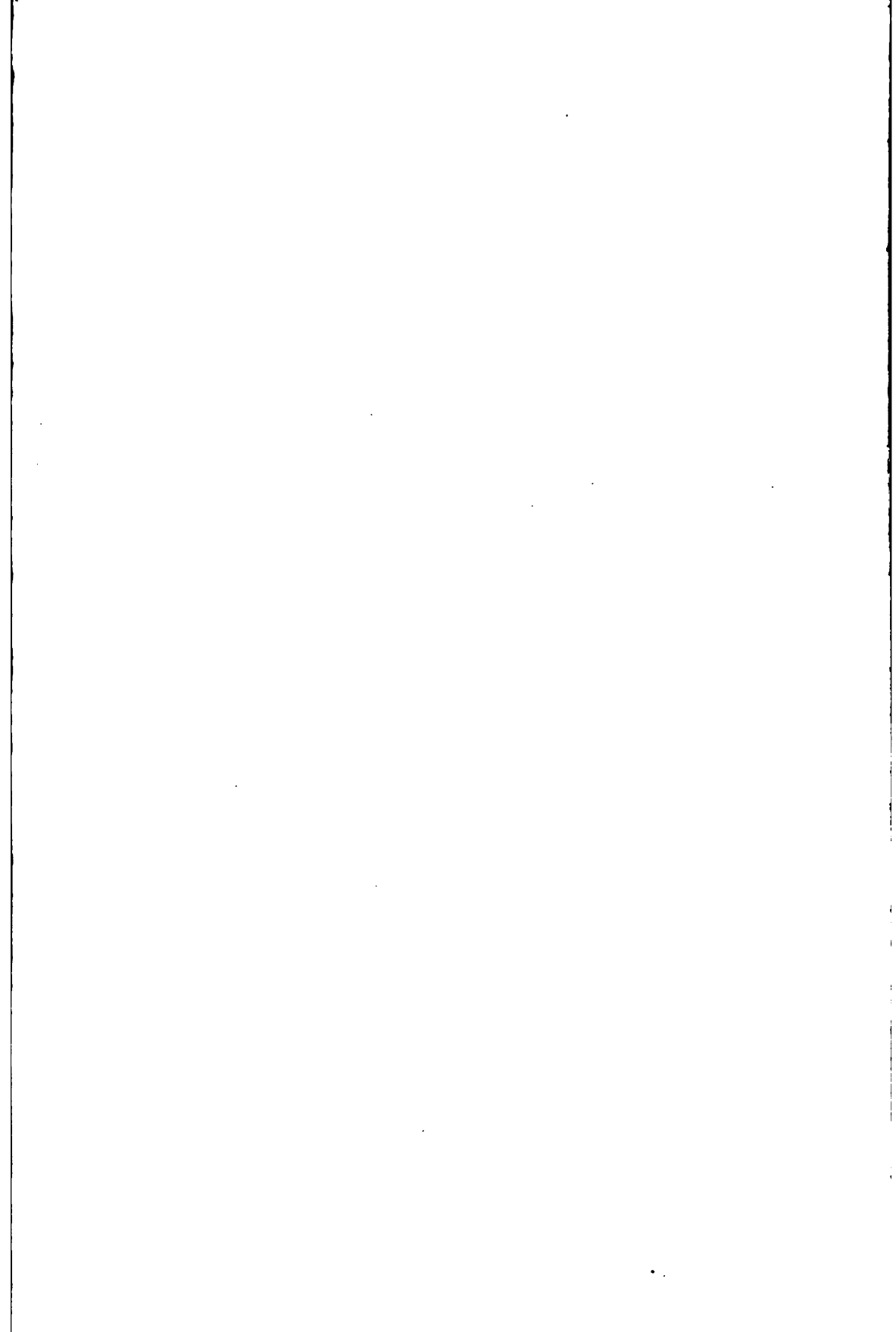
And when they have got thus far, it may occur to them that Sir John Brunner, who has one of the clearest business heads in England, is hardly likely to have been persuaded by the arguments of Mr. Chaplin or Mr. Chamberlain into any confusion over the fundamental principles of economics. Laissez-Faire is, happily, less likely now than at any time in the last hundred years to rule England ; but we need to be constantly on our guard against it. The mistake is, however, to suppose that the antithesis of Laissez-Faire is Protection. Many things may be done for trade without imposing import duties.

Well-wishers of the cause of Women's Suffrage may sincerely deplore, but can hardly be surprised at, the reaction now evidently in process of operation against the injudicious tactics of the extremer supporters of the movement.

**A Good Cause
and Bad Methods**

Deluded into the belief that their efforts had produced an appreciable result in the figures at Peckham and Wolverhampton, the militant section journeyed to Dundee, only to find, at the declaration of the poll, that their outrageous conduct had increased Mr. Churchill's majority by something like a thousand votes. It would have been well for them had their lesson ended there; but, unhappily, they have at last aroused passions which, discreditable in themselves, are but the natural and deplorable consequence of descending to the level of the uneducated masses. Bell-ringing is not argument; and even those who were willing enough to believe Miss Maloney's disavowal, may well have hesitated when they found her disorderly methods actually employed to obstruct a meeting held in support of a measure fraught with the profoundest importance for the welfare of women and children. If the militant suffragists really repudiate the alliance of "the Trade," they should beware of appearing to champion its cause.

* * * *Editorial address (for postal communications only), Bovey T. Devon. Stamped envelope for return should be enclosed - MSS.*



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